

“ and immortal Pleasures! Let it there-
 “ fore, Oh *James*! be thy future Study
 “ to look forward to that glorious State;
 “ and learn by a steady and obedient Re-
 “ signation to the divine Will, to bend
 “ thy Mind to the Pursuit of such Ob-
 “ jects in this present Life, as are calcu-
 “ lated to prepare and qualify thee for a
 “ happy Eternity. And thou, O thou
 “ most compassionate Father, who dost
 “ afflict us but in order to wean our Af-
 “ fections from the World, do thou graci-
 “ ously aid my Undertaking; make me
 “ in this Life, an useful Instrument of
 “ thy Mercy, and enable me by execut-
 “ ing a faithful Stewardship here, to merit
 “ hereafter the dear-bought Reconcili-
 “ ation of my infinite Redeemer!”

These Reflections, happily procured our
 Heroe that Ease, and Composure of Mind
 which are the sure Effects of pious Me-
 ditation; so that his Passions subsided
 into a religious Calm; and full of pi-
 ous Faith and Obedience, he forgot his
 Cares, and sunk into Rest.

James did not open his Eyes the next
 Morning till Captain *Jefferies* (who was
 surprized at his late sleeping) came
 into

into his Bed-chamber, and told him that his Father purposed setting out for *London* in a quarter of an Hour. This hasty Summons startled our Heroe, and produced an odd Jumble of Ideas in his Mind, not unlike those of a General, who perceives his Troops, at the same Time, requiring his personal Assistance in many different Parts of an Engagement.

The Captain having delivered his Summons, left *James*, who presently arose and followed him into the Breakfasting-Room, where he found old Mr. *Lovegrove*, discharging the Expences of the House.

Our Heroe's Face was much overcast with the Sorrows of his Heart; and even the dim Sight of his Father could perceive the Chagrin of his Son. "What, *James*! said the old Gentleman, what! have any Reflections on *Airy's* Slut disturbed you? Indeed, my Son, you look but poorly, perhaps the Journey may be too much for you."—

"No, Sir, interrupted *James*, I shall with the utmost Pleasure leave a Coun-
try."

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 277

“ try which has afforded me none but
“ the most melancholy Prospects.

“ Nay, nay, *James*, replied the old
“ Gentleman, you take on too much,
“ you ought to bear the Loss of your
“ Friend with more Resignation.”

“ Sir, answered *James*, I will bear all
“ the Misfortunes which Providence
“ pleases to load me with ; but though I
“ bear with Resignation, I cannot be in-
“ sensible to the Feelings they occasion.”

“ Poor Lad ! cried *Lovegrove*,” as *James*
hid his Face and retired. — Then ringing
the Bell, he ordered the Carriages, and
in less than an Hour drove away with his
Son and Brother-in-Law, for the Seat of
the *Lovegroves*.

And thus, gentle Reader, we will let
them pass on in Silence, as all Parties
were too much fatigued by Disappoint-
ments and Travelling, to be agreeable
Company, and therefore unfit for—Ma-
dam—Sir—your very humble Servant.
Only give me Leave to remark to you,
Madam, or Sir, our Sister or Brother
Traveller in these Historick Sheets, that
Mr.

Mr. Lovegrove went out of the Inn but three quarters of an Hour later than he intended, which was for a Traveller, keeping very exact Time.

C H A P. XV.

Mr. Lovegrove, Amelia, Captain Jefferies, his Lady, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. Watson's Brother and our Heroe, dine together in this Chapter.

OLD Mr. Lovegrove, having signified in a Letter the Time of his Arrival, the Company he left behind him met them, and dined together at his Seat. When after the usual Salutations had passed between the Families of the *Watsons* and *Lovegroves*; between the Wives and their Husbands; the Mother and her Son, Miss *Jennour* naturally was the Subject of their Conversation. The Company, according to their Wishes or Conceits, gave all their seperate Opinions concerning her: Till at length our Heroe, having in his Journey somewhat conquered his Grievs, declared that she was then in *Cornwall*; and had been for more than a Week, the Wife of his Friend *Jonathan Bradley*.

“ In

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 279

“ In *Cornwall* !” said old *Lovegrove*.

“ Married to Mr. *Bradley* !” said *Amelia*.

“ Good Heavens ! tell us, dear *James*,
“ said All, what you mean by this strange
“ Assertion ?”

At this Request, our Heroe declared
the whole of his Adventure in the Garden,
and his Visit the same Night to Miss
Jennour.

When he had finished, his Father cried
out, “ Then you might have had her if
“ you would.”

“ I might have prevented her having
“ another, Sir, said *James*, but I scorn
“ Compulsion, and am too proud to ask
“ the Hand, and be refused the Heart.

“ A Fiddle-stick of Heart ! said *Amelia*,
“ these boyish Notions of Love will ruin
“ you, *James* ; indeed, my Son, I thought
“ you had learnt more Prudence.”

“ Give me Leave, Madam, said our
“ Heroe, I have not yet finished my
“ Tale.”

“ Is

“ Is there Hope left at the bottom ?”
answered Mr. *Watson* ?

“ There is a better Consolation, Sir,
“ said *James*, there’s certainty”.—

“ What ! my dear Son, said *Amelia*,
“ was this Tale only to deceive us ?”

“ Madam, answered *James*, if you re-
“ member, you gave me a Letter when
“ first I came in !”

“ Aye, true, I did so, I had almost
“ forgot that Letter ; it came two Days
“ ago, and I have been puzzling to know
“ who it came from !”

“ Know then, said our Heroe, that
“ it is my Friend *Bradley*’s Hand : And
“ he assures me herein, that the very next
“ Morning, he was Married to the Idol
“ of his Soul ; and with her, intends
“ waiting upon Mr. *Watson* in a few
“ Days.”

“ I know, said Mr. *Watson*’s Brother,
“ the old Batchelor, if this was my House
“ — No, true, this is Mr. *Lovegrove*’s ;
“ but this I know, that this *Bradley* will
“ never

JAMES LOVEGROVE, *Esq*; 281

"never be welcome where I can say
"nay."

"Indeed, Brother, I am of your Mind,"
"replied Mrs. *Watson*."

"My Dear, answered, *Watson*, Decency and Civility are the Characteristics of a Gentleman."

"Yes, when Gentlemen are concerned," says the Captain."

"My dear Friends, replied *James*, Mr. *Bradley* is my old School-fellow and Companion: for my Sake, for his Wife's Sake, receive him with Affection."

"Nay, for my Part, cried *Amelia*, I think she is much more to blame than he is; a poor frolicksome Girl, to throw herself away in such a Manner!"

"Come, come, interrupted old Mr. *Lovegrove*, we are not concerned, the Visit is to Mr. *Watson*; and I hope Mr. *Bradley* will stay till he's asked before he come's here."

"Oh,

“ Oh, my Dear, answered *Amelia*, I
“ have never seen Miss *Jennour* yet.”

“ Mrs. *Bradley*, Madam, said *James*, you
“ mean?”

“ Mrs. *Bradley*! A fine *Mistress* indeed!
“ Why, she is but a Girl, though she
“ has changed her Name! Mrs. *Bradley*,
“ farewell.”

“ Well, said the Captain, I find you
“ will never settle this Point unless my
“ *Kitty* helps you.”

“ What says *Kitty*, replied *Lovegrove*,
“ then?”

“ I say, Sir, replied Mrs. *Jefferies*, that
“ I hope no *Bradleys*, nor *Jennours*, will
“ be the Means of parting such agreeable
“ Company.”

“ And therefore I add, cried Mr. *Wat-*
“ *son*, that let the *Bradleys* come when-
“ ever they please, yet I shall to Morrow
“ expect all this agreeable Company at my
“ House.”

“ Where Ladies, added Mrs. *Watson*,
“ I shall be proud to wait upon you.”

Which

Which Invitation appeared quite *a-propos*, as the Coach of Mr. *Watson* was then driving round the Court, in order to carry that Family home.

C H A P. XVI.

The last Chapter of our History, though not the last Chapter of the Book; which in Compliance to the Custom of all Histories, Novels and Romances, we have made exceeding stupid and unaffecting.

THE next Day at Noon the *Lovegrove* and *Watson* Family met, and dined at Mr. *Watson's*; where they enjoyed all the Peace and Tranquility which Persons pleased with one another, and unreasonably dissatisfied with the rest of the World can expect to experience.

They continued in an indolent State of Conversation (very common after Dinner) till near Five in the Afternoon, when an Equipage stopped at the Gates, and presently was admitted, a young Gentleman, who led two Ladies toward the House.

The

The Company within were disturbed; James only, hasted out to meet his happier Rival and Friend *Bradley*.

Our Heroe introduced them to Mr. *Watson* and his own Family. All were pleased to see Mr. *Watson's* beauteous Ward, but little Notice was taken of Mr. *Bradley*, or the other young Lady.

When they were seated, Mr. *Bradley* opened the Conversation.

“I hope, Sir, said he, addressing himself to Mr. *Watson*, that this Visit is not disagreeable: That Lady, your Ward, Sir, insisted upon my bringing her here; and I could never refuse the Person who has so blessed me, what ever be the Consequence.”

To this Mr. *Watson* bowed, but made no Answer.

“I should be sorry, Sir, continued Mr. *Bradley*, to interrupt your Mirth; but, as my Claims upon you, are in Consequence of my Marriage” — “Sir, interrupted Mr. *Watson*, how! which Way

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“ Way do you claim this Lady? she is a
“ Minor, Sir!” —

“ Sir, continued Mr. *Bradley*, if you
“ will permit me to relate it, I make no
“ doubt but my Claim is just; and God
“ forbid, that any Law should render null
“ and void the solemn Engagements that
“ I have entered into.”

“ As to Engagements, Sir, said old Mr.
“ *Lovegrove*” — “ Sir, interrupted Mr.
“ *Bradley*, be pleased to hear me first, and
“ then I may venture to stand or fall,
“ even by your Decision?”

“ *James*, whisper'd *Amelia* to her Son,
“ this Fellow is a bold spoken Man!
“ Shilly, shally, Boy, will never do with
“ the Women!”

Mr. *Bradley* then began as follows:

“ I suppose, Mr. *James Lovegrove*, has
“ related to you, the wonderful Meeting
“ of Miss *Jennour* and myself; and also
“ the Discovery in the Garden, and the
“ partial Declaration which that young
“ Lady was pleased to make in my Fa-
“ vour;

“ your ; I shall therefore continue his
“ History, and inform you, that the next
“ Morning, every Thing being prepared
“ for the Wedding, I, by Miss *Jennour*’s
“ particular Desire, followed alone to the
“ Church.

“ When I came there, I found my
“ beauteous Bride array’d — (You must
“ excuse me Gentlemen; but I am bad
“ at Description). However, she was fol-
“ lowed by two Bride-maids : I attend-
“ ed her to the Altar, and the Clergy-
“ man began the Service with a de-
“ cent and becoming Solemnity. When
“ the Minister had concluded the Charge
“ to the Parties, ere I had began to make
“ my Vows to the amiable fair One, Miss
“ *Jennour* spoke.”

“ My dear Friends, said she to the
“ Bride-maids, help to support me !”

“ My Sister, and the other young Lady,
“ who had hid her Face under a large
“ white Hat, came forward.”

“ Now, Mr. *Bradley*, said Miss *Jen-
“ nour*, ere you take my grateful Hand,
“ convince me that this beauteous and
“ much-

"much-injured fair One, has no prior
"Claim to your deceitful Heart?"

"These were her very Words! for I
"am sure I shall remember them as long
"as I live!

"At this Challenge, I started! — The
"young Lady in the white Hat fainted
"away. I ran toward her, and lifting
"up the Hat, cried out in the utmost
"Astonishment!---'Tis my poor *Sophia*!

"What! said *Amelia* eagerly, and in-
"terrupting Mr. *Bradley*, are you not then
"the Husband of Miss *Jennour*?" And
on this, the Company (though impatient
to hear the Sequel of Mr. *Bradley*'s His-
tory) stop'd the Narration by asking him
Questions of the same kind.

But our Heroe, before all the rest,
started from his Seat as a Man awakened
from a Trance, and flying to the Feet of
Mr. *Watson*'s amiable Ward: "What
"then, thou Angel of Goodness! said
"he, art thou? art thou still disengaged
"by the Fetters of Love?"

"Sir,

“ Sir,” replied she, with a condescending Smile which pleased every one (as there was not a bad or a prudish Heart in the Room) “ I confess I am fettered and fettered by Gratitude : Mr. *Smith*, “ Sir, has”——Her Blushes prevented the rest.

“ Then am I,” said *James*, (cutting a Caper with more Spirit than a *Maddox* or a *Wade*,) “ the happiest of Mankind !

This Discovery naturally brought on new Compliments and Salutations, which were so joyous ! so heart-felt ! so tender ! so loving ! so delicate ! so generous ! so worthy ! and so much above what common Readers can conceive, that I shall intirely omit them and hasten to the more serene and temperate Remainder of my History.

“ And who is this young Lady ?” said old Mr. *Lovegrove*, as he saluted the second Lady who came with Mr. *Bradley*. “ This, Sir, replied *Jonathan*, is my ever lovely Bride *Sophia*, whom I, indeed, “ am unworthy to call by such a Name. “ But if you please, (as it is a new Instance of Miss *Jennour*’s worth) I will “ finish the Account of my Marriage.”

Here

Here all where silent, and *Jonathan* proceeded.

“ At the Sight of my *Sophia*, my Heart
“ was torn with Love and Vexation ! I
“ acknowledged to her, the Wickedness
“ of my Intentions ; and with the utmost
“ Sincerity, thanked Miss *Jennour* for the
“ Manner of bringing me back again to
“ my much injured Love.”

“ You were then, Sir, said *Amelia*, I
“ perceive, engaged to Miss *Sophia* ? ” “ I
“ was, Madam, answered *Bradley* ; indeed,
“ Miss *Jennour*’s eminent Virtues had daz-
“ zled my Attention ; and when I re-
“ turned Home with her, I had forgot
“ the Promises which I had formerly made
“ to *Sophia*.

“ It seems Miss *Jennour* was made ac-
“ quainted with this by my Sister, who
“ has a Heart too honest to prefer Riches
“ or Beauty, to Truth and Religion.

“ Miss *Jennour*, unknown to me, by
“ Means of my Sister, found an Oppor-
“ tunity of seeing *Sophia*, who lived in
“ the same Village : And having concerted
“ Matters with her, was from that Time in-

“duced to encourage my Addressees, which
“before she never permitted.

“At length, she consented to go with
“me to the Altar; an Expression I un-
“derstood very differently to what she
“did. And accordingly, having sent me
“before her, she drove round by *Sophia's*
“Door, who was prepared for the
“Adventure, and brought her to Church.

“I thank God my Heart was not in-
“sensible of its Engagements, I could
“not see my gentle *Sophia* and refuse her:
“And indeed, I found such solid Satis-
“faction in the Return of my Love, that
“I can with an honest Heart say, that
“Miss *Jennour* could not have contented
“me unless she had taken the Method
“she has.”

“But good Mr. *Bradley*, said Miss *Jen-
“nour*, you have omitted one Part of your
“Story: You know I promised you my
“whole Fortune, in Recompence for the
“Services you have done me!”

“Bless me, Madam, said *Amelia*, your
“whole Fortune!”

“A

JAMES LOVEGROVE, Esq; 291

“ A generous, though mistaken No-
“ tion, my dear, said *Lovegrove*, of the
“ young Lady’s !”

“ No, Sir, answered Miss *Jennour*, as-
“ sure yourself of this : That I will never
“ become the Wife of Mr. *James Love-*
“ *grove*, unless he consent to this Aliena-
“ tion.”

“ My dear, replied Mrs. *Watson*, you
“ would not leave yourself destitute ?” —

“ No, Madam,” replied *James*, that,
“ Miss *Jennour* never can do while I have
“ aught on Earth !

“ My good Friend, answered Miss *Jen-*
“ *nour*, plead my Cause ?”

“ That I will, my lovely Charmer,
“ answered *James* ; and for my Friend
“ *Bradley* too, though he called me *Rascal* ;
“ a Term, Mr. *Bradley*, I hope you have
“ not forgotten ?”

“ My much injured Friend, answered
“ *Bradley*, I humbly beg your Pardon ;
“ and bless God, that you had the Pru-
“ dence to prevent a Quarrel which my

"mistaken Notions would have fomented!

"Yes, *James*! here publicly I beg your

"Forgiveness, and thank you for your

"your Clemency!"

"Enough! enough!" answered *James*.

"A Gentleman-like Satisfaction!" said

the Captain.

"I see, said Miss *Jennour*, I am already

"forgotten!"

"As to that, Madam, replied *Bradley*,

"I still persist in my Declaration, that

"*Sophia* and her Spouse, will be contented

"with the little he can earn for her."

"No, Sir, replied Miss *Jennour*, I bind

"you to your Promise, not to deny

"me any Request I might make you;

"and I still persist in requesting your

"Acceptance of my Fortune."

The whole Company were surprized at

these generous Sentiments of Miss *Jen-*

nour. And old Mr. *Lovegrove* declared,

that *Bradley* deserved her utmost Returns

of Gratitude.

In short, not to trouble the Reader with two Hours Conversation on the Topick, it was at length agreed, that Miss Jennour should be contented with giving to the good young Couple, one Third of her Fortune in *Jamaica*; and as to the rest, it was sunk with her Guardian *Van Worden*, in *Holland*.

To this all Parties consented, as old *Lovegrove* observed that *Amelia* was past Child-bearing, and that his Estate was enough for any two Families in the Country.

The Remainder of the Day was spent in the utmost Mirth and Festivity; and not without many and frequent Observations on the providential Turn of our Heroe's History; wherein every one at last, found themselves, contrary to their own Plans and Expectations, in a better State than ever their Wishes had conceived.

After a short but endearing Attendance on his beautiful and generous Lady, *James* obtained her Consent; and every Thing
being

being prepared by the respective Families, the happy Day soon arrived which joined the amiable and generous-hearted Miss *Nancy Jennour* to her ever faithful and respectful Lover.

And now kind Reader, I have perhaps you will think, nothing more to say, than that our loving Couple lived in the utmost happiness ever after: No, my good Friend, they were too wise to expect Happiness here, and asking no more, were blessed with what they did ask, *Contentment*, and with the utmost Complacency, Seriousness and religious Harmony, expected a Translation to that Kingdom which alone can satisfy the longing Desires of an everlasting Soul, and gratify with Joys unchangeable the Spirit of the Blessed.

CHAP. XVI.

Containing the Moral of our History.

BEFORE I take my Leave of you, gentle Reader, permit me to thank you for the Time, Trouble and Expence, which you have bestow'd on me.

I will

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I will also, now endeavour to acquaint you (lest you should remain in any Doubt) with the Motives which induced me to write this History, and the Lessons I intend it should inculcate.

And this I think is, with more Propriety, the Subject of a Moral, than a Preface; because in all parabolical or allegorical Writings, the Story must precede the Application.

My first Aim then, was to destroy the Pride and Self-sufficiency which Beauty too generally assumes, by shewing that Success may probably attend Deformity, when supported by Sense, and considered (as it ought to be) with Candour and Generosity.

But indeed, I had still a far more noble Design; which was, to vindicate the unsearchable Dispensations of Providence, and to fight against that Infidel, who, under the Character of *Candide*, has, with gigantick Insolence, impiously undertaken to satirise the Providence of God; who, unsatisfied with the World, and himself, closes a Life of Scoffing, Ridicule and
Dissipation,

Dissipation, with a mean Attempt to throw his own Vices and Imperfections on his Master's Shoulders ; and has attempted to persuade Mankind, that they are the comfortless Slaves of a severe and unjust King, who has ordained perpetual Evils as the Lot of Mortality.

In Contradiction to which bold and presumptuous Writer, I have endeavoured to shew, by a Series of natural Events, that we are by no Means competent Judges of what is needful for us ; and that Providence consults our Good, and effects it by Methods often surprising and unaccountable to us, and known only to his unerring and infinite Wisdom.

I have also, in every Part, laboured to inculcate moral Duties ; and, by several Incidents, to shew how vain the Fore-cast of Man appears ; not suffering it, as I remember, in any one Instance to succeed, when acting contrary to the Principles of Religion.

The Follies, Errors, and Indiscretions of Lovers, I have marked with such Characters,

Characters, as I hope will promote the true Passion, and detect the false one.

In other Respects I have kept as near to Nature as I was able; constantly following her as far as my Sight would direct me.

Some Trespasses, perhaps, may be proved upon me, for which I will readily stand accused of Inattention and Error in Judgment, provided the Reader will make due Allowance for the Fashion of Romance-writing, which will insist upon Plot and Caricatura. — Some Follies of Life; some Particularities in Education, in Station, in Circumstances, and Situation I have endeavoured to correct, but with Gentleness rather than Severity.

Perhaps it may be objected to me, that I made my Heroe a very insignificant Character: But that must appear an unjust Criticism, when the Objector reflects that I was to make him amiable and yet not make him active.

Some may think my Episodes (to use the Metaphor of a late Writer) too long:
And

And others, more fantastically inclined, may even find out political Likenesses in some Part of my History; a Circumstance not at all improbable in this sage and war-like Time.

Others again may be disappointed at not finding an exact and regular Account of all the Personages mentioned in this History, on each of whom they may have expected an historical Judgment should be passed. To these Objectors I must make Answer, that I promised in my Title to write the History, only, of *James Lovegrove, Esq;*

Young, Cervantic Ladies, may be angry at my Love Scenes, who think no Lovers should meet with Disappointments; gay young Gentlemen may scoff at the religious Precepts scattered throughout the Work; Parents may think their Councils and Pursuits rather too much exposed; scholars may be affronted at the want of Politeness in our College Tutor; Old Maids may fancy the Characters of *Harriet* and her Daughter, unnatural and severe; and Criticks may damn the whole as stupid and illiterate. While all this is going forward,

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ward, I shall sit by, gentle Reader, and
smile.

Heaven bless you my dear Fellow-tra-
veller, and give you but one useful Re-
flection on what you have read, and I
shall be satisfied. Till we meet again kind
Reader.

Adieu ! Adieu !

F I N I S.

12612 aa-27,

^K
R E U B E N,

OR,

THE SUICIDE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

*Se piangesse il meschin se sospirasse,
Pensal tu che per prova intendi AMORE.*

If the miserable man wept, if he sighed, imagine
it thyself, who, by experience, understand what
is LOVE.

GUAR. P.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. T. SWIFT, Charles-street, St. James's-
Square; and J. BEW, Paternoster-row.

M,DCC,LXXXVII.

RUBEN

THE SUICIDE

IN THREE VOLUMES.



It is the author's wish, that the work should be read, not only by the student, but by the experienced, and the lover of the art.

GUAR. E.

VOL. I.

LONDON.

Printed by W. T. B. Smith, Chancery Lane, and J. New, Pall Mall.

21



DEDICATION,
TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,
A N N E,
DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

MADAM,

TO dignify your Royalty
by an eulogy on transcendent taste and
elegance, the graces of the Person only,
would be to sacrifice many superior
claims, centered in the precept and prac-
tice of virtue, the graces of the Mind:

as a Memento of which, and Grateful
Acknowledgment for experienced Libe-
rality and flattering Condescension, the
FOLLOWING VOLUMES are most HUM-
BLY DEDICATED to your HIGHNESS,

By

THE EDITOR.

P R E F A C E.

TO “catch the manners, living as they rise,” has been deemed of valuable importance ; and has apparently engaged the attention of innumerable Authors, men of erudition and ability, whose lucubrations have experienced a general perusal and general approbation. Yet, however astonishing, without affecting an adherence to virtue or honour, which might be naturally anticipated to result from such brilliant examples.

To discover the cause of this great defect, much time has been thrown away on an investigation

vestigation of animal feeling, but all to little purpose; for the research into nature ended where it ought to have begun—the human mind. As the mind was attracted to read and applaud, the expectation of every improvement and reformation was indulged; our Sages forgetting that Vice could not be eradicated without an impression on the HEART, which can only ensue from the Stamp of Nature—*real life*.

This may partly tend to illustrate the reason why many Writers have not been able to reform as well as instruct, which is merely this :—they wrote from what they *read*, instead of what they had *seen*; so that the tide of Fiction was rapid, and overflowing the banks of Truth, concealed the clue of Wisdom, who, had she been shewn in her earthy attire, must have refined and not confounded. Thus have Novels been condemned,

demned, and very justly, because they were not rendered the *mirrors of real life*. But why not? when every hour will furnish sufficient matter, especially in this metropolis, where adventure and novelty are ever uniting, from which examples may be drawn to act as vehicles of improvement and pleasure for fashionable foibles. But Novels, in general, display such extravagant flights of fancy, imaginary joys, and inexperienced sorrows, that absurdity and error are imperceptibly imbibed, because the young are thoughtless, and not able to contrast the productions of *art* and nature; the former of which naturally attract the juvenile mind, and often proves the magnetic meteor of folly.

To counteract, in some measure, the prevalent opinion, respecting the tendency of Novels, has induced me to publish the

LETTERS

LETTERS of REUBEN, as I am well convinced, that if subjects are properly chosen, from what is known, the morality contained must possess double force, and succeed when it would otherwise fail.

But the strong prejudice against this species of writing is founded on the noblest principles, the protection of our female youth, many of whom have fallen a sacrifice to false sentiment, and not only rendered themselves miserable, but a whole generation ; and all this may happen without the unfortunate object possessing an unprincipled mind or bad heart, as it often inundates from the purest stream, for moral goodness lies at the bottom, though romantic rashness floats above. However paradoxical it may appear, that an innocent and weak person, cannot be the least affected or hurt with the "sentimental sublime," it is not the less true ; as there are many young ladies enthusiastically

cally

cally fond of reading, and employ much of their time that way, but only as an amusement to kill time. This being an incontrovertible fact, the more trifling the volume is, the more it is adapted to these innumerable classes of readers, whom, perhaps, not partial to *study*, wish to divert the mind, without the labour of thinking; therefore, for such a delicate digestion, such light food is absolutely necessary. But these books may, perchance, fall into the hands of a superior order of females, of capability and understanding; it is then they mislead, for as the passion of Love predominates most in souls of sensibility, we cannot wonder that a tender mind of sixteen, susceptible of every impression, should be attracted by the *ignis fatuus* of that allurements, which may be truly entitled *animal magnetism*;—the girl of feeling and understanding, as I have before
hinted,

hinted, is the most likely person to fall a sacrifice at the shrine of romance; for at that peculiar age, when *evil* or *good* must make the impression, when the heart expands to receive or reject, when inexperience supports infatuation, and inclination encourages a thousand nonentities; is then the female, just quitting a Boarding School, unnatural or weak, if she imperceptibly imbibes the gigantic expectations of Love, promised by romance, and degenerates her family and forfeits her inheritance, to throw herself into the arms of a man, in whom, from a sentimental knowledge of elegance and dignity, she has centered her whole happiness?— Thus has been lost many a worthy character, whom the world have contemptuously despised, though characterized by every virtue, but the one in which innocence and truth perished: inexperience of life and manners stimulates

stimulates to pluck the flower of enchantment, which, being annexed to anticipated happiness, corrodes felicity as its magical beauty fades.

This is only experienced by the sensible, who *feel* what they *read*: and who, being strangers to the vices and errors of human nature, naturally imagine that the beautiful are good.

Thus far are Novels prejudicial, because they delineate perfection and deformity in the extreme;—virtue without error, and vice without virtue; which cannot be defended by any example whatever; and thus have Novels obtained their present disrepute and desertion. As every leader, however absurd, will have followers, it is no wonder that the illiterate as well as the learned, exclaim against this kind of composition; but to shew one more cause than I have
already

already made known, why Novels should be prohibited, is impossible. Many men many minds:—this must plead my apology, should I be thought singular in my opinion, when I assert that Novel writing ought to be encouraged; which I shall warmly support, till convinced that they cannot be rendered of public utility. Will Novels admit of recording transactions and occurrences of *real life*? Can novels display the elegance of language and refinement of literature? Are Novels capable of meliorating the heart and instructing the mind? Yes.—Let the lucubrador study *men* by day, instead of *books* by night, then will his characters appear natural, and luculent.—Relative to language, it would be superfluous to say one word, as that is at the command, by acquirement, of every Writer. The improvement of the Heart and Head is another consideration, and of the
greatest

greatest value, which may certainly result from reflection, argument, and truth; but Nature must be the object, and her virtues and vices equally described, that conviction may be seen in the contrast.

It is now only necessary to conclude with remarking, that, the LETTERS OF REUBEN, though the appellation may appear romantic, are ORIGINAL and AUTHENTIC. *Reuben* was a *Soldier*, and well known in the EAST, where he and his *singular Father* fought many a Battle with credit and reputation. I have no doubt but several military characters, now living, can testify the contents of these little Volumes, which never being intended, I am certain, for public inspection, demand a suspension of Criticism and the patronage of Candour; as a *private Epistle* to a Friend, unstudied and fraught, perhaps, from the fervor of passion or lunacy of sorrow, with
a million

a million of inaccuracies and mistakes, which cannot be rectified by any revision whatever, merits peculiar indulgence.

The Characters contained in this work, are not many to be sure, but then they are interesting, striking, and eccentric; blended with innumerable incidents and events; displaying the magnanimity of Sensibility, in FEMALE SUICIDE; which, though a crime as wicked as unpardonable, resulted from Courage, Love, and Religion. *Caroline* may be censured, but her remembrance will be honoured with pity and adoration; her virtues were many, transcendent and commanding, and when the impious act is known, let mercy attribute it to its real cause,—a magnitude of soul, superior to common philosophy, which enforced the horrid act of self-destruction, because the mind's purity could not reconcile one inadvertent

advertent deviation from Religion's Law. The loves of *Caroline* and *Reuben* were singular and unfortunate, created and perished by the same identical virtue.—O ye mysterious Parents! deign to peruse this Work, and learn what fatal consequences may arise from Family secrecy.

It now only remains to remark, that should these volumes experience the severity of literary Criticism, the EDITOR must be the object of attack, as the Author, I again repeat it, never intended these private Letters to be sent into the World for public observation: they were wrote from the *Heart* and not from the *Head*. But that, in my opinion, is a strong recommendation, and enhances their value, for being divested of studied sentiment and elaborate intricacies, the Reader may survey the true picture of his mind, and admire his unaffected works,
which

which display company and conversation as they occurred in real life, unfulfilled or deformed.

But observe, GENTLEMEN REVIEWERS, that REUBEN can receive no gratification from sublunary opinion, as *he* is "united with the dust from which he was taken, and is now equally insensible to censure or applause."

R E U B E N:

OR,

THE SUICIDE.

L E T T E R I.

SINCE my arrival at ———, I ride every morning, and contemplate the sketches of nature; though, perhaps, you may say, of the “FIELD” I have had enough.

VOL. I.

B

Indeed,

Indeed, however strange, I have, more than once, regretted the conclusion of war; as our present separation arises from it, which sensibly affects me:—the loss of so valuable a monitor and true friend must have been severely felt by one of less feeling and sentiment.

The correspondence you requested shall be punctually attended to; but, in your replies, continue to administer admonition, and still prove, what you have hitherto been, — a *foster-father*.

I have paid my respects to —, at *Chatworth*, and was honoured with the company of her Grace, to
view

view the seat, which is deservedly enumerated with the many wonders of the Peak:—the situation is beautiful, lying on the East of the river Derwent, about twenty miles north of Derby, and amply atones for all the dreary views round it.

It was there that unfortunate Princess, *Mary*, Queen of Scots, was detained prisoner, almost nineteen years, and though the house has been rebuilt, since that period, there is an apartment still honoured by her name.

Hard by are *Buxton Baths*, whose waters are palatable, as well as salutary; these the unhappy royal

B 2 captive

captive frequently visited, and, on coming away, cut with a diamond, on a pane of glass, the following prophetic distich —

*Buxtonæ quæ calidæ celebrare nomine
Lymphæ,*

Forte mihi posthac non uideunda,

VALE.

Distinguishing myself as literary curious, I have been presented with an epigram, which was actually written by the unfortunate *Mary*, who sent it to her faithless cousin, *Elizabeth*, with a large diamond cut in the shape of an heart. — As
it

it is elegantly simple, I will transcribe it.

This *gem* behold, the emblem of my heart,
 Whence my dear Cousin's image ne'er shall part:
 Clear is its lustre, spotless does it shine,
 As *clear*, as *spotless*, is this heart of mine.—
 Harder, indeed, is this bright stone you see,
 But *firmer's* that it represents to thee.—

To convey an adequate idea of *Chatsworth*, I need only refer you to the polite *Count Tallard*, who was a prisoner of war there many years.— On his quitting the place, he told his host, “ When I return into my own country again, and number up the days of my captivity, I shall leave out those that were spent at *Chatsworth*.”

My

My disappointment, relative to the fruitless endeavour of tracing a mother and sister, is much alleviated by my agreeable situation in *Mortimer's* family.—I left home at too juvenile an age to be led by affection only ; —curiosity excites my inclination, and urges me to repay the duty of a son and brother :—that period, I am afraid, is far off.

LET.

LETTER II.

I EXPERIENCE from *Constance* all the familiarity of a relation; from *Mortimer* the hospitality of Colonel ———; and from *les deux ami*, *Charlotte* and *Caroline*, a reserved politeness, but pleasing attention.—The latter is the most *perfect beauty* I ever beheld.

Confining it to a personal opinion, I may surely be allowed the appellation. Beauty may be differently defined, yet some kind of perfection must be annexed to
it,

it, though every country is allowed to differ on that topic. A *black woman* is naturally drawn by an Ethiopian artist as a genuine model of *beauty*, and a *white* one by the European!—and why?—Because custom alone determines our preference.

Custom has recommended many beauties, at least so entitled, but, judging by that identical custom, where I found one beauty I discovered two defects.—The figure and features of *Caroline* display those perfections that I had singled out from approved beauties:—
There is a peculiar melancholy in
her

her appearance which prognosticates, of it is a just opinion that "*vultus est index animi*," a pitiable tale.

This morning she lent me a book to read:—it was the *Elegies* of Tibullus, which on opening, I found a page turned down, and pointed at the following verse.

" Yet spare me, Death, ah, spare me and retire :

" No *weeping mother* here to light my Pyre :

" Here is no *Sister* with a sister's woe"—

I could read no more.

You must naturally imagine, what a grievous recollection took place!—Hubert!—a Mother, and Sister!—all were in my sight!—
but

but soon vanished, with the usual train of reflection on the instability of human happiness.

LETTER III.

TRUE. I did not delineate *Charlotte* and *her* elegancies; nor was I so enchanted with the *perfect beauty*.

Admiration may be created without the folly of love.—An attachment of the *head*, not of the heart, is my pursuit, and *Caroline's* mind may be destitute of the *ornamental*, to enrich or improve.—But you enquired after *Charlotte*.

I for-

I forgot to mention that she is the daughter of *Mortimer* and *Constance*, an only child, consequently beloved :—her deportment is pleasing and genteel.—At sixteen she engaged the affection of a gentleman of small fortune, Mr. *Harrow*, who being disapproved of by *Mortimer*, for not possessing more than two hundred pounds a year, is compelled to steal every interview.

Mortimer has his virtues and foibles :—fortune, he imagines, is the primitive object to secure happiness ; and knows it from experience :—the portion of *Constance* having amounted to more than
ninety

ninety thousand pounds, which I am induced to think has imbibed in his breast, which was never occupied by the passion of love for her, a sufficient degree of gratitude to create attention, and render the infelicities of divided esteem, sacred from the malignant speculation of deep discernment.

Guilt, from its own consciousness, will naturally use subterfuges, and fly to concealment; so that, to disguise the insufficiency of affection, his conduct is studied, and the deception glossed over by attention. But the welfare of *Charlotte* is their mutual felicity.

If

If *Mortimer* refused her hand to *Harrow*, he wished her well:—for, unacquainted with the permanency of an early impresson of the heart himself, he ignorantly thought a *title* and *fortune* might compensate for a childish estimation.

Constance, who doats on her husband, pines in silence at her fate, and endeavours to *force* a love, by a diligence to please and gratify every wish, that nature could never inspire.

Her situation is unfortunate.—

How unavailing would prove the additional acrimony of exposing the errors of a husband who might
have

have loved, had he not been *purchased*!—If “fortune had but smiled deceitful on her birth,” *Mortimer* would have adored for transcendent virtues, and herself alone. Thus has the golden tide of independency, from the rapidity of inundation, choaked up the spring, from whence it was supplied, leaving no trace behind of its existence, but a melancholy bubble. If to be independent is not to be happy—who would seek it? yet without it, life is bondage.

LET-

LETTER IV.

I Am so great a favourite with *Constance*, that last night, she related every circumstance of her birth and marriage, which *Mortimer* approved of, by repeating the whole minutiae of his first acquaintance, and elopement with her from a *boarding-school*, where, heaven forbid any child of mine should be instructed.— Instead of seminaries of virtue and education, they are academies of prostitution, where innocence is sold to the highest bidder:—exceptions there may be ;
but,

but, in general, they are the schools of vice, and, if not tending to absolute destruction, instil those foibles so detrimental to the purity of young minds.

It was at a boarding school *Constance*, or rather her fortune, first attracted *Mortimer* :—at that time he was a wild extravagant, young man of fashion, who, from a partiality to the prevalent follies of the day, such as gaming, drinking, and racing, was compelled to mortgage his estates, and incurring debts without a prospect, or, perhaps, intention of payment. But this is the adherence of many;
 who

who rush into a prison for the attainment of external grandeur; and, to avoid the sarcasms of a few itinerant fops, submit to perpetual confinement, excluded from the exultation of glorious liberty.

What led me to these reflections, on the sweets of liberty, was, the pain I felt from an ocular proof of the assertion. When I arrived in London, I went to visit some brother officers—and found them in a dungeon, destitute of necessaries to support existence.

I am apt to imagine that the vice of dissipation is much imitated by the *military*, subalterns in parti-

cular, whom being reduced, after the suspension of war, to half pay, endeavour to blend, with the character of soldier, the appearance of independency, and, to maintain the semblance of the latter, turn debtor to every individual that will trust, and often fall a sacrifice to the mercenary usurer.

But to return to *Mortimer*, he obtained an introduction to the Matron of the school, who, for the gratuity of one thousand pounds, assisted him in the scheme of running away with *Constance*.

It is true, by the shameful duplicity of such a monitor, she might
have

have experienced a worse destiny; for though *Mortimer* was attracted by fortune only, yet he was a gentleman, and ever characterized the appellation by his conduct. No one has ever been a witness to his flight of *Constance*: — *he* has too much pride for the dignity of respectability, and *she*, from sensibility, lets

“ ——— concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

“ Feed on her damask cheek.”

Indeed, she is a valuable example for fashionable wives! — yet fate, unjust and cruel, rewards her many virtues with more than equal sorrow.

LETTER V.

A Dreary cloud will often overshadow the sun, but, when the fleeting vapour is past, it blazons forth again with additional splendour.

Thus, comparatively, is the sorrow of *Constance*, who not only assumes a chearfulness to divert, but has pointed me out as an object of merriment, from the goodnatured motive of annihilating, imperceptibly, my frequency of reverie.

This

This evening I am to recite a few select pieces from the best English Poets, to *Constance*, *Charlotte*, and *Caroline*, at the particular request of *Mortimer*, who, on my repeating a trifling stanza to him yesterday, has not ceased to lavish eulogium in abundance, on my judgment and eloquence.

Expectation is excited, which I am not conscious of gratifying. However I must retire to select, lest I should recite inelegant compositions, and betray *Mortimer's* ignorance of my judgment.

L E T.

LETTER VI.

“ATTACH yourself to the
 “ *Beauty*, it will dispel your
 “ frequency of reverie.” !!!

This is your advice?—

Imperial archness!—

Yes, I am guilty of reveries;
 and exquisitely susceptible of the
 “ finer enthusiasms,” which, in
 reality, preclude a possibility of
 being influenced by any common
 perfections:—superior merits, and
 an unparalleled assemblage of the
 elegant and beautiful can only
attach me.

You

You will smile, I am conscious, at my visionary fortitude, and consider me better qualified for the company of a lunatic than a sub-lunary angel. But whether this complacent philosophy be the result of impenetrable insensibility, time must determine.

Such a stoical apathy, however, is by no means a desirable, or commendable, disposition, as a possession of it must destroy the fibres of affection, banish alleviating sympathy, and totally eradicate those passions that dignify our nature, for the mere unpleasurable adherence to the reason of philosophy ;
which

which, though principles of wisdom, must be created by disappointment, and matured by indignation.

I have obtained much credit for my *reading*; and a smile of polite approbation from *Caroline*, whose strength of understanding was evinced by her commentations, which were accurately critical, reflecting on the inattention of our poetical biographers, whom have, inadvertantly, or purposely, neglected to exalt innumerable beauties, and expose innumerable errors, too reprehensible, in the estimation of literature, to pass unheeded by *Caroline*,

Such

Such a neglect, she asserted, was the “ disgraceful origin from
 “ whence the imperfection of ge-
 “ nius flowed, as custom, after a
 “ certain despotism, becomes a law,
 “ example confines or corrupts !—

“ When a writer,” *Caroline* con-
 tinued, “ is popular, his compo-
 “ sitions are voluminous and the
 “ produce of speed ; many defor-
 “ mities rush into the hasty ef-
 “ fusion, which is presented to the
 “ world, warm from the brain,
 “ displaying the irregularities of
 “ merit and lassitude of criticism;
 “ the fame of past meritorious pro-
 “ ductions secure apparent appro-
 bation :

“ bation : — the multitude, ever
 “ happy to embrace a tide on which
 “ they may float without the trou-
 “ ble of opposing the stream, co-
 “ incide with certain men, right or
 “ wrong, whom, perhaps, have
 “ distinguished themselves for of-
 “ ficious remarks on the degenera-
 “ tion of learning, and whom,
 “ from the stimulation of friendship
 “ and prejudice of envy, praise or
 “ condemn, as inclination leads.

“ Thus have we lost the criterion
 “ of merit : — the discriminating
 “ sceptre having been entrusted
 “ in improper hands, and immor-
 “ tality bestowed on ignorance,
 “ whilst

“ whilst pure genius stood weep-
 “ ing by, tacitly lamenting the
 “ sacrifice of Apollo,”

To this unexpected exordium,
Caroline annexed various examples
 of undeserved applause, and un-
 merited condemnation; conclud-
 ing with the words of an elegant
 writer. “ He who is taught by a
 “ critic to dislike that which pleased
 “ him in his natural state, has the
 “ reason to complain of his instruc-
 “ tor, as the madman to rail at
 “ his doctor, who, when he thought
 “ himself master of *Peru*, physicked
 “ him to poverty.”

Gray's

Gray's *elegy* next became the subject of debate: "Yes," resumed *Caroline*, after patiently consenting to hear our librarian panegyrics "his elegy, in a country church yard, may take the field against any composition now ex- tant:—the sublime simplicity of its construction manifests a peculiar political ingenuity, for even the interference of age cannot de- face the likeness it was intended to represent. — Nature at all times, and in all countries, must influence the mind and heart of man.—Dare I prejudge—Gray's elegy, till the dissolution of this world,

“ world, will experience equal veneration, as at present.”—

After all this, you will naturally ask who is *Caroline*?—that I have not dared to ask myself.

LETTER VII.

MORTIMER has just informed me that Lord S. is expected here, with other company, to remain a month.

Who can he come to visit?

But why do I interest myself so particularly in the concerns of this family?

family?—and why do they so particularly concern themselves for me?—

I wish to conceal my agitation, but only increase it.

Possibly I may obtain permission, in a few days, to depart, and then — I shall be free from the momentary anxieties that accompany every thought of *Caroline*, who, perchance, may make me wretched. — Should our acquaintance become serious, and her perfections prove superficial only — I shall again be involved in reflection, and obliged to renounce every intercourse with the lovely part of the creation.

Should

Should our acquaintance become
serious!

After a deliberate enquiry into my own heart, the absurdity of such a supposition is too palpable for encouragement.

As I have insinuated before, there is an interesting melancholy in *Caroline*, and a transcendent superiority, excelling other women:—the vacant moment is filled with amusements of improvement, instead of an adherence to characteristic folly and vanity.

Can I do less than commend, when her mind is furnished with ideas elegantly chaste, and her con-
ver-

versation free from the adulteration of scandal and illiberality of envy?

A simplicity of manners may result from substituted dissimulation, for the moment, but not shine with that durability of attraction which ever unite with genuine modesty and innocence.

Charlotte has introduced me to *Mr. Harrow*, with whom she intends to elope, and I am to be accessary. *Mr. Harrow*, requested my influence with *Mortimer*, but his conversation tended so much to *pecuniaries* that *Plutus* instead of *Venus* appeared to be his idol. But it was an interference I wished to avoid.

LET-

L E T T E R VIII.

C O N S T A N C E has asked my opinion of *Harrow*. I was silent : — she urged me as I valued the happiness of the family.

When she invoked the happiness of a family to whom I was so considerably indebted, I candidly insinuated, that, “ Mr. *Harrow* was a
 “ man of the world, wished to
 “ improve his fortune, and would
 “ unite himself to her with whom
 “ he could.” — She thanked me, wiped a starting tear, and exclaimed involuntarily, — “ Oh Fortune ! —

“to thee my felicity was sacrificed!”
— Conscious of having said too much, she instantly took up some muslin that lay on the table, and requested me to read while she worked.

I cannot transcribe what I feel at the sorrows of *Constance*! — she possesses a mind capable of every attainment human perfection can invent; a soul extensively noble, but too exquisitely alive to her own misfortunes.

A woman of sentiment, married to a man who repays kindness with indifference and enthusiasm of love with studied politeness, merits universal

versal pity in this world, and everlasting bliss in the other.

I am, perhaps, tormenting you as I have done myself; — and an heart that sympathizes can ever find food for melancholy.

At last, I have completed the *Latin stanzas*, which are enclosed for your decision, with which please to send some music; — likewise *Bruyere*, as I again wish to peruse that author, whose maxims, when at school, I well remember to have admired.

D 2

LET-

LETTER IX.

I Have been confined to my chamber some days, from a severe indisposition, the effect of a romantic promenade by moonlight.

You are displeased with my poetry ! “ unclassical ! ” What an indignity to a young Tibullus.

Your indignation is most excited at my repetition of the adverb *far*, which you term “ inelegantly unclassical.” But if *Virgil* be one of those writers we esteem classics, it is classical, and my justification shall be his own words :

“ Et *nunc* omnis ager, *nunc* omnis parturit arbos,

“ *Nunc* frondent Sylva, *nunc* formosissimus Annus.”

Such

Such a repetition is the amplification of rhetoric, and one of its greatest beauties, which the most classical poets abound in. Virgil has again something like it, by doubling the adjective in these lines :

“ Tytirus hinc aberat, *ipsi* te Tytire pinus

“ *Ipsi* te fontes, *ipsa* hæc arbusæ vocabant.”

However, to annihilate the ignominy of your epithet entirely, I need only transcribe another instance.

After the battle of *Ætium*, in which *Augustus Cæsar* conquered *Anthony*, he entertained the citizens with a royal show. The night previous to the exhibition, it rained in-

incessantly, but on the morning not a cloud appeared. This furnished the Prince of Poets with an excellent opportunity of flattering his patron with this distich:

“ Nocte pluit toat, redeunt Spectacula mane :

“ Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.”

It rains all night, next day no clouds arise,

See!—godlike Cæsar shares with Jove the skies.

The Emperor and his friends enquired who it was that paid him so great a compliment; when, the modest author remaining silent, one *Bathyllus*, a very moderate genius, owned the lines, and was flatteringly rewarded by the vain victorious Prince.

This

This greatly chagrined *Virgil*,
and, in order to do himself justice,
on the folding gates of the palace
he wrote the following:

“ Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores?”

This epigram I wrote, conceal'd my name,
But shall another rob me of my fame?

And underneath subjoined these
beginnings of the four following
pentameters:

“ Sic vos non vobis _____

“ Sic vos non vobis _____

“ Sic vos non vobis _____

“ Sic vos non vobis _____”

These *Augustus* ordered to be
filled up, which no one could
per-

perform, when the musical Mantuan came himself, and subjoined,

“ _____ Nidificatis aves.

“ _____ Fertis aratra boves.

“ _____ Mellificates apes.

“ _____ Vellera fertis oves.”

Not for yourselves—you birds your houses build.

Not for yourselves—you oxen plough the field.

Not for yourselves—you bees your sweets prepare.

Not for yourselves—you sheep your fleeces bear.

Thus you perceive the repetition carried on with success, which you may still call “ unclassical;” but it is, in my opinion, a beauty, and not a blemish — such a beauty too the moderns have closely copied. However as my wish is to divert, and not the vanity of supposing to im-

improve *you*, I will mention a merry instance of this sort, which must confirm the propriety of my repetition.

John Skelton, poet laureat to King James the First, who was better versed in classics than politics, and oftener in his library than cabinet, became very familiar with the King; and, as an instance of their intimacy, I here transcribe, as well as translate, one of the letters from the Poet to the Prince.

“ *Salve, Rex optime Regum.*

Salve plus decies, quam sunt momenta dierum,

Quot species generum, quot res, quot nomina rerum.

Quot pratis flores, quot sunt & in orbe colores,

Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt in equore naves

Quat

*Quot volucrum pennæ, quot sunt tormenta Gehennæ,
 Quot Cæli stellæ, quot sunt miracula THOMÆ,
 Quot sunt virtutes, tanto tibi mitto salutes."*

Count all the moments that make up the day,
 Then count each object nature does display ;
 Count all the flowers that bedeck the field,
 Then count the colours that these flow'rs yield ;
 Count all the birds, the fishes of the sea,
 Then count the scales that on those fishes be ;
 Count all the ships that dance along the main,
 Then count the torments that the damn'd sustain ;
 Count all the stars that spangle yonder skies,
 And THOMAS told of thee, count all the *lies* ;
 Count all the beauties that make up a belle,
 As many times I wish my Patron well.

It may now be necessary to observe that *Thomas* alluded to by *Skelton*, was no less than the *Abbot of Canterbury*, who was slain at the altar

altar by some of the King's friends. Though he was false to his Prince, he was true to the *Pope*, who made a *Saint* of him in the succeeding century ;—of whose funeral, and fictitious miracles, you are doubtless acquainted with.

Thus much for literature ; and by so long a vindication you may infer, that your epistles are attended to,—not a point is lost.

LETTER X.

I THANK you for the music ; particularly the unexpected present of an *Æolian* harp.—I have placed

placed it at my chamber window—the wildness of its tones is ambrosia for my sentimental taste. Though it may not be the “food of love,” it is the food of melancholy.

Last night I listened to it more than three hours; the evening was serene, and though Diana did not make her appearance, the horizon displayed many brilliant luminaries, at one moment emitting rays of fire then stealing imperceptibly away—reflection consequently ensued, and I sincerely regretted my visit here, wishing myself repeatedly at your retreat.

I am

I am not the man for company,
—yet much is expected here to day.
—*Constance* assures me they will
divert, and not offend. Besides,
she says, they were invited to en-
tertain me, that I might contrast
the *pathetic* by the *comic*.

— They are now below. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

OUR visitors have been here
a week, and every one a cha-
racter worthy observation, though
not all *comic*.

Lord S. is the minutiae of fa-
shion, and affords much diversion
to an honest blunt sailor, of the
party,

party, *Captain Morris*, whose disposition is as rough as his favorite element. "Tar-barrel" and "civet cat" are the humorous appellations of retort. *Lord S.* is continually degrading *Morris* for his vulgarity, and the latter laughing at the former's refinement; which he says, resembles "a pirate's ship hoisting out false colours, or the model of a man of war, made for show."

Lord S. is an enthusiastic disciple of *Chesterfield*, and possesses too great a portion of good nature to be really offended at familiar sincerity;—if his heart is better than
his

his head, fashion, and not nature, is culpable. His *Lordship* has lately realized his estate, and, having visited *foreign courts*, must, like *Gay's Monkey*, evince by his *dress* that he has "*seen the world*." The sagacious animal his *Lordship* resembles in many particulars, for, disdaining the advice of Horace, his school companion, who says,

Servetur ad imum

Qualis ab incepto processerit; & sibi constet.

he is a walking emblem of different countries!—*Paris* may be distinguished in the decoration of his head; *Italy* by his voice; and *England* by his disposition. The
cloud

cloud of passion instantly vanishes at the sun-shine of good nature, which, though ever suspected to arise from folly, is only a confirmation of *Locke's* stability of argument, relative to the non-existence of *innate* idea; his Lordship being the concomitant, and not creator of absurdity.

The other visitants are Mrs. *Partlet*, *Eliza*, and Mr. *Harcourt*: —the latter, I understand, is well known in town, as an author and critic, or, rather, a blind guide to a credulous multitude. He is ever extolling his discernment and perfect knowledge of the human heart, which

which he pretends to effect *ad placitum*, with joy or sorrow, by the recital of a ludicrous or melancholy history. His knowledge is confined to an inexhaustable source of common-place puns, which he introduces out of time and season!—the misapplication of taciturnity when a circle of friends are convivial, and the intrusion of loquacity when they are inclined to be silent, is his greatest felicity. In short, singularity appears to be the grand aim of Mr. *Harcourt*, who, having once had *power* in the sphere of dramatic literature, has been flattered into the egregious

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vanity of supposing his wit and erudition an infallible provokative to superior admiration. Mrs. *Partlet* has already engaged his attention—a widow of fortune, equally an adept in deception and inflexibility of assertion, may yet, perhaps, prove the best critic.

Charlotte has informed me of her peculiar foibles, which even lenity must deem crimes and vices. Independent in fortune, she assumes an independency in spirit,—commands and must be obeyed.—From a consciousness that in winter snow must appear on the mountain, and, at the age of *fifty four*, that, autumn

is

is far advanced, she endeavours to exalt herself by depreciating others. Falshood, envy, and ostentation, are her monitors; and to vilify those virtues she only knows by name, her principal amusement.

Eliza ——— But I am interrupted.

L E T T E R X I I .

I Believe *Eliza* was not mentioned amongst the delineated characters in my last. — Poor *Eliza*! she is the unfortunate victim of Mrs. *Partlet's* pride and caprice.

Eliza was enticed from the protection of an aged mother, whose only comfort appeared centered in the goodness of her child and the tranquility of a village life, to be introduced into the great world by a woman of fortune; and forced into the garden of Hesperides, without the privilege of tasting its produce! — the *golden apple* hung suspended, addressed to “the fairest of the fair,” yet *Eliza* could not reach it. — A mother’s blessing was the only patrimony she received. — Innocent and unsuspecting, dependent on Mrs. *Partlet*, obedience was her only resource: — no friend
to

to pity, or relation to revenge. Poverty made her submit to the cruelty of malevolence, and virtue inured her to the mortification of servility. Virtuous she is, I am certain, though her protector is hourly endeavouring to make us suppose the contrary. — Had *Eliza* ever ate of the bread of infamy, would she continue to experience such momentary persecution? — Affirmative and negative monosyllables are the only words I have heard *Eliza* utter.

“ How happy is he, born or taught,

“ That serveth not another’s will.”

I was

I was ruminating last night on *Charlotte's* narrative of *Eliza*, and really could not sleep till I had discovered some means by which she might be liberated from the prejudicial envy of Mrs. *Partlet*, whose pride, like an imperceptible poison, sours the whole mass, transmuting humanity into nauseous aversion and disgusting ostentation.

LETTER XIII.

THIS morning I rose much earlier than usual, impatient to see *Mortimer*, and impart my intention, relative to *Eliza*; but, though

though I was eager as a child after a new plaything, *Mortimer* did not get up till his usual time, so that I was compelled to walk in the garden two hours, waiting for him. When he came, how pure was my felicity ! but when he said “ It cannot be done,” my heart beat with disappointment.

Do tell me, my dear friend, is there an impropriety in making a settlement on *Eliza*, especially when I wish it to be imagined that *Mortimer* is the presenter ?—If there is, inform me how I can provide for an unfortunate female, without being known to *Eliza*, or the world.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

YOU imagine I am easily attracted, because I pitied *Eliza*. Indeed, I must acknowledge, that, though unfortunate myself, I never permitted misfortune to pass unobserved or uncommiserated.

The pain arising from my own disappointed anticipation is an object of insignificance, when competed by the incessant unhappiness of others;—part of mine is only imaginary, created by *possession* and not *want*. Fortune depressing the corroding canker of adversity, I
 flatter

flatter myself with that portion of felicity from Providence, which chance has bestowed on me by affluence. But it is too worldly to imagine that *money* constitutes happiness, yet it tends to tranquility; for a *dependent* must ever experience the torture of slavish servility, though but in idea.

There may be a great deal of philosophy in a contempt for wealth, but there can be no genuine felicity without it. Convinced of this, I am daily projecting new schemes to render *Eliza* independent, but have not yet succeeded in one; wishing, as it must be deemed a charity,

charity, to relieve without pride, that the gift may be accepted without humiliation.

You was silent, relative to that difficult task, but from what motive I am at a loss to guess; certain that were you inclined to the same benevolence, the same caution would be taken: for as you insinuated, in your last epistle, “ The
“ gift might be construed into the
“ lavishment of gallantry or ostentation; and the gratitude of the
“ receiver into a forfeiture of that
“ virtue from which it resulted.”

However a convenient opportunity shall not slide away unnoticed.

LET-

LETTER XV.

THE visitants here are truly diverting; humour in abundance. To raise a laugh is the perpetual aim, though often at the expence of good sense.

Caroline, I have every reason to apprehend, is displeased with me.— I gave my opinion too freely. I never contemplated the *glass of fashion*, therefore ought not to have presumed to discourse about *taste* and dress. Mrs. *Partlet* persuaded *Caroline* to make a cap according to her direction, which having on, she

she asked my opinion. "This,
 " *Caroline*, may be an ornament to
 " decorate age, and excite notice
 " from the singularity of its con-
 " struction, but *you* it does not
 " become:—it may embellish the
 " head externally, but evinces an
 " internal deficiency." Mrs. *Part-*
let felt severely hurt at my remark;
Caroline blushed: the latter did not
 speak, or even look at me, the
 remainder of the evening.

Next morning I went to the grot-
 to, at the end of the shrubbery.
 It is delightfully romantic, and
 where I often retire and meditate,
 with my book.—On my entrance,
 I per-

I perceived *Caroline*, some distance off, busily employed. She was standing under an aged willow, whose branches suspended over a slow winding stream, her whole attention was riveted on the bark, which she often would retire back to observe, and as eagerly run to it again, as if to examine something minutely.

On my approach, *Caroline* started back; and, when she saw who it was, frowned at the interruption, hastily quitting the moss-covered grot;—but in every step might be traced confusion and pain.

After

After following her with my eyes, till she was entirely out of sight, I repaired to the willow, where my vain heart fluttered with hope and rapture. On the bark that had so long excited *Caroline's* gaze, was carved in conspicuous capitals the following letters,

R E U B E N.

What a memorial of esteem!!!!!!
 The supposition of having offended made the pleasure I then felt painful.
 Another look at the tree consoled me. Images of affection I perceived in every letter, and was
 tempted

tempted to cut in the bark a similar memento. But the vanity of possessive bliss revolted, and substituted remorseless reflection. *Harcourt* or *Morris* might have distinguished my name on the willow, purposely to laugh at me.—That *Caroline* executed it, I could not induce myself to believe; besides I had offended her the night before, which she conspicuously signified at parting, by an avengeful frown.

How to obtain a reconciliation, I know not!—and when I shall again see her, I am equally a stranger to.—From this reverie of despair, I was awakened by my muse;
when

when taking a pencil and some paper out of my pocket, I sat down under the identical willow of attraction, and, by the assistance of inspiration, wrote the following:

To —————

The Soldier daring with success of arms,

Returns from Fight, nor will *command* resign;

But proudly seizes on fair Beauty's charms,

Boldly attempts perfection to confine.

Inured to rest him on a flinty soil,

He vainly thinks no dangers can appall :

And, to defeat, embraces ev'ry toil,

Though oft, like Phæton, gains a fatal fall.

R—, who mock'd the threat'ning cannon's roar ;

Who leading to the foe the noble brave ;

Scorning a coward's name, as fordid ore ;

In peace retreated—made a servile slave.

Past

Past loud applause he freely would bestow;
 His conq'ring trophies willingly resign;
 Honour and fame——all,—to a lovely foe,
 Who captive leads him, ever to repine.

Smiling in chains, his en'my he approv'd!
 Tearing the hard earn'd chaplet from his brow,
 His honour gave with pleasure where he lov'd,
 Wishing for more—that more he might bestow.

Bereft of all but wounds,—he yet was vain!
 Such wounds a noble foe cou'd not despise;
 A tale of wounds he told, with joy and pain,
 When sympathy return'd a “world of sighs.”

Pity pourtray'd him with a feeling heart;
 Wou'd smile, and strive to make his sorrows less;
 Misfortune's balm incessantly impart;
 With flatt'ring friendship banish his distress.

Yet, like the Adder, did he basely turn,
 And with MONITION sting his friendly foe!
 Who *frown'd*, with rage, disdaining to discern
 The future sorrows of the man of woe.

In vain the guilty tear, or pensive sigh !

In vain to plead 'twas Love that forc'd *advice* !
The injur'd foe no more will bliss supply,
Nor *wounds*, exciting pity, e'er suffice !—

In vain to say that R—— meant no wrong !
Or FRIENDSHIP urg'd the fatal lesson taught !
Or oft the foe wou'd list whole ev'nings long
To such monition — mutual wishes fought !

In vain —————

Had I not been interrupted in my poetical furor fifty stanzas might, perhaps, have flowed from my tormented brain. I joined Lord S. *Morris*, and *Charlotte*, who were the intruders, and threw the fragment on the bench, under the willow tree, to surprise *Caroline*, should she find it.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

PASSIONS have been very justly entitled the gales of life; and though they may be accompanied with disappointments, and end in reflective torments, a state of apathy is more reprehensible, as it is a degradation to humanity and the dignity of our nature. Philosophy, and its rigid dictates, I no longer obey;—though, perhaps, never more necessary than at present, my insensibility having imperceptibly vanished at the shrine of Friendship, which emits

such a combination of dazzling resplendencies, that a colder heart than mine, must, I think, be animated with something more than a platonic fervor.

Caroline has been for some days indisposed; and yesterday morning, without even an insinuation to *Mortimer* or *Constance*, I ventured to knock at the door of her apartment. It was opened by a child about six years old, who said, "Pray walk in, Sir."

"How does *Caroline* do, my dear?"

"Mamma," — exclaimed the little fellow, to my astonishment, running to call her; when, in a few minutes

minutes, she appeared. On seeing me, she cried, with unusual vehemence, “ *Reuben!* Pray, Sir, be seated.” The emotion of her bosom and suffusion of her cheeks, indicated a mind painfully agitated.—I was sorry at my hasty intrusion, but could not retire without singular abruptness.

Two more embarrassed figures were, perhaps, never seen!—However, though I was exceedingly confounded, I awkwardly endeavoured to annihilate *Caroline’s* perplexity, by apologies for my rude interruption, which resulted from the wish of being personally informed

formed how she was, having heard of her indisposition.—It was replied to with a smile of sarcasm, impossible to describe, conveying, at one moment, satisfaction at my presence, disapprobation of my conduct, a wish to correct, and the fear of offence.

“ Sir,” said *Caroline*, “ you honour me beyond expectation!—
 “ for since the visitors arrived,
 “ your time has been much interestingly engaged.—— But, in
 “ return for your politeness, accept
 “ my thanks, with a sincere congratulation on your *better spirits*.”

I thanked

I thanked her I know, but my astonishment at the insinuation made me do it with much confusion; which she perceiving, and willing to relieve, instantly conversed about the visitants.

Morris, Lord S. Harcourt, Mrs. Partlet and Eliza, were depicted in genuine colours.

“Yes,” resumed *Caroline*, “I knew
 “*Morris* would be your favorite,—
 “and he merits such a preference.
 “His manners are ancient, to be
 “sure, but his principles are so
 “likewise; and if he offends by
 “frankness, it is unintentional, as
 “it ensues from truth, and not in-
 “sult

“ sult of refinement.— Lord S. is
 “ a man of fashion, pursues the
 “ dignity of etiquette, and if he
 “ is distinguished for the frippery
 “ of foppery, polite insincerity,
 “ and the ambition to blaze for a
 “ moment, *example* must plead his
 “ excuse. — Mrs. *Partlet*, severity
 “ of condemnation cannot suffi-
 “ ciently reward, as she abuses that
 “ power and blessing that secures
 “ her from universal contempt.—
 “ But for all her *wealth*, her pride
 “ and illnature will be despised.—
 “ As for *Eliza* I must leave her
 “ for *you* to describe.”

Caroline

Caroline looked stedfastly at me, and, with a sigh attempted to be concealed, again congratulated me on my *better spirits*, and happy emancipation from stoical insensibility.

“ *Eliza*,” she continued, “ is an
 “ object of pity.— But if you pity
 “ all objects of compassion, *Caroline*
 “ will come in for her share ; and
 “ yet not disturb your stability of
 “ affection— *Eliza* is worthy your
 “ love :—virtuous, beautiful, and
 “ sensible !—More perfections you
 “ never can possess, therefore ——

“ Oh *Caroline* !” I instantly ex-
 claimed, wearied with such heartfelt
 fatigue

satire, “ you surely mistake me for
 “ Lord S. and imagine my feelings
 “ are steeled against your impene-
 “ trable sarcasms, when you men-
 “ tion *Eliza* so emphatically, whom
 “ I never conversed with in so par-
 “ ticular a manner.”——

“ Never conversed with *Eliza*?”
 said Caroline.

“ Never,” I replied, “ on my word.”

“ Then, *Reuben*, you are wrong-
 “ ed, indeed.”——“ Yes, that he is,”
 said the little boy, whom I before
 mentioned. — “ Mr. *Harcourt* is a
 “ bad man to tell such stories ;—
 “ that he is, Mamma!”——

“ *Harcourt* !”——

The

The servant has this moment informed me that the post must immediately set off, and the man is waiting below.—As I wish to be informed as soon as possible, whether your fever has left you, I will seal this letter up, and convey the continuation of my interview with *Caroline* by the next post. Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

I Believe I concluded, in my epistle of yesterday, relative to *Caroline*, with the child's calling *Harcourt* a bad man; and to paint the

the scene with acuteness, requires the sentiment and reflections of a *Sterne*.

Caroline was sitting opposite me, leaning on a table, placed between us, supporting her cheek with her fore-finger; situated, purposely, to erase unperceived the involuntary tear, resulting from a consciousness, that I was injured by false accusation. — *Edward*, for that is the child's name, was on the ground, apparently amusing himself with some school books, but had attentively listened to the whole conversation; for when *Caroline* repeated “you are wronged, *Reuben*,”

he

he looked up with a peculiar archness, and began to cry. — *Caroline* interrogated the cause. — “How
 “can I help crying,” said Edward,
 “at such a naughty man as Mr.
 “*Harcourt*? — You cried too,
 “Mamma, I am sure. I saw you
 “wipe away the tear with your
 “finger.” — Then he again throbbed; but on a few kisses from
Caroline, rubbed his eyes with her
 apron, and again smiled.

During the whole of this passionate scene, I remained silent, nor could I even *force* one tear. My eyes were rivetted on *Caroline*, and my heart ready to leap from its

con-

confinement. I wished to reveal what I felt but had not power; though, at last, I ventured to ask *Caroline* what I was to think, and how to act, with this confession:

“The friendship of *Caroline* would
“indeed make me happy, and, in
“reality, restore my better spirits.”

“Would my friendship perform
“such wonders?” eagerly she replied.
“But you do not know
“me, *Reuben*! — nor I you! —
“Previous to such a possession, be
“informed who the unfortunate
“*Caroline* is.” —

“But of whom?” I exclaimed.

“Con-

“ *Constance* will tell you. — On
 “ Thursday I mean to venture out,
 “ when *Constance* and *Charlotte* may
 “ accompany me. If they do, the
 “ grove shall be our walk. — *Con-*
 “ *stance* shall be instructed and you
 “ informed.”

“ The indiscretion which now
 “ appears so reprehensible, may
 “ then, perhaps, be pardoned, and
 “ an insulted female and her child
 “ protected. Your understanding,
 “ *Reuben*, I am convinced is libe-
 “ ral ;—experience tells me so:—
 “ and your sense of honour too ex-
 “ tended not to defend innocence
 “ from injury and reproach. Your
 “ mind

“ mind is elegant and good.—Still
 “ continue to be *Eliza's* lover, but
 “ prove a friend to an unprotected
 “ mother.”

The confession made so passionate
 an impression that I precipitately
 vociferated,—“ Protect you, *Caro-*
 “ *line!*— I love you.”—

She smiled — returned my invol-
 untary progress of the hand, which
 I had really taken hold of without
 perception, and replied, “ I am
 “ afraid, *Reuben*, your politeness
 “ has bestowed on a mere commis-
 “ sive principle, the name of
 “ *love*.—Is it not so?”

“ No.—By Heaven, I esteem you.”

“ I will

“ I will flatter myself so,” she
 resumed, “ and am not displeased
 “ with your preference. But, though
 “ I equally esteem you, should I
 “ find you to be a man different
 “ from my present idea, do not ex-
 “ pect I shall indulge, and be a
 “ dupe to, my inclination. I, there-
 “ fore, shall not be the least disap-
 “ pointed, for all your vehement
 “ profession, should you present
 “ your heart to one more virtuous
 “ than me ; nor must you be of-
 “ fended, should I bestow mine on
 “ a man, whom I may find possessed
 “ of superior virtue, and,——”

I am interrupted by *Mortimer*,
 and must conclude with — Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

MORTIMER's presence was never more unwelcome than at the conclusion of my last epistle. He entered the room without any ceremony whatever, and, after hastily asking *Caroline* how her cold did, entreated me to attend him for a few moments.

Thus was I torn away from a confession that might have terminated in a permanent felicity, and prevented from possessing — what inclination urged: — the absolute
power

power "to defend innocence from
"injury and reproach,"—and, by
my soul, I will.

The insinuations, relative to *Harcourt*, were strange and ambiguous.
—I am happy, very happy;—and
impatiently anticipate the meeting
this evening—"Constance will tell me."

Mortimer's vast business and
communication was about Lord S.
and *Charlotte*. *Harrow* has lately
demanded *Charlotte's* hand, and is
determined to have satisfaction
from Lord S.

What was all this to me when
Caroline was talking?—I am fo
elated at my success—that—I know

you will laugh. — Do. — Write to me instantly, and say you laughed heartily; for then I shall conclude you are much recovered, if not quite well.

LETTER XIX.

CAROLINE, *Charlotte*, and *Constance* were in the grove last night, as appointed.

Morris accompanied me, and we joined them. *Caroline* and *Charlotte* honoured him by taking hold of his arm:—they went forward. *Constance* so well understood my looks, that

that, without speaking, she turned back, and I followed.— She conducted me to the canal, as a place of concealment. Indeed it was so;—secluded by surrounding hedges, irregularly laid out to form a romantic retirement.—A suspicion of being observed we could not for a moment entertain. Close by the canal was situated a bench, prevented from distant observation by an elm of extensive growth encompassing it, which we repaired to. After seating ourselves, *Constance* thus commenced the expected revelation:—

“ Silence,

“ Silence, at this juncture, must
 “ distress you, nor is it, indeed,
 “ necessary. Your open and inge-
 “ nuous behaviour, to me in par-
 “ ticular, enforces an interested
 “ friendship in return. The confi-
 “ dence of *Caroline* I have long
 “ partaken of; and to her attention
 “ strongly recommended you,—who
 “ had previously obtained, by your
 “ own merits, that estimation I was
 “ aiming to procure. — Her narra-
 “ tive will doubtless excite your
 “ wonder, as you have hitherto
 “ been induced to imagine her un-
 “ married.

“ She

“ She was taken from a convent
 “ at the age of thirteen, and united
 “ to *Lord Vincent, Mortimer’s* parti-
 “ cular friend and companion, who
 “ apparently adored her.—*Caroline*
 “ bade adieu to her mother, the
 “ only parent she ever saw, and ac-
 “ companied her husband to the
 “ grand metropolis, where they
 “ resided two years, in all the
 “ luxury of dissipation; which of-
 “ ten rewarded *Caroline* with an
 “ aching heart. Though she had
 “ no choice in the union, her duty
 “ and sentiments solemnized the
 “ marriage, rendering her conse-
 “ quently susceptible of feeling for
 “ the

“ the accumulated indiscretions of
 “ her husband.

“ After fifteen months attention,
 “ *Lord Vincent* grew wearied and
 “ disgusted with home;—his love
 “ was condensed, and he treated
 “ *Caroline*, who in word and deed
 “ fulfilled her nuptial vow, with a
 “ polite indifference; deserted his
 “ child, his only offspring, *Edward*,
 “ embracing every absurdity that
 “ fashionable folly administered.—
 “ His house, when he condescended
 “ to honour it with his presence,
 “ was crowded with dissipated young
 “ fellows, like himself, who treated
 “ marriage as a sacrifice, and in-
 “ sulted

“ sulted the idea of affectionate
 “ connubial stability with ignoble
 “ perseverance.

“ The attachment of *Lord Vin-*
 “ *cent* kept pace with his fortune,
 “ which daily diminished; and, at
 “ the expiration of two years, they
 “ vanished together. Yet *Caro-*
 “ *line* esteemed her husband; —
 “ and, to support his dignity and
 “ title, resigned to him the inde-
 “ pendence settled on herself and
 “ child; which, in a few weeks,
 “ was divided amongst *Lord Vin-*
 “ *cent*'s best friends, at the gaming
 “ table.

“ A man

“ A man of fashion in a state of
 “ penury has certainly the greatest
 “ claim to commiseration; and
 “ let it proceed from whatever vice
 “ it may, he merits pity:—then he
 “ is inferior to the most humble
 “ mechanic, not possessing power
 “ or ability to procure the means
 “ of existence.—However, though
 “ *Lord Vincent's* dejected anxiety
 “ was severe for the moment, it was
 “ not lasting;—the threatening
 “ clouds dispersed, and the sun
 “ shone again—but not on *Caroline*!
 “ Some estates that had long
 “ been mortgaged, for a certain
 “ period, again came into the pos-
 “ session

“ session of *Lord Vincent*, which
 “ amounted to more than ninety
 “ thousand pounds.

“ When this wealth was realized,
 “ he bade farewell to *England*, *Ca-*
 “ *roline*, and *Edward*;—hastened to
 “ a distant country with a female
 “ favourite; and, not having been
 “ heard of since, we naturally con-
 “ clude he is dead.

“ *Caroline* could scarcely credit
 “ such premeditated villainy—or
 “ suppose, till convinced, that *Lord*
 “ *Vincent* had departed. — To quit
 “ *her* who had voluntarily made
 “ herself destitute of happiness and
 “ for-

had

“ fortune, to secure him tranquility
 “ and notice, was almost incredible!

“ Necessity soon confirmed it!—

“ A protector for little *Edward*
 “ partly alleviated and partly en-
 “ creased her grief; — for herself
 “ she cared not.—The reflection of
 “ what was to become of him, ad-
 “ ded sorrow to affliction. But Pro-
 “ vidence looked down upon her
 “ sufferings, annihilating the lethar-
 “ gy of despair, to seek the assistance
 “ of benevolence for herself and
 “ child.

“ To me she appealed, implored
 “ my protection with weeping words,
 “ and tears that spoke.—My heart
 “ had

“ had been previously tinged and
 “ lacerated with alienated esteem,
 “ so that, independent of personal
 “ intimacy and mutual affection,
 “ my house must have been the
 “ home of *Caroline*.

“ *Mortimer*”——

Here she wept. — Her sudden palpitation implied a struggling invective against *Mortimer*, which fortitude suppressed.

“ Forgive this interruption,” she continued, “ I am often so affected.

“ But to return to *Caroline*.—With

“ *Mortimer’s* acquiescence she be-

“ came one of our family, and has

“ now been with us five years.—

“ Three

" Three years ago her mother died,
 " and bequeathed to her, three
 " thousand pounds per annum;
 " but with this singular proviso in
 " her will, that, one third should be
 " refunded, if claimed by any male
 " relation hitherto unheard of."

" The character of *Caroline's*
 " mother was worthy, but strange.
 " Her whole life was characterized
 " by mysteries, which her daughter
 " could never reveal, though re-
 " peatedly enquired the cause of
 " her mother's melancholy. — An
 " important secret might easily be
 " discerned to inhabit her breast,
 " but it died with her.

" Now,

“ Now, *Reuben*, you are informed of those particulars, relative to *Caroline's* past life, you so impatiently wished to be familiar with.—Still let the recital remain sacred, which till this day it has with me.”——

I am interrupted. Dinner is waiting, but in the evening I will transcribe the catastrophe.

LETTER XX.

In Continuation.

I Was much affected, and a flood of tears, that had been long suspended at the sorrows of *Caroline*, afforded

afforded me much relief, by giving vent to nature and sympathy.

“ I am not surprized,” resumed *Constance*, “ that you should be thus
“ affected; I should have been
“ astonished to have found you
“ otherwise; which if I had, must
“ have prevented my relating what
“ will affect you more.

“ *Caroline* is pleased with your
“ amiable qualities and disposition;
“ you are charmed with her attrac-
“ tive beauty, and graces, both of
“ the mind and person; she is in
“ want of a monitor, — you are
“ competent to dictate. — Friend-
“ ship is the mutual aim, and it is
“ your

“ your fault if divided.—*Caroline*
 “ will respect you as a *brother*, and
 “ you must protect her as a *sister*.
 “ Thus may your minds be im-
 “ proved and hearts, already en-
 “ nobled, elevated.”—

With rapture and impetuosity
 did I seize the hand of *Constance*,
 and kissed it with vehemence of
 gratitude. She drew it back hastily,
 blaming my imprudence.

“ Now, *Reuben*,” she continued,
 “ act as inclination prompts—but,
 “ remember, *Caroline* has been in-
 “ insulted by *Harcourt*, and by
 “ him you are prejudiced, in her
 “ esteem, he having asserted that

H

“ he

“ he overheard you and *Mortimer*
 “ proposing a scheme, about a *set-*
 “ tlement, to enveigle *Eliza*’s affec-
 “ tion, and make her your *mis-*
 “ tress.”—

Constance was interrupted in her interesting declaration, by a sudden loud splashing in the water.— We rose from the bench to discover the cause, when Mr. *Partlet* came running to us out of breath, inarticulately exclaiming, “ He
 “ wi—wi—wi—will be drowned.
 “ —Mr. *Harcourt* has fell into the
 “ canal.”

I went to the canal side, when I saw him struggling to attain the summit
 of

of the bank, and almost suffocated.—I pulled off my coat hastily, bidding him take tight hold of the arm, which he did, and thus I saved him, but with great difficulty, from a watry grave.

When he stood forth, Mrs. *Partlet* burst out into an hysteric laugh, at his ludicrous appearance.—Not a feature could be discerned, or even the colour of his clothes discriminated, being entirely concealed by *green weeds*.

On enquiring into the cause of so extraordinary a disaster, Mrs. *Partlet* insinuated that they followed us on purpose to have some

fun; and Mr. *Harcourt*, wishing to alarm us, got up into the tree, under which we sat, but one of the boughs giving way, he fell into the canal.

There was so palpable a meanness in *Harcourt's* conduct that I could scarce refrain from revenging the insult, though in the condition he then was,—dripping and shivering.—On our way home, we met *Morris*, who had left *Charlotte* and *Caroline* to seek us.—When he beheld *Harcourt*, he followed the risible example of *Mrs. Partlet*.—The cause being related, he congratulated “*Jack in green*,” as he
called

called *Harcourt*, "on his *souse*," wishing that all "*spies*" might experience a similar "*ducking*."

Harcourt went to his room as soon as we arrived at the house. The disaster, as you may naturally suppose, afforded conversation for the remainder of the evening. *Mortimer* regretted his not being there, and *Lord S.* appeared much pleased, conscious that *Harcourt's* illiberality merited a more fatal destiny. *Constance* was low spirited and retired with *Caroline*; *Mrs. Partlet* looked significantly at the former and smiled at me. Her pertinent sneers implied a wish to speak

speak with *Mortimer* alone, but we sat up later than usual, to her mortification; and she retired, without a convenient opportunity of displaying one malevolent remark to advantage. — I suppose at breakfast the subject will be investigated.

LETTER XXI.

IMPATIENT to know the result of the *aquatic accident*, which interrupted every attempt to repose the whole night, I went into the breakfast room early, where, to my astonishment, I found all the company already assembled.

Mor-

Mortimer laughed heartily at the “*ducking* ;” which *Morris* repeated several times with ludicrous observations, to the dissatisfaction of *Harcourt*, who, often to conceal it, whispered *Mrs. Partlet* ; — and I shall be much mistaken if their reciprocal partiality will not produce some infelicity.

Charlotte and *Lord S.* were truly agreeable. — *Harrow* appeared obliterated from remembrance and *Charlotte*, *a la fin*, familiarized to her polite and noble lover ; whilst he, in return, flattering himself with a durability of her esteem, emerged from inconsistency, and,
by

by an annihilation of those absurdities that characterized his dress, appeared another man, exemplifying that sincerity we did not imagine his nature susceptible of. — *Constance*, participating their felicity, wore no longer a face of melancholy, but endeavoured to distribute her secret joy to every one present.

It had no effect on *Eliza*! — she often experienced an indignant look of contempt from her protectress, Mrs. *Partlet*, who, at intervals, with a pertinent ogle, stared at me, evincing a knowledge of the “*settlement*” report, which cruelly injured the
already

already insulted and innocent *Eliza*. She resembled a sensitive plant in a bed of nettles, that with every wind must shrink and be stung; yet, without reply, submitted to the debasement of pride and exultation of superiority.

Caroline's countenance delineated a commiserative sympathy.—But I am rather apt to imagine, that, her pensive serenity was the index of her own feelings;—though I have repeatedly seen her wiping tears from the eyes of affliction.

I wish you was here to describe *Caroline*, for I have attempted and cannot. Every eulogium I find
 “wasteful

“wasteful and superfluous excess:”
in short, encomium itself would only
be

- “ To gild refin'd gold, to paint the lilly,
- “ To throw a perfume on the violet ;
- “ To smoothe the ice ; to add another hue
- “ To the rainbow ; or, with taper-light,
- “ To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish.”

No insinuation has yet interven-
ed relative to my tete-a-tete with
Constance—not a word all breakfast
time!—I am now summoned to
attend the company below. Dinner
is ready—and I must bid you adieu.
As the post will set out before I
rise from table, I have only to con-
clude

clude with congratulations on your better health, and a wish to hear from you soon.

LETTER XXII.

THE “*canal*” disaster still predominates, to the detriment of unanimity.

Yesterday tea, I was diverted and dejected momentarily, being situated between *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, *Morris* and *Eliza*. — *Harcourt*, recovering his spirits, attacked the latter with his usual weapon, which he termed *wit*, though destitute of
point

point or common sense ; however it was rejoined to with that severity of refutation, which ever arises from opinion not rendered intricate and unintelligible by an ambition to quibble, tending to finally silence frankness of insult, and blunt the edge of malice.

Lord S. was too *attentive* to join in the controversy, or, doubtless, *Harcourt* must have overpowered the *Sailor* with the infallibility of *fashionable argument*, especially when supported by such an approved adept as *Lord S.* in the art of polite retort.

The

The chit chat of tea was interrupted by a letter brought in, superscribed to *Lord S.*—He did not know the hand writing, expressed a wonder, apologized, and opened it.

Charlotte turned pale instantly.

After a few moments, *Lord S.* declared the letter came from Mr. *Harrow*, and as the company were no strangers to his intended union, he begged permission to read the contents, which he did as follows :

“ My Lord,

“ Though pomp, equipage, and splendour, may dazzle
 “ the credulous, avaricious *Morti-*

“ *mer*

“ *mer*, it will not gratify me for
 “ your baseness of conduct.—

“ To pretend an ignorance of
 “ *Charlotte's* attachment, previous
 “ to your profession, would only
 “ be adding insolence to your
 “ unprecedented and uncommon
 “ affront, which you must and
 “ shall satisfactorily answer for.—

“ My attachment, my Lord,
 “ was well known, therefore your
 “ presumption in supposing that
 “ the blaze of a TITLE and supe-
 “ rior fortune would atone for
 “ the deficiency of passion was
 “ pusillanimous and ignoble.

“ Why

“ Why place a garland on your
 “ own head, and a cap of eternal
 “ misery on that of another?—one
 “ whom you have *promised* to
 “ love!!!

“ Your feigned raptures, my
 “ Lord, can only mislead for the
 “ moment: the heart warmed
 “ with sentiment and truth must
 “ ever triumph over so feeble an
 “ antagonist. — However, to be
 “ brief, you must resign every
 “ pretension to the hand of *Char-*
 “ *lotte Mortimer*, or follow the
 “ bearer of this, who will con-
 “ duct you where you may justify
 “ your love and support your
 “ honour.”

“ W. H. HARROW.”

“ P.S. To me has the lady pro-
 “ mised her hand; her heart she
 “ has long presented; and should
 “ your Lordship induce her to
 “ retract, you must be a dishonest
 “ man, and she behave infamously
 “ ill.”

When *Lord S.* concluded, *Mor-*
timer looked at *Charlotte* with pas-
 sionate indignation. “ This Miss,”
 said he in a rage, “ is the effect
 “ of coquetting.—Tell me, this in-
 “ stant, do you really love the man?
 “ —Are you determined to marry
 “ him, and be a beggar all your life,
 “ or united to his Lordship, imme-
 “ diately,—next week ?

Tears

Tears succeeded this peremptory request:—She gave her hand to Lord S. implored his protection and acquiesced to her Father's will.—He kissed her with the raptures of affection, which duty inspired, and ordered a pen and ink, when he entreated his *Lordship* to write an answer to *Harrow*.—Lord S. complied, and wrote the following laconic reply.

“ Lord S. unacquainted with the
 “ signature of *Harrow*, and not ob-
 “ ligated to satisfy every intruding
 “ impertinent, shall only insinuate
 “ that he is dictated by his own
 I “ feelings

“feelings, and not the ambition of
“another.”

This note was sent by the
bearer of the letter ; after which
we all rose from the tea table. The
approaching nuptials engrossed the
conversation, and the ladies retired
to consult about decorations and
ornaments suitable for a bride. I
followed and met *Caroline*, whisper-
ing “shall you be in your own
“room, to morrow afternoon?”
—the reply was “to tea I shall
“expect you.”—I then retired to
my chamber, to write to my friend,
whom I am really in need of here ;
not conscious that my fortitude
will

will save me from rushing into
 —But as you do not wonder at my
 “admiration of *Caroline*,” you cannot be surprised at any error I may commit.

I am so particular in my information to you of every circumstance that intervenes, that I never need be in want of a *Journal*.—Should I wish to be rendered familiar with my past conduct, at any future time, a reference to our Correspondence will amply gratify my curiosity.

LETTER XXIII.

YOU vindicate *Harrow* with such a plausibility of argument, that I almost forget he wanted to be "*Jupiter and Adonis*," at the same time. His attention to *Charlotte*, from its infancy, evinced an expectation of fortune, and not a confirmation of genuine tenderness. — That she did love him I am induced to agree with you, at least it is very probable.

An agreeable young girl, elegant and accomplished, who, perhaps, till she saw *Harrow*, never experienced

rienced the heart fluttering, or gratification of a flattering lover. Was it not then very natural for her to approve where she had no cause to condemn?

Great acuteness of reason often leads to hesitation, and involves in error. *Mortimer* loved his daughter, and was consequently distracted by a variety of objects assembled for choice: the principles of *Harrow* he soon discovered, and naturally discouraged his future pretension, by an absolute denial. *Mortimer* has much penetration and more discretion. He painted, with all the enthusiasm of a tender parent,

parent, future misfortunes arising from an indiscreet union; illustrated, in the affecting language of adversity, the consequence of degenerating an ancient family, from which the *Mortimer's* had lineally descended.

It is true that a time was appointed for *Charlotte* to elope with *Harrow*; but when the period approached, what did he vaguely reply?—"He was not possessed
 " of wealth sufficient to support her
 " with equal dignity to that she
 " was about to quit, therefore the
 " marriage had best be postponed
 " till her Father gave his con-
 " sent,

“ sent, preventing too great an intimacy with *æconomy*,”

Here was a test of love and regard!—which if impregnated with sincerity and not created by pecuniary anticipation, must have annihilated the lukewarm precept of *æconomy*, establishing a permanent union, by the secret marriage offered.

It is no longer a miracle, then, that *Charlotte's* partiality should perish, when offended pride convinced her she had been attached to a man treacherous and cowardly; whose head and heart formed a disgusting contrast; and whose
only

only aim appeared centered in the ruin of her person and possession of her fortune.—The concluding part of his letter to Lord S. authenticated that contraction of mind ever hereditary to the revenge of designing disappointment, *Infamously ill,*”—and pointed at *Charlotte!*—It is an epithet almost unmerited by the most abandoned and frailest female.

To animadvert, however, would prove but a poor compensation to the virtuous and innocent *Charlotte*; whose sensibility must have been painfully affected at so reprehensible and unmanly an insinuation.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

THE conduct of Lord S. relative to the challenge, was, in my opinion commendably proper:—Why should he embrace false honour, and punish the folly of *Harrow* by the commission of a greater himself? The appellation of *honour* must be prostituted to use it on such an occasion.

But I must dismiss this subject, and proceed to more interesting concerns.—*Caroline* and I are sworn friends! and, to avoid the farcastic remarks of *Harcourt* and
Mrs.

Mrs. *Partlet*, a correspondence is to commence.

Edward is familiarly intimate with me.—I play with him on the carpet, and instruct him to read, which he does with credit to preceptor and pupil. I love him dearly ;—he is a very sensible acute child, destitute of that frivolity attendant, in general, on such juveniles. He is not permitted to venture out of the room, as *Caroline's* history is only known to the *Mortimer* family.

You will naturally be astonished at *Caroline's* residence here, especially when all the disagreeable

able accompaniments are related; but the friendship of *Constance* has hitherto overbalanced the resolution of departure, and the—*Que l'appellerai je ?* the friendship of *Caroline* has overbalanced my resolution of departure.

LETTER XXV.

THOUGH I would fain flatter myself with the possessive vanity of *Caroline's* esteem, did I not actually enjoy it, a circumstance occurred yesterday evening which, even you cannot deny, established

blished my assertion, relative to *Charlotte's* opinion of me; and which I do not mean to illustrate by egotism, as the confidence of affection, pure and unadulterated, must more intelligibly translate it.

Constance and *Caroline* were particularly invited by some of the village neighbours to tea, where they went soon after dinner. I retired, as usual, to my room, read till evening, and called in to see my little *Edward*. When I entered, he ran to me to be kissed, and, whilst in my arms, turned round to the servant that attended to take care of him, telling her "to
 go ;

“go; that *Reuben* would stay and
 “take care of him, till Mamma
 “came home,” She left the room
 as *Edward* bade her, knowing
 that I was too fond of the little
 prattler not to protect him from
 harm.

“Come, *Ned*,” “we will have a
 “game at ninepins;—where are
 “your bowls?—”

“I don’t like to play now,” he
 replied wimpering.—“I can play
 “when you are not here. Won’t
 “you let me read to you? If you
 “don’t like my reading, I will
 “play a tune;—Mamma made me
 “learn your favorite on purpose to
 “please

“ please you, and if you do not
 “ like it, I shall not know what to
 “ do.”

He ran to the harpsichord and played a pathetic air, which I well remember to have praised to *Caroline*; and considering that his diminutive fingers could not extend to an octave, performed it accurately, though of music he did not understand one note.

This attempt to please was succeeded by reading a tale. — I am certain it was particularly pointed out for *Edward's* recital, which made me attentive to the subject. — Every period contained the senti-
 ment

ment of *Caroline*, and every sentiment displayed the felicity of integrity and sufferings of dissimulation. *Edward* would often introduce a remarkable emphasis on certain sentences; when he told me, thinking he had done wrong, as I looked at him sometime with astonishment, "Mamma read it so." This confirmed my suspicion.

I should have questioned my little pupil concerning his dictated conduct, but *Caroline* entered in a hurry, quite out of breath, and threw herself on the sofa. — Her whole system appeared tremulated. I took hold of her hand, entreating
to

to know the cause of such violent agitation: — she pressed it with convulsive vehemence, and, fainting, fell into my arms.

So ignorant was I of the *Galenical* art, that *words* was the only lenitive medicine I attempted to administer, till *Edward*, with tears in his eyes, brought a small phial, which, he said “Mamma often smelt to.” On taking out the cork, I found it to be hartshorn, which I plentifully applied to her nose and temples.

She was in my arms, though recovering apace, when *Harcourt* came in abruptly and disordered;
and,

and, on observing the situation of *Caroline*, which he construed into affection, left the room in a passion, saying, “ *Reuben* is your secret.” “ paramour then, madam—But I “ always suspected your reserve to “ be a cloak for some infamy.”

Impulse compelled me to quit *Caroline*. “ Infamy,” I exclaimed, running after him to ———— What rage might have encouraged I know not. *Caroline* stopped my precipitate pursuit; she followed me to the door, seized hold of the skirt of my coat, and, on her knees, weeping, prayed me to return. *Edward*, with tacit eloquence, af-
VOL. I. K fectionately

fectionately assisted in *Caroline's* solicitation; he took hold of my hand, which he was just tall enough to reach, and, looking up to me with a tear trickling down each cheek, pulled me back with all his force.

Convinced of my involuntary rashness, I raised my lovely suppliant from her humiliating situation, and conducted her to the sofa, where I left her perfectly recovered. I was obliged to quit the seat of my felicity, contrary to inclination, it being supper time, and my absence might have excited general curiosity, which could not with prudence have been gratified.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

THE grand mystery is all unravelled. *Caroline* informed me that *Harcourt* has professed love to her several times ; favoured by *Mortimer*, who has revealed the particulars of her situation. She rejected every importunity with disdain : but *Harcourt*, on the evening mentioned in my last, had planned a scheme to force her away.

On *Caroline's* return, with *Constance*, from the village tea-visit, *Harcourt* met her, and declared

that *Charlotte* was in the grotto, and, that she had sent him in pursuit of *Caroline*, whom she wished to communicate something to of importance. He offered his company to conduct her safe ; but the night being very serene, and the moon shining exceedingly bright, she refused his services, and went alone.

No sooner had she entered the moss-covered recluse, than *Harcourt*, who had followed at a distance, seized hold of her, swearing that Fate nor Heaven should prevent him from possessing the enchanting *Caroline*.

Every

Every struggle and endeavour to get away was attended with obscenity in word and deed, added to violent imprecations of revenge, without an acquiescence to the will of brutality.

“A chaise and proper guard,” he said, “was a little distance off, “to convey her where he had appointed.”—He began to force her to follow him, and took a pistol out of his pocket, which, he affirmed, should silence any intruder.

Presence of mind saved the innocent *Caroline* from experiencing the

the realization of that identical "infamy" *Harcourt* had branded her with.

In a fortunate moment she snatched the pistol, and levelled it at the villain before her, who retired a few paces back, conscious of his desert.

Thus at liberty, flight was her only resource, which she instantly embraced, and as she trembling fled, often stopped short, aiming the pistol at her pursuer.

On her arrival at the house, she threw it away, and entered her apartment in the melancholy situation I have already described.

All

All this *Caroline* told me herself, concluding with, “ if I did not regard her, she must fall a sacrifice to artifice and villainy.”—

Is this vanity ?

No.—It is happiness superlative ! I have vowed “ eternally to protect” *Caroline*, and she to “ esteem” me.

LETTER XXVII.

THE nuptials of *Charlotte* and Lord S. were yesterday solemnized, which had nearly been prevented the preceding evening, when

when *Harrow* and his friend forcibly entered the house, with a determination that *Lord S.* should give him instant satisfaction:—but he was not within.

Mortimer, with his usual discretion, sent a message immediately to *Lord S.* apprizing him of his danger, with the political admonition of returning with proper means to secure his life.

Lord S. waited on the village justice, swore the peace against *Harrow*, and procured a warrant of commitment, which was served on his enemy before he returned,

to

to the satisfaction of the whole company.

Thus secured from assassination, next morning we all attended *Charlotte* and *Lord S.* to church.—*Eliza* and *Morris* were inseperable. *Harcourt* and *Mrs. Partlet*, as if suspicious of each other, were arm in arm the whole time. *Constance*, *Caroline*, and *Reuben*, were more reserved, though not less familiar.

After the ceremony, we returned back to dinner to *Mortimer's* house, where a message had been sent from —: a polite invitation to *Chatsworth*, to partake of the *village festival* given that evening. — So
unex-

unexpected a pleasure, you may naturally suppose, was readily accepted.

No sooner was dinner removed, than we began to prepare for the rural excursion, which, being but a few miles, we unanimously consented to walk.

On our arrival, we were received with every token of hospitality, and conducted to a fine spacious green, where the happy inhabitants had assembled, to celebrate the day in honour of her *Grace*, who, I understand, bestows a certain sum annually for such a festival.

So pastoral and paradisiacal a
scene

scene I never before beheld.—It represented innocence and felicity associating with leisure, each contributing to annihilate the perturbations of care, and forget the relaxations of labour, by the enjoyment of plenty and contentment.

The pleasure of ——— and party, diffused general satisfaction, and instant inspiration.

An old farmer stood by me, with whom I repeatedly conversed, and was much delighted with his remarks;—they evinced a well-informed mind and benevolent heart. Content appeared in every wrinkle, though his hoary hairs and amber-headed

headed cane were conspicuous emblems of his vast age.—The blood of juvenility has long ceased to flow, yet a recollection of past times, and the emulative ambition of example, created a new fire, tempting him to be one in the jovial throng.

A rustic Hebe presenting Lady P. with some refreshments, excited my attention suddenly. I was struck with the beauty of her features and dejected deportment;—they delineated a refinement and sensibility, though disguised by a *stuff gown* and *straw hat*.

I en-

I enquired of the old farmer who she was ; but instead of making any reply, he turned from me.— Supposing, that, he did not hear me, I repeated my request, when, summoning his fortitude, he informed me, to my astonishment, that she was his daughter !

“ Yes, Sir,” said the Farmer,
 “ she is, indeed, my daughter, and
 “ a good and dutiful child *Ophelia*
 “ is. — I am not surprised at your
 “ interrogations, Sir, as her person
 “ and dress form such a conspicu-
 “ ous contrast, that curiosity must
 “ naturally be roused. Her edu-
 “ cation has been liberal and gen-
 teel ;

“teel; — her accomplishments are
 “many; and she is equally familiar
 “with music, dancing, and litera-
 “ture. She was brought up at the
 “expense of the village 'Squire,
 “who was then a widower, as a
 “companion to his daughter, an
 “only child; and, by an adherence
 “to flattery and dissimulation, soon
 “found means to steal the sole
 “affections of my dear *Opheha*.—
 “Yes, poor girl!”—here he sighed.
 “She loved him to distraction:—
 “yet, though he endeavoured to
 “betray her to infamy, by exten-
 “sive promises of independency
 “and marriage, she had the blessed
 “for-

“ fortitude to prefer virtue in ad-
 “ versity to guilt in all the luxury
 “ of incessant splendour.

“ Her inflexibility, and positive
 “ refusal of gratifying his base and
 “ licentious passion, incurred im-
 “ mediate hatred and revenge.—
 “ He knew she loved him, and to
 “ *Ophelia's* love did he again ap-
 “ peal ; which finding as perma-
 “ nently virtuous as sincere, he sent
 “ her back to me for future pro-
 “ tection. But, thank Heaven ! he
 “ is now dead, and God forgive
 “ him. Though her unfortunate
 “ attachment obstructs the perpe-
 “ tual flow of happiness, the vicissi-
 “ tude

“rude does not the least affect her;
 “as it is by her own express desire
 “that she is in the dress you now
 “observe. Besides was *Ophelia* too
 “*fine*, her acquaintance must be
 “diminished to a select few,—
 “whereas now, she is universally
 “beloved, and her acquaintance
 “envied by the whole village.”

I could not keep my eyes from
 gazing on *Ophelia*, till called by the
 rustic master of the Revels, to join
 the general dance. Superiority was
 thrown aside to render unanimity
 triumphant.

When the inspiration of the pipe
 and tabor ceased, we were enter-
 tained

tained with excellent singing.—
 Several lads and lasses chanted
 emblematical cantata's, in charac-
 ter, illustrating their different em-
 ployments.

Opbelia entered the vocal list,
 conducted by her father, who
 proudly led his valuable prize to
 the ring in the middle of the
 green. The general attention that
 ensued, confirmed great expecta-
 tions!—the villagers were particu-
 larly silent.

Before *Opbelia* began, she made
 a respectful curt'sy;—such an one
 that would not have disgraced a
 drawing room.—She sighed and

L blushed

blushed repeatedly. — I never beheld sadness so sweet, or sorrow painted in such animating colours, in all my life. The air she sang was composed by herself; — it was elegantly pathetic. — The following were the words, which I well remember, though cannot, at this moment, trace to my memory the author.

© sing unto my roundelay,

O drop the briny tear with me;

Dance no more on holiday;

Like a running river be.

My love is dead,

Gone to his death-bed,

All under the willow tree!

Black

Black his hair as winter night;
 White his skin as summer snow;
 Red his face as morning light;—
 Cold he lies in the grave below!
 My love is dead, &c.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note;
 Quick in dance as thought can be;
 Deft his tabour; cudgel stout;—
 O he lies by the willow tree!
 My love is dead, &c.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
 In the briered dell below;
 Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
 To the night-mares as they go.
 My love is dead, &c.

See, the white morn shines on high;
 Whiter is my true-love's shroud!
 Whiter than the morning sky!
 Whiter than the evening cloud!
 My love is dead, &c.

Here,

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
 Shall the barren flowers be laid ;—
 Not one holy Saint to save
 All the sorrows of a maid ?
 My love is dead, &c.

With my hand I'll plant the briars,
 Round his hallow'd corse to grow ;
 Elf and fairy light your fires,
 Here my body still shall be.
 My love is dead, &c.

Come with acorn cups and thorn,
 Drain my heart its blood away ;
 Life and all its goods I scorn,
 Dance by night, or feast by day.
 My love is dead, &c.

Water-witches, crown'd with reeds,
 Bear me to your deadly tide ;
 I die---I come---my true-love waits---
 Thus the damsel spoke, and died !

The

The festival lasted till sunset, when all the villagers united themselves into one throng, and joined in a grand chorus in honour of her *Grace's* bounty ; after which they went dancing and singing to their respective habitations, where every breeze whispered contentment, and innocence secured repose.

The excursion supplied us with variety of conversation. We did not retire to rest till late, on account of celebrating *Charlotte's* marriage.

Though I have so long studied the most abstracted philosophy, I am incapable of commanding my passions. Laugh at the conquest
and

and enjoy it; for the “ sighs of softness and tears of beauty” have opened my eyes, and induced me to reflect on marriage. What is it? a desirable state, but requires mature consideration; it is everlasting friendship, and, when *virtue* and *sincerity* are blended, “ all that we believe of Heaven.”

Prepare yourself for an impending surprise, which my *next* packet may, perhaps, contain.—Adieu.

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OR,
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*Se piangesse il meschin se sospirasse,
Pensal tu che per prova intendi AMORE.*

If the miserable man wept, if he sighed, imagine
it thyself, who, by experience, understand what
is LOVE.

GUAR. P.

V O L. II.

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M,DCC,LXXXVII.



R E U B E N:

OR,

THE SUICIDE.

LETTER XXVIII.

NOTHING material has occurred since I last wrote, nor will *this* Epistle surprise you. — *Constance* paid me a visit this morning, in my room, where I have confined myself some days. *Caroline*

VOL. II.

B

has

has informed her of *Harcourt's* premeditated villainy, and that she esteems *Reuben* superlatively. *Harcourt* has not yet permitted the grotto scheme to transpire. *Morris* and *Eliza* have lately been distinguished for their partiality to *tete a tete*. I am sincerely glad of it, and wish an union may be the result.—He is a blunt honest sailor, and, though whimsical, will know the value of a good wife.

Caroline sent me a note yesterday, affectionate and flattering!—requesting me to fulfill my long promise;—the Narrative of myself.

Your

Your familiarity with the battles and fortunes that I have passed, demands the enclosed,* which is an exact copy of those identical sheets I sent to *Caroline*; so that you may confute or confirm the tale of “wond’rous pity.”

* TO CAROLINE.

AS the food of pride is distinction, mine is amply gratified, by a realization of a flattering superiority, which the character, and not mere appellation, of a *Soldier* has obtained.

Familiar to victories and defeats,
 the refined pleasure of anticipation,
 though esteemed more luxurious
 than possession, experience confirms
 to arise from mental weakness and
 the error of the heart. Yet, to *hope*,
 the influence of reason and christianity
 have supported with an enthusiasm,
 which will ever, in part,
 alleviate the acrimony of sublunary
 misfortunes, and render misery itself
 less imbittered. Indeed, as your favourite
 writer elegantly observes,
 “ *Hope* is necessary in every condition.
 The miseries of poverty,
 of sickness, of captivity, would,
 without this comfort, be insupportable;
 “ portable;

“ portable; nor does it appear that
 “ the happiest lot of terrestrial ex-
 “ istence, can set us above the want
 “ of this general blessing.” — But
 to *anticipate*, is an evident phrenzy
 of imagination; for can that un-
 derstanding be entitled perfect that
 patiently submits to the degrada-
 tion of insulting deception?

However, the prevalence of imi-
 tation, and the triumph of defeating
 the enemy, induced even *me* to *an-*
ticipate a victory complete! — to
 return again, after the long im-
 pending dangers of war, to my
 native country, with an aged ve-
 teran Father, whose virtues were
 recorded

recorded as maxims of morality; and whose veneration for honour and his country's prosperity, animated him to distinguish me at the head of battle : where, with the energetical affection of an ambition parent, he said to me, previous to engagement, " Take this sword, " and let justice direct its point ;— " strike it not into the heart of an " enemy wantonly, nor slay, but " when necessity compels. Farewel! " Heaven protect you. But remem- " ber, above all, that a Father's " hard earned reputation is hazard- " ed, which must be again authen- " ticated, by his son's courage.

" The

“ The period is arrived to die a
 “ *soldier*, or to live a *man*.”

The chance of war was not terminated for some years; during which time I experienced, but once, the mortification of defeat, which resulted from a plague in the army. The number of our men being so materially lessened, the conquest of taking a few officers and privates was obtained without much difficulty. But when a reinforcement took place, and an exchange of prisoners, victory once more triumphed, and the enemy acquiesced to the treaty offered.

The

The satisfaction hereditary to a *Peace*, words can but faintly pourtray. The glory of honour, exultation of fame, and the fascinating satisfaction of public approbation, may be conceived but never described. No longer the “ear piercing fife” or “brazen trumpet” sound!—expectation of departure to domestic joys, and repeat the perils past, is the general wish.

Till that moment the inconsistency of *anticipation* was encouraged.

Imagination introduced me to a Sister, whom I had only heard of, yet loved by instinct, having left
home

home at the juvenile age of six years, when my sister was born. I was not permitted to see any other relation than my Father, who thought an intercourse with a *Mother* and *Sister* might imbibe a tenderness and delicacy, unbecom-
 a *Soldier*; and “ the fortitude of a
 “ military character ought not,”
 he argued, “ to be relaxed by pa-
 “ rental affection, or degraded by
 “ an effeminate attachment.”

These were his dictates to me, which his own conduct evinced a paternal theory, without capability of practice.

Hubert

Hubert adored his wife and venerated his children; yet his conduct to me —— But being an only son, he wished me to be perfect, consequently different from mankind.

With the eager *anticipation* of returning to England, and seeing my sister and mother, I hastened, with impatience, to *Hubert's* tent, where a crowd of soldiers had assembled, and, though disciplined by my Father, in every eye I beheld the briny emblem of sensibility and effeminacy.

Approaching near, they instantly made an opening for my entrance;
and,

and, in one general voice, vociferated “ *Simis the Black.*” When I entered the tent, *Hubert* was in his bed ! — How to account for so strange and sudden an accident I knew not. I gazed, almost petrified with astonishment. — He rose from his lifeless position, supporting himself on the shoulders of General B. and Major R. and thus addressed his melancholy surrounding friends. — “ When you return “ to England, should the valour of “ *Reuben* be interrogated, speak of “ him as ye know. — Say, that he “ was a *young Soldier*, but *my son.*” Here he smiled, with an innate satisfaction,

satisfaction, and, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, resumed his request.

“ *Reuben’s* courage has saved his
 “ country. Say, in single combat,
 “ that, my darling child attacked
 “ the rebel leader, and I die happy.”

The military veterans, though able to brave the suspending horrors of a cannon ball, could not stem the inundation of gratitude and pity : they bowed acquiescence, and tacitly wept at the regretted interposition of fate.

The panting of *Hubert’s* heart, on beholding me, was, for a moment, tranquilized ; its violent palpitation

piration diminished. My presence acted as a forcible lenitive to assuage the ominous presaging throbs, which distracted all present ; — for all loved *Hubert*.

Hubert held out his hand, which, on kneeling to bathe with my tears, he, with an emotion that indicated a consciousness of approaching fate, pressed it to his lips, and pronounced his blessing.

The colour fled from his cheeks; his eyes were stedfastly fixed upon *Simis*; who, though fettered with double irons, appeared to exult at the scene of horror and embarrassment.

A sud-

A sudden and violent palpitation unriveted the wild gaze of *Hubert*, on *Simis*. He, again, turned to me, and, with a celestial serenity, that evinced a long adherence to neighbourly love and religious duty, placidly exclaimed, “ My hour is
 “ past. I see the distant gate open-
 “ ed for my reception. I see ——
 “ Forgive us our trespasses as we
 “ forgive them that trespass against
 “ us.— Let *Simis* be liberated from
 “ his present shackles, and conveyed
 “ to his native country, free, un-
 “ molested. I forgive him.” — He
 paused for awhile, repeated a short
 prayer inarticulately, then, clasping
 his

his hands together, loudly exclaimed, “ I believe in God,” — and died.

Here was the test of noble fortitude ! — So dear was the existence of such a Father, that, by giving scope to the reflection of regret, I instantly became delirious.

The friends of *Hubert* were the friends of *Reuben*.—Two days after, on my recovery, I found myself in the apartment of General B. who, as he frequently insinuated, adored me, because I was a *miniature* of the man he loved.

Awakened from my stupefaction, the Tomb of *Hubert* rushed into
my

my memory, and reminded me of my duty as a *Soldier* and *Son*.

Every wish and attempt was repelled. So idolized was *Hubert*, that, during my torpid affliction, a monument had been ordered, and a day appointed for the funeral with military honours.

The eager assiduity of every individual, to immortalize *Hubert*, and their benevolent friendship to me, diminished the severity of my valuable loss.

When I entered *Hubert's* tent, to my astonishment, I found all his property secured, by General B—'s seal being affixed to every article,
however

however trivial; saving a *Picture*, my Father wore round his neck, which the General presented to me himself.

Though secrecy of particulars ever accompanied the mention of my *Mother* and *Sister*, I concluded the *Picture* to be drawn for the former; and, perceiving in it a *tout en semble* similarity of my own features, I kissed it as the resemblance of a *Mother*, whom, from mere singularity, I had not been permitted to see, since an infant. This possession was more gratifying to me than the amazing fortune I was then master of, by the death of *Hubert*;

for, without it, every endeavour to find an only Parent must have been fruitless.

In the moment of reverie, which arose from an attentive admiration of the Picture, *Julian* entered. At school he was my particular intimate; his sincere attachment to me induced *Hubert* to present him with a commission, that an intimacy, cultivated by sentiment and real affection, might be preserved, and not divided, even in battle.

“Alas!” said *Julian*, out of breath, with speed, “The villain is fled. The Court Martial is assembled, but *Simis* cannot be found.”

The

The name of *Simis* recalled to my remembrance *Hubert's* expiring request, which, till that instant, I knew not how to illustrate. . But, when *Julian* informed me that he would pursue the enemy of *Hubert* till death, and have revenge on his murderer, *Simis*, I felt, for the first time, a disinclination to fulfill the request of *Hubert*.

Simis was fled, and my conscience appeased.

To remain so long ignorant of such an act, as the murder of a *Father*, rendered me culpable of irreligion, by a deficiency of duty. Yet my remorse diminished, when

Julian insinuated that *Simis* had not been found guilty of poisoning *Hubert*, but was the confessor of it only.

The faithful fervility of *Simis*, and his tenderness on many occasions, induced me to believe that he was innocent ; but, actuated by a noble disposition, to prevent the suspicion falling on any one in the army, had avowed himself the murderer, which was apparently confirmed by *Hubert's* command, " Let him be conveyed to his native country, free, unmolested."

Hubert loved *Simis*, and *Reuben* venerated *Hubert*.

I coun-

I counteracted the orders issued out by the Court Martial, which was to find out the retreat of *Simis*, and bring him back to trial. Animated by the dying wish of *Hubert*, I acknowledge that I prevented the pursuit of *Simis* — nay more — I even bribed the soldiers, and aggravated the crime, if it might be termed one, by a deviation from truth, hinting that *Reuben* was the protector of *Simis*.

Was I then base, when, at the same instant, I refused to stain my hands with blood, and executed the will of a beloved parent? Had I hesitated, it must have resulted from

pu-

puffillanimity and not virtue.—I should have been a mere pretender to courage, and forfeited the honour and reputation as a *man*, which I had gained as a *soldier*.

Simis had repeatedly watched whole nights in the camp, for *Hubert's* and my preservation; and, once in particular, succeeded in his generous motive. A Spy, whom *Hubert* had restored to liberty upon his *parole*, never to return to the enemy, or, in any way whatever, assist them, one winter's morning, about two o'clock, had nearly effected his villainous intention of destroying *Hubert* and me; which

was

was providentially frustrated by the vigilant attention of *Simis*, who not only saved the tent from being blown up, but by the assistance of the centry, took the spy and accomplice into custody, without the knowledge of the army, which, if alarmed, might naturally have caused a general confusion, and rendered an advantageous opportunity for the interference of the enemy. Did I then disdain honour by adhering to mercy?

The melancholy morning came, appointed for the burial of *Hubert*. It was cloudy, and tremendously boisterous; — every tree was agitated

tated with the wind, and every eye directed towards the late magnanimous *Hubert's* tent. The shrill fife re-ecchoed throughout the field; the dismal monotony of the trumpet added solemnity to the scene of sorrow; and the solemn sound of the muffled drum, imitating a passing-bell, graced, with affecting dignity, the Dead March.

Eight serjeants, of *Hubert's* regiment, supported the corpse, and an equal number of subalterns were the pall bearers. The whole corps, two by two, joined in the procession, and extended too great a distance to be enumerated.

As

As chief mourner, I followed the Chaplain, accompanied by Gen. B. and Col. ———, and other officers of distinction; of which there were not less than two hundred—all friends of *Hubert*!

What an interesting group!—

But the deceased was their chosen!—their leader, and their idol.

Every feeling remembrance turned to tenderness, and every soldier wept—unmanned by mortal fate.

Though pity is a source of comfort, in certain distresses, yet to pity or regret the interposition of Heaven, is an insult to religion, and evidently useless, not being in the power of man to remedy.

The

The clouds were pregnant with showers, and my eyes were swollen with tears, which *Julian* encouraged, by saying,

- *“ Yet let the poor drops weep,
- “ Weeping is the ease of woe ;
- “ Softly let them creep,
- “ Sad that they are vanquish’d so :
- “ They, though to *Hubert* no relief,
- “ May balsam be for their own grief.”

Indeed I played the woman ;— my honest heart refused the assistance of fortitude — sorrow was my only companion.

But amidst the general lamentation, previous to our arrival at the
grave,

* The Poetry in the M. S. was ancient but defective, which is here corrected by the last edition of *Craslow*.

grave, a dismal groan was heard repeatedly, supposed to issue from the coffin, which naturally created a general astonishment. So alarmed were the serjeants, by whom the body was supported, that, they instantly, from fright, let the coffin fall to the ground; the amazing force of which, caused the lid to fall off, when another wonder appeared — *Simis* himself!

The deception was esteemed such a degradation, that every soldier pointed his bayonet at the breast of *Simis*. — Curiosity blunted the arrows of death, and the general with seemed to be centered in an elucidation of the magical mystery.

The

The salubrity of the air soon restored *Simis* to his senses, from his state of suffocation; when rising out of the coffin, with all the intrepidity of conscious rectitude, he thus addressed himself to me.—

“ What my revenge has urged
 “ me to commit, I must suffer for.
 “ The hand of justice is uplifted
 “ to let fall on me the fatal axe, as
 “ a reward for the murder of *Hubert*, which is deemed a crime.—
 “ But I was injured — and was re-
 “ venged.

“ The remains of *Hubert* lie in a
 “ secret vault, which I have pre-
 “ pared these three years, in Enyo
 “ Field.

“ Field. As a clue to discover the
 “ identical spot, remember nine
 “ footsteps, impressed on the earth
 “ deeply ; at the end of which,
 “ loosen the ground, when you will
 “ find all the wages of my servitude,
 “ and the greatness of my injury.

“ This coffin was appropriated
 “ for the reception of *Hubert*, but,
 “ as submitting to be buried alive
 “ might mitigate the apparent sin,
 “ and satisfy the kindred of *Hubert*,
 “ I devised the scheme you have
 “ now detected, which Providence
 “ prevented from being completed.
 “ However as your law dictates
 “ *death*—here ends the life of ho-
 “ nesty and revenge.”

To

To save him from eternity was impossible; a small dagger which he always carried about him, having entered his heart, and he died without a groan.

Suicide, in general, may result from cowardice, but here it confirmed an act of courage; not originating from principles of atheism, but created by the influence of pure religion, which enforced the fatal departure; inwardly persuaded of an Omnipotent Supreme, he avenged his own guilt, and died a martyr to satisfy the world. The character of *Simis* may be singular and revengeful, but his aim was virtue.

A con-

A consultation took place, relative to the discovery of the vault, mentioned by *Simis*, who was buried on the spot where he died. It was agreed that General B. and a select few should accompany me to Enyo Field.

When we arrived, the nine footsteps, after some time, we found, and, on digging up the ground, as desired, perceived a large stone, which with difficulty we removed, when an opening presented itself, leading to a subterraneous vault. —It was so dark as to render our vigilance that day of no utility ; the opening of the vault being the only visible
con-

confirmation of what *Simis* had insinuated. However, we returned next day, properly attended with lights, and entered the vault.

At the extent of the labyrinth, a place was erected, which supported a coffin, made of clay and turf: its contents were the remains of *Hubert*.

A tear of memento accompanied this dreary sight.

Under *Hubert's* head we found a scarlet bag, and, at his feet, a tin box:—the latter contained all the wages *Simis* had received from him, and the former, many writings, in particular, the following letter superscribed to me.

To

TO REUBEN.

“ *Pascal*, my brother Slave, was
 “ murdered by *Hubert*. He was
 “ suspected to be a spy, and dis-
 “ gracefully hanged. *Hubert* sign-
 “ ed his death warrant, and to *Pas-*
 “ *cal*, my dear injured country-
 “ man, I swore that *Hubert* should
 “ die, and I glory in my revenge.—
 “ Yet, as a *Master*, I loved him,
 “ and, as a *Slave*, defended him,
 “ and preserved his life more than
 “ once.—While I continued a slave,
 “ I should have served and adored
 “ him.—But he freed me from
 “ servitude, and gave me liberty.

“What, if I am a *black*—have
 “I not the same feelings as a
 “*white*?—Have I not courage?—
 “Am I a stranger to heat and cold,
 “pain or pleasure?—
 “No.—
 “Am I not to have my friend?—
 “Yes.—I was free, and performed
 “my duty with exactness. I did
 “not murder my *Master* or *relation*.
 “—*Hubert* was no longer my
 “master,—But *Hubert* is happy,
 “and I am revenged.—

“SIMIS.”

In the subterraneous sanctuary
 did we let *Hubert* rest.—After our
 Chap-

Chaplain had repeated the funeral service, the vault was filled up, and a Monument erected on the Spot, distinguished by the following inscription, written by *Julian*.

O THOU,

WHOM chance may lead this way,

Stop for awhile;

And deign to read a pure INSCRIPTION,

Sacred to the MEMORY of

GENERAL

Who merited this lasting MONUMENT,

As a reward for his incessant reliance on

The ALMIGHTY PROVIDENCE.

Add

To his Piety, many virtues,

Which endeared him

Even to his enemies.—

Prose

For know,
 He supported the character of a
 SOLDIER,
 In the FIELD of BATTLE,
 With propriety of conduct,
 Honour and personal courage,
 TWO and FORTY YEARS,
 Stimulated by enthusiasm to serve his Country,
 Though venerated for his disposition
 And
 Distribution of mercy,
 He was cruelly poisoned,
 After a glorious victory,
 By his own *Servant*,
 SIMIS,
 A NEGRO; who,
 From mistaken religion and revenge,
 Terminated the life of
 The best of MASTERS,
 Honoured in old age,
 And
 Universally regretted.

Sure thou must weep on HUBERT's sacred grave,
 When e'en a stoic can't from tears refrain ;
 Tho' *this* Life's past.—his *virtues* let us save,
 And *imitate*,—to equal rev'rence gain.

Thus concludes the sorrowful
 narration ; and thus have I learnt
 the folly of *anticipation*, which,
 the loss of a *Father* clearly mani-
 fests to me, is only “the per-
 fume of a moment,—sweet, not
 lasting.”

LET.

LETTER XXIX.

THE bearer of this is *Caroline*.
 —Protect her and *Edward*,
 as you esteem me. Find a secure
 place of refuge for them.

Should inclination tempt you to
 hesitate, remember that *Caroline*
 is shortly to become my *wife*!

No more at present.—

Wm

LET-

LETTER XXX.

A THOUSAND thanks, my dear Friend, for your enthusiastic patronage of *Caroline*.— I much regret she could not remain with you; Mrs. ——'s partiality, however, amply compensates for the disappointment.

You conducted her, you say, yourself, to a relation, who, you *know*, to be a worthy woman.— But why separate my *Caroline* so far from your protection?

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

MY clandestine proceedings, you disapprove of. Indeed there was a necessity for it.—*Harcourt* made another attempt.—I had sworn to protect *Caroline* from insult, and I have only fulfilled my word; besides I *love* her.

Is she not worthy of my love?

Her mind I have repeatedly described;—her personal beauties, ocular demonstration must have convinced you, are the *originals* of those *sketches* that first inspired me with the ambition of becoming
a *Rap-*

a *Raphael*; which appellation you bestowed on the artist.

The elopement has thrown the whole family into confusion.—*Harcourt* suspects, but is afraid to insinuate, lest his own villainy might transpire, and be investigated.

Mortimer and Mrs. *Partlet* are better friends than ever;—they are often engaged in very interesting discourses,—and I appear to be the cause.—However, if there is any plot, it will not be long concealed; for it is a sublunary opinion, that *secrecy* and a woman are not familiar more than a few hours,

hours; so that I shall throw myself in the way of Mrs. *Partlet*, to be acquainted with the conversation.

LETTER XXXII.

CONSTANCE is very melancholy and continually weeping;—her heart is full of sorrow.—She beckoned me to follow her, this morning—I did—She led me to her chamber, where, giving vent to her grief, by a flood of tears, eagerly enquired what I had done with *Caroline*.

Having satisfied *Constance* relative to my honour, and *Caroline's* safety,

safety, she informed me that *Harcourt* and *Mortimer* had been conversing about me, and that she overheard her Husband call me a premeditating villain and artful scoundrel, then taking hold of my hand, and pressing it to her lips, bade me instantly depart, and give that kiss to *Caroline*, as a memento of an affectionate friend.

At this crisis, whilst *Constance* was bathing my hand with her tears, *Mortimer* and *Harcourt* rushed in : when the former vociferated with a loud voice, that indicated the passion of insanity. "I am now convinced of her infamy."

—He

—He threw himself on the floor, and beat his breast and tore his hair with rage, till his passion abated; when he rose up suddenly, turned round to me, called me a base seducer and villainous rascal, and left the room, accompanied by *Harcourt*; who, from the serenity of his countenance, exulted in his heart.

As a mineral often proves its own antidote, did this excess of misery unaffect *Constance*?—she looked wildly, but appeared totally insensible of any sorrow.—I rang the bell for her servant, afraid that a fit might succeed such an

un-

uncustomary stupor, and took my leave. She again seized my hand, and wished me and *Caroline* long happy — happy as she must be wretched. The servant entered, and I formerly took my leave.

What the result of this meeting may be, Heaven only knows.

LETTER XXXIII.

M^Y intention was to have set off this moment to *Caroline*, but the following epistle must postpone my journey for a while.

“ Sir,

" Sir,

" The sacred reputation of a
 " wife, and the honour of an hus-
 " band, are equally sacred, and
 " cannot be polluted with impu-
 " nity. You, Sir, have seduced
 " an innocent woman, betrayed
 " virtue into sacrilegious adultery,
 " and must vindicate your conduct
 " this evening, when I shall ex-
 " pect to see you at seven o'clock,
 " in the grove, accompanied by a
 " friend.—

" MORTIMER."

I am this instant going in quest
 of *Mortimer*;—perhaps I may ap-
 pease him.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

WHAT to think or how to act, I know not.—Conscious of my own innocence, I hastened to find *Mortimer*, but in vain.—Meet him I must.—It would be cowardly to refuse, though I ever considered the duellist as a murderer. It is a false notion of honour.

What, because one man does not value his own existence, has he a right to take the life of another ?

There is no difference between a duellist and an assassin. What is the

the

the former's aim?—to slay or slaughter.—Is he not then an assassin, and culpable of murder?—nay, perhaps, more—of *suicide*!—Does he not voluntarily await the approach of a pistol-ball?—Is he not then, consequently, guilty of his own death?—If this is not suicide, the laws of God and Man are different, Yet, so cruel is the custom of my country, that, I must be compelled to *murder*, or be *murdered*!

A military character it is with pain I now support;—to sustain my former courage and fame, I must now accept a challenge, or have

have my name erased from the list of valients, as a *soldier*; be branded with pusillanimity, and treated with contempt by every boasting coward.

I have deliberately considered and *must* meet *Mortimer*.—If I fall, remember me to *Caroline*—say, in my last breath, I declared my love; but till then, remain silent.

I went in search after *Morris*, to be my second, an accessory to murder! but he was fled with *Eliza* to London, and is pursued by Mrs. *Partlet*.

I shudder to think that an honourable character should force me

to renounce my religion, and, perhaps — O England! where are thy virtuous and transcendent laws, when that Honour which thou claim'st to defeat enemies and support a Crown, is submitted to perish itself, or be destroyed by another? Religion ought to characterize our laws.—If men are so prone to vice, *religion* should be administered to reform what *law* cannot. Ye sage Legislators, no longer permit the Duellist to escape unpunished, as from that spring flows innumerable miseries:—many a worthy man has been assassinated by a villain, an outcast, rendering
a whole

a whole generation unhappy, and
all for *honour*, which identical
honour

It is now near the time appointed,
and I must consent to deface the
dictates of scripture, and make
a —————

The clock is striking *seven*.

LETTER XXXV.

THE anxiety of mind, and
painful palpitation of heart,
that accompanied every step I took
towards the grove, to attend the

honourable summons, can only be conceived; description must fail in the likeness, and often remain idle for want of proper colours to pourtray the genuine resemblance of fluctuating tortures :—perturbations, created by a consciousness of irreligion, and the misery arising from the fear of separating from those we love, no pencil can delineate—no pen transcribe.

When I arrived at the appointed place of *execution*, my fears subsided. Knowing that I had not, in word or deed, injured my friend, explanation instead of murder engaged every thought, which I persuaded

suaded myself, if once took place, must confirm my integrity, and unite divided esteem.

Mortimer was waiting for me, unattended.—I had staid till the last moment, and forgot to enquire after *Lord S.* who, though son in law to *Mortimer*, offered his services; which at first astonished me, as I thought duelling a crime of the highest magnitude, forgetting that example and fashion had metamorphosed it into heroism.

On my approaching near to *Mortimer*, he took my hand, and, shaking it with his usual familiarity, said, "Here ends our friendship.—

" Now

“Now prepare to defend yourself
 “against an inveterate enemy :—
 “name your distance and take your
 “ground.”

I, in vain, attempted to lessen his
 passionate rage.—He was misled to
 revenge, and repelled every appeal
 to reason.—“Your *honour*,” resumed
 the Duellist, “is now at the
 “test; but your courage I must
 “much doubt, when you come to
 “satisfy an injured man with so
 “effeminate a weapon as the *tongue*;
 “which I shall treat with the con-
 “tempt it merits, and compell
 “you to answer for the adultery
 “and insult at the same time.”

“I again

I again

I again intreated to be heard, but nought could appease.

“ *Harcourt,*” continued *Mortimer*, “ was obliged to attend a
 “ similar call of honour, or would
 “ have been here, as my second;
 “ but I depended on your being
 “ accompanied by a friend, who
 “ might have been mutually ap-
 “ proved of to dictate. How-
 “ ever, Sir, as we are alone, and
 “ you unprovided to defend your-
 “ self, take your choice of these
 “ pistols,—they are both loaded.—
 “ No refusal, Sir, lest I should
 “ revenge the baseness of infidelity,
 “ by some rash action. I despise
 “ ad-

“ advantage, injured as I am. Six
 “ paces, Sir.—You take the first
 “ fire.”—This I positively refused ;
 when he peremptorily insisted on
 my acquiescence to walking six
 paces, and, If I did not chuse to
 fire first, turn round and both fire
 at one instant.

I hesitated,—“ What,” vocife-
 rated *Mortimer*, “ are you not
 “ more ashamed of forfeiting your
 “ honour than killing a man ? Re-
 “ fuse a challenge !—consider the
 “ world.”

I walked six paces,—*Mortimer*
 fired :—the ball grazed my right
 arm, which defended my left
 breast,—

breast.—He then came up to me, wished to have a second charge, when I presented my pistol to him, as one ready loaded : astonishment suffused his cheeks !—he took it, fired it in the air ; then warmly embraced me, declaring “ I had
 “ too much valour to be the villain
 “ I appeared—that *Constance* was
 “ the guilty wretch who beguiled
 “ me. Yet, *Reuben*, the advantage
 “ of my absence and defiling—But
 “ depart—or I may again be in-
 “ duced to foster a viper in my
 “ bosom, and pass unresented my
 “ wife’s infamy.”

On

On my return from the Field—
 of *honour*, I ordered *Harry* to pack
 up all my things for departure,
 during which, I have wrote the
 above, that my dear friend may
 no longer be in suspense respecting
 the existence of one, whom you
 have often declared is dear to you.

LETTER XXXVI.

I AM now on my journey to
Caroline, and writing in the Inn,
 to avoid being detained from love
 and friendship, longer than may
 be necessary.

What

What a reciprocal succession of pain and pleasure have I lately experienced! but the latter is so predominant, at present, blended with such extravagant expectations, that its source cannot be obstructed by, almost, the various accidents of chance;—so pure is my anticipated felicity.

“Blessed is he who has no expectations, and he will not be disappointed.”

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

THE only companion I have met with hitherto, on my journey, has been *Reflection*,—poignantly severe !

What perpetual pangs of corrosive misery must have resulted from the gratification of *Mortimer's* revenge, the death of a friend, whose virtues, though reprehended as foibles, he extolled and admired ; and whom he must have permanently regretted, as an innocent sacrifice at the shrine of credulity. Internal integrity repelled the influence of despondency, but could
not

no eradicate the pain of supposing to offend, where guilt had not created provocation.

It was well observed that “ he “ who steals my purse, steals trash,” when competed by the value of a “ good name,” which is the happiness of this world, and has often hurried a man, to support it, into the other before his time.

From the excess of revenge has *Mortimer* been blinded—*Harcourt* not suspecting a repulse, when virtue was apparently unprotected, avenged his disappointment, by persuading *Mortimer* that the defender of innocence was the defiler of his bed; exciting the madness
of

of jealousy, which, independent of genuine affection, pride will enrage to chastise.

Harcourt's careful absence, when *Mortimer* and I met, authenticated a diffidence in villainy, which, though capable of the most extended malevolence, was too feeble to withstand personal conviction. No. — The anger of *Mortimer* was roused, and to quell it he did not intend : — the violence of *Mortimer's* temper *Harcourt* made himself acquainted with, tried its extent “ from the lowest note to “ the top of his compass,” then, with resistless insinuations, triumph-
ed

ed in deceit, and provoked credulity to revenge. But passions, in general, are so blended with extremity of vehemence, that prudence or duty but aggravate its petulance, and inflame instead of softening.

On what an instrument did *Harcourt* play! — the touch of the chords, ran through the whole frame of *Mortimer*; and though it seldom produced real harmony, it was not disagreeably unmusical; but once vibrated by discord, its former unison can never be restored. *Harcourt* well knew that the honour of a wife was a string, when properly

perly touched, would never cease jarring:—the note of infamy he long swelled upon, and encouraged the appearance of injury; suspecting that, previous to the opportunity of refutation, jealousy might be irritated to murder. This was acute speculation into human nature, calculated with nice judgment, but Providence interfered, and destroyed the effect, which so desperate a cause promised being completed.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

THE villainy of mankind is certainly but little known, or not attended to. Poor *Theophastrus* ! how ill are thy aged and valuable lucubrations treated, by inattention. A perfect knowledge of thee, might save many from being tossed about by the storm of artifice, or wrecked by dissimulation ; for thy “ CHARACTERS ” are still living, though drawn so long ago.—But if men will be deceived with their eyes open, thy council must be disdained ; for the passionate

and ignorant ever tread on the precepts of wisdom.

These are reflections at an Inn, where I am at present, and which is but a days journey from *Caroline*.—I long to see her, but that you may naturally suspect, and impart the particulars of a storm, in which she must be interested.—*Constance* and *Reuben* were in it! the former will be pitied, and the latter condemned. My frequent visits to *Constance*, though innocent, was highly imprudent, particularly following her to the chamber: it was the impulse of the moment, commiseration and friendship; which,

which, by a malevolent misconception, has completed the miseries of an unfortunate worthy woman; entangling the flowers of virtue with the evergreen of *rue*.

The incessant sorrow *Constance* must experience, has often tempted me to return, and sympathetically partake of those pains I inadvertently occasioned: but a superior attraction, and the fear of increasing the grief I wish to diminish, preponderated that intention.

My next Letter will be from —: another act of imprudence, you think, I dare say. To obliterate such a thought, convince

yourself that my pursuit is not romantic, for my own happiness has taken flight, which I am endeavouring to overtake in the chace of "protecting *Caroline* from insult." My future "absurdities" attribute to *self-interest*, which will doubtless escape your sarcasm, not being a singular quality.

That you may realize pleasures, similar to those I now, though vainly, perhaps, promise myself in a short space of time, is my sincere wish, as they tend to superlative felicity.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

MY long silence you are
 “amazed” at!—To amaze
 you has hitherto kept me silent.
 I am married!!!!!!

Caroline presented me last Saturday
 with her hand, to accompany the
 gift of her heart;—without the
 former, indiscretion could not be
 avoided. Censure is so easily ob-
 tained and so seldom eradicated,
 that, to secure *Caroline* from vil-
 lage scandal, respecting my assi-
 duous conduct and frequent visits,
 I consented to take all future in-
 sinuation

sinuation on myself:—this was only *politeness* by the bye, as the Law *compels* the husband to be answerable for his wife.

As no uncommon occurrence graced our marriage, to transcribe the particulars would be tiring your patience with a tedious ceremony, which I thought much too long. *Julian*, my old schoolfellow and brother soldier, whom you well know, gave *Caroline* away; though, like a father in reality, he did it with reluctance.

I forgot to mention, in my last, that *Julian* arrived at the Inn, previous to my departure, where the

unex-

unexpected pleasure of seeing each other was mutual, and soon rekindled a former friendship, divided by absence only.—My peculiar sentiments, relative to *Independence*, would not permit me to pass unnoticed the indigence of *Julian*, who, since the commencement of peace, had frugally existed on *half-pay*, even without incurring one debt, or the semblance of adversity,—sacrificing every sublunary comfort to *appearance*.

A Lieutenant's full pay is to be my anniversary gift to *Julian*; which he obstinately rejected for a long while, but my humiliation soon taught him

him a similar disapprobation of pride. To be my companion he earnestly requested—I consented with this proviso; “that, when I married, he should instantly depart,” not that I doubted the durability of *Coroline’s* virtue, or *Julian’s* honour:—it was a whim of experimental discernment, indicating that opportunity should never intervene for, even, the possibility of friendship to be transmigrated into love, as calumnization or envious suspicion, might then be easily confuted.—However that was all theory, *Julian* is still here, and, whilst he

con-

continues to love and improve *Edward*, *Caroline's* esteem, and my patronage he shall enjoy.

LETTER XL.

EDWARD is grown a fine boy, very tall, and calls me "Papa," with a dutiful respect. *Julian* teaches him french:—latin and english is my employment, and *Caroline* undertakes to instill the graces—the gigantic expectations of a *Chesterfield* must consequently ensue.

A debate

A debate on education frequently engrosses our conversation. *Julian* says, "a pot well seasoned, holds the primitive taste a long while after."—Indeed, first impressions ought carefully to be attended to, as they are preserved without difficulty, and, in general, are so deeply rooted, as not to be erased by intervening occurrences. *Socrates* has often asserted, that "by nature he was inclined to vices, but Philosophy made him a perfect excellent man;"—and *Julian*, to encourage the instillation of early precepts, told us the following story, as an incontrovertible proof

proof that education stops the current of natural inclination, whether prone to evil or good.

“ Education and custom have
 “ power not only to change the
 “ natural inclination of some particular men, but also of whole
 “ countries, which the Historians
 “ of most nations authenticates,
 “ The *Germans*, in the days of Tacitus,
 “ had neither Law nor Religion, knowledge nor form of
 “ commonwealth, but were led
 “ and carried on by the current of
 “ their own inclinations, and as
 “ their wills were inclined by the
 “ influence of the superiors, which
 “ stimu-

“stimulated them to give place
 “to no nation for good institution
 “in all things. To reform the
 “*Lacedemonians*, *Lycurgus* used
 “this piece of policy ;—he nou-
 “rished two whelps, both of one
 “Sire and one Dam, but in a man-
 “ner proverbially different ; for
 “the one he trained up to hunt,
 “and the other to lie always in the
 “kitchen chimney corner, at the
 “porridge pot. He afterwards
 “called the *Lacedemonians* into one
 “assembly, and said—ye *Lacedemo-*
 “*nians*, to the attaining of virtue,
 “education, and industry, exercise
 “is the most easy and noble means ;
 “the

“ the truth of which I shall mani-
 “ felt by trial. The *whelps* were
 “ then ordered to be brought forth,
 “ before which a *porridge pot* and
 “ *Hare* was set on the ground,
 “ when one ran at the *Hare*, and
 “ the other at the *pot*:—the *La-*
 “ *cedemonians* not understanding the
 “ mystery, he said,—both of these
 “ whelps be of one *Sire* and one
 “ *Dam*, yet you see how education
 “ has altered nature. Let us there-
 “ fore, that our flexible nature
 “ may not be assaulted and pro-
 “ voked to the acting of any thing
 “ which is not good, endeavour to
 “ accustom and exercise ourselves
 “ to

"to virtue, which will be unto us
 "as another nature;—let us use
 "the means of good education and
 "instruction of wisdom, whereby
 "our souls shall be made conquere-
 "rors over unruly *passions*, and
 "our minds moderated in every
 "action."

Edward laughed heartily at the
Porridge-pot, but I wish he under-
 stood it.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

YOUR conscientious Epistle, respecting to the crime of "two Husbands," demands an immediate and satisfactory reply. I know, though I have hitherto, from excess of happiness, forgot to inform you, that, antecedent to our union, Letters were forwarded to *Caroline* from India, with the copy of a Will, authenticating the death of *Lord Vincent*, who had bequeathed to his injured wife, as an atonement for his conduct, twelve thousand pounds per annum.—*Caroline*
pre-

presented the Will to me, saying,
 “ I have long disclaimed the title
 “ of *Ladyship*, and now banish it
 “ remembrance; for with this
 “ gift,” giving me her hand “ I
 “ forfeit it, and am more content to
 “ be announced the wife of *Reuben*
 “ than the most *dignified Duchess*.”

Having thus answered your *serious* enquiry, I will still add to the pleasure of its tendency, by assuring you that every hour I receive some new testimony of *Caroline*'s affection; and, indeed I may now assert that mortal happiness is perfect. O Philosophy! thy tranquil medium is far, very far, exceeded.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

RICHES, in every part of the globe, ensures respect, and secures attention; its influence is equally magnetical in the country as in town; and we are consequently looked up to here, by those of lesser wealth.

The *Curate*, his wife, and family, are our constant visitors; — the *Squire* will sometimes call in, and contribute to the pleasure of our nocturnal Society. After tea, the *Parson*, whose name is *Gray*, always starts some argument of erudition,

for general investigation and improvement, which he renders valuable and entertaining, by supporting his subject with maxims of wisdom, and reflections of experience. He has a perfect knowledge of the world and human nature, and, though so distant from the busy scene of Politics, the Nation is his favourite topic, which he vindicates like a man, for the benefit of the multitude and not the individual. — “ Yes,” he exclaimed, a few evenings ago, after a long and strenuous abuse of parliamentary prostitution, “ I know
 “ my remarks are unentertaining
 “ to

“ to you; but it ought to be the
 “ task of every one, especially in
 “ my profession, to furnish exercises
 “ for the perfection of virtue.—
 “ Example has greater influence
 “ over the human mind than all
 “ the philosophical reasoning of
 “ *Bolingbroke* or *Hume*. A Minister
 “ of State is a mere non-entity of
 “ himself:—he is misled by the
 “ resplendency of power, and im-
 “ perceptibly imbibes the insolence
 “ of office, from the flattery of the
 “ million, whom ambition emulate
 “ to implore the notice of a great
 “ man, who smiles but on the false
 “ and servile. The privilege of
 G 2 “ opinion

“ opinion a *Prime Minister* is a
 “ stranger to, precedence having
 “ obliterated that glorious liberty,
 “ when *Pride*, to prevent a sudden
 “ downfall, sacrificed the freedom
 “ of sentiment, by acquiescing to
 “ be the tool of superior autho-
 “ rity, and echo to the people
 “ whatever dictated. Thus has
 “ *example* indignified that indivi-
 “ dual to whom we must appeal
 “ for the redress of injury; and
 “ whom, by the wholesale barter
 “ of his own principles, vends, by
 “ retail, the freedom and felicity
 “ of his country. Can I then cease
 “ to condemn the credulity of
 “ *Britons*,

“ *Britons*, when adversity is mock-
 “ ed by venal legislation, and op-
 “ pression substituted for justice?
 “ Can I then ——”

“ My dear,” replied Mrs. *Gray*,
 finding her husband rather too
 warm, “ I am surprised you will
 “ persist in your madness, when
 “ you well know that from this
 “ violence of passion, our present
 “ retirement ensued. Had you not
 “ been so obstinate, I and my
 “ daughters might have outshone
 “ any of our grand neighbours.”

“ ‘Pshaw,” said *Gray*, interrupt-
 ing her, “ What still talking of
 “ *grandeur!*—But you are a woman
 “ and

“ and no Philosopher. It is true,
 “ I might have lived in the luxury
 “ of plenty, gratified your vanity
 “ with a title, and married my
 “ daughter to a *Lord*. — But at
 “ what expense? Where should I
 “ then have found a place of safe-
 “ ty? My passions, which I glory
 “ in, must have remained inactive,
 “ and misery enter every avenue
 “ of my soul; for I could sooner
 “ endure an imprisonment of the
 “ *person* than *mind*. I have enough
 “ to support my family, and keep
 “ them from starving, which I
 “ thank God for, and if you are
 “ not content with the pittance
 “ al-

“ allotted us, ask *Matilda* or *Nancy*
 “ to read the *Bible* to you, and
 “ encourage christian humility,
 “ instead of pride. Do, my chil-
 “ dren, when you get home, read
 “ the chapter I pointed out this
 “ morning.”

The *Squire* attempted to confute
Gray, but, from not being in the
 habit of argument, only confound-
 ed himself. However, he had cou-
 rage enough to assert that, “ no
 “ *dependant* man had any business
 “ with politics :” which was re-
 joined to by *Gray*, who soon silenced
 him, by strength of observation,
 and solidity of reasoning; but pal-
 liated

liated the severity of the evident mortification, by declaring that *he* had no vote in any Borough, therefore could not expect an independency.

During the debate *Edward* left the room, and, by the time it was concluded, came in again, with the large bible, which he took to *Julian*, requesting him to read the chapter the "old gentleman" mentioned. *Gray* was highly pleased at such infantine curiosity, and pointed out the sufferings of *Job*, which *Edward* promised to repeat to him without book, very soon.

LET.

LETTER XLIII.

THE patriotic principles of *Gray*, merit every encomium you have bestowed; for I think he would make as good a *Bishop* as a *Curate* !!!—His conversation is ever tinted with a peculiar gloom, though, at times, enlivened by flashes of satire. If he is serious, Mrs. *Gray* soon changes the discourse, and interrupts him: and when she talks, he is silent; not being conversant, he says in, “making pigeon pies, or the intrinsic value of china and silk gowns,” which

which are the darling topics of Mrs. *Gray*, who frequently suspends an interesting discourse, by interrogating the price of an apron, or extolling an ancient tea-pot. *Matilda*, her eldest daughter is so strictly educated, that she appears to have very little inclination of her own; her mind is cultivated by the Father, and the decoration of her person is submitted to the Mother, who adorns her with antiquated remnants, fashionable about two centuries ago. If she looks at a man, comparisons of virgin delicacy are displayed; and if she talks, the adage of “folly
 “ may

“ may be mistaken for wisdom,
 “ when silent,” is the regular re-
 tort.

Nancy is by no means a favourite; consequently not subject to equal controul. Her sensibility is too refined for her situation, as the political obstinacy of her Father, ignorance of her Mother, and singularity of her sister, must often bedew her cheek with the tear of regret; though she is silent in company, she discourses with *Caroline* freely, who is much attached to her; perhaps, from sympathetical principles only,—for she is, indeed, very melancholy.—The *Squire* has
 declared

declared a passion for *Nancy*, but as she is not delighted with the repeated description of hounds and horses, civility is the only return.

Our present visitors you are now introduced to, and though you may smile at their follies, you cannot be disgusted with their vices; for, saving the *Parson* and *Nancy*, “native ignorance” prevents their acquaintance with such fashionable qualities.

I am still happy, in opposition to your prophecy:—an amiable wife.—“Oh, she’s the pride and
 “glory of the world! Without her
 “all the rest is worthless dross;”
 a worthy

a worthy friend, and chearful companion ! Have I not cause ? Your presence could only add to my felicity. However, if you like the company here, I shall expect to see you shortly,—to laugh with, or at, us.

P. S. *Caroline* sends her respects, with an insinuation, that she is too much indebted to you to talk of reward; and *Julian* his sincere regard, with a wish to behold, once more, his commanding officer — and, perhaps, may unexpectedly surprise you.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

GRAY is so partial to *Caroline*, that he has already consented to *Nancy* being her companion; and never neglects calling in, as he returns from morning and evening service. His *wife* and *Matilda* are not permitted to visit us so frequently; which asking him the reason of, he replied, “ *Caroline* “ is the only learned woman, I ever “ met with, free from the pedantry “ of superior education, and familiar with common sense; so that “ such inestimable rarities ought “ not

“ not to be tainted, by the trivial
 “ knowledge of roasting a pig to a
 “ turn, or the useful art of pickling
 “ and preserving; which is all she
 “ can acquire from my wife. *Ma-*
 “ *tilda*, poor thing! her company
 “ is more valuable, because ideot-
 “ ism is not contagious, nor can
 “ taciturnity increase the head-
 “ ach.”

Gray often talks in this satirical
 stile, but with so much solemnity
 as sometimes to repel the force of
 risibility. That I might know the
 intrinsic value of what I possessed,
 he introduced me yesterday to *Mrs.*
Cowden, a lady of classical informa-
 tion,

tion, and a reputable authoress, who resides in the village. *Gray* is her favourite; his opinion she renders sacred; and according to his decision is every composition ambrosia or Lethe. We were no sooner seated, and the customary compliments subsided, than she commenced her learned encounter. Every observation was competed by the *Cyropædia* of *Xenophon*, or the *Corregiano* of *Cartiglione*; the living and dead languages were repeatedly rehearsed; and critical allusions the only satisfaction that interrogation could obtain. I was not honoured with a direct reply during

during my whole stay. The least hint of french or italian, and a string of quotations instantly ensues, from Bruyere, Voiture, Rousseau, Voltaire, Fontenelle, Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto, &c. &c. which doubtless may evince vast learning, though but little sense. Her dress was adapted to her conversation, and equally disgusting, destitute of conformity or consistency; her knowledge of Philosophy, Mathematics, Geography, and Astronomy could not be doubted, but it was unattended to, and rendered merely superficial, from, however trifling it

may be thought, the carelessness of the person, and affectation of the mind.

Many literary ladies have been in the same error, supposing that the lustre of liberal education can gloss over the deformity of negligence. Thus has an inattention to dress and a censorial vanity, precluded the reward of merit, and depressed with obscurity instead of raised by the *aura popularis*: for the dictates of conscious supereminence will always depreciate, and a deficiency of cleanliness annihilate respect.

The instant I returned to *Caroline*,

line, I could not refrain from kissing her, and congratulating myself on the advantage of comparison.

LETTER XLV.

CONSTANCE, whom you so affectionately enquired after, has not wrote but once since the separation.—She is still a votary of sorrow. *Mortimer* is not reconciled to the mysterious appearance of the *chamber* tete a tete, but often irritated, by sudden passion and persuasion, to insult and revenge.

Harcourt is his only companion, and, when *Mortimer* is absent, behaves to *Constance* with that identical familiarity, he endeavoured to convict me of.—Complain she cannot,—*Mortimer* will not suspect his bosom friend, nor believe her.

I am interrupted - - - - -

Gray is waiting for me below, to accompany him to Church;—in a few words, a young couple have applied to him to secure one of the villagers as a witness to their marriage, being total strangers in this part of the world.—I am the chosen, and invested with the prerogative of a Father!—the bride
is

is to be given away by me. However, before I conclude, *Caroline* bid me transcribe that she has been busily employed these three days, working a pair of ruffles, &c. which are to be presented to you, for acceptance, as a memento of esteem.

LETTER XLVI.

THOUGH partly separated from mankind, by a residence in this village, the amazement of occurrences and surprise of circumstances, are not denied
me.

me. I attended *Gray* to Church, as he requested, where the couple were waiting for us with suspensive expectation. The features of the bride were concealed by a close cap and long hood, her lover appeared aged and infirm, supporting his tottering weight by the help of crutches. After the usual ceremony, the lady thanked me for my politeness, and her Husband eagerly took my hand and shook it heartily; when, with a loud laugh, he exclaimed, "*Reuben*, my honest boy, if you are inclined to matrimony, speak, and I am ready to assist you in
 " the

“the same way.”—The voice I perfectly recollected, and when the great coat, crutches, and wig, were thrown aside, I well knew my facetious little sailor again.—*Morris* no longer wished to disguise himself; nor did his new-made wife, to whom he introduced me, and whom I also knew; it was my sorrowful *Eliza*, who expressed as much astonishment at meeting with me, as I did raptures at seeing her.

The description and discovery possessed too much unintelligible magic for *Gray* to understand. He looked at us all with silent wonder,
and

and appeared to regret his inability of explaining the hieroglyphic scene before him. However, he was well satisfied when *Morris* put into his hand the golden key of illustration, nor do I think he troubled himself after about finding out the riddle.—“Here old *Tucker*,” said *Morris*, when *Gray* had wished him joy, “take your wages and quit the poop. It is true I am in a disguise, as well as yourself, but no matter for that; it has answered both our ends—you have your fee, and I am married.”

I in-

I insisted that *Morris* and *Eliza* should accompany me home, where I could equally surprise them, but they pleaded an excuse, though with a promise of accepting my invitation in a day or two:—as they seemed to be in haste, about some interesting business, I took my leave, without once mentioning the name of *Caroline*, and they returned to the chaise, then waiting at the door, which was out of sight in an instant.

I have not related the accident to *Caroline*, as I wish to render their presence an agreeable surprise.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

THEY are come, and every thing has turned out as I anticipated. The unexpected meeting of *Eliza* and *Caroline*, was beyond transcription, and would have forced a tear of joy, even from the unbedewed eye of a stoic: the vigour of sympathy, congratulations of gladness, and benevolence of friendship, succeeded each other, and ultimately ended in a hearty welcome and pleasurable reception.

Morris declared he was very happy in his voyage, though he
did

did not know the Island he had touched upon ; but as I was an inhabitant, I might explain their manners and what he then saw—a hut full of strangers; which I immediately did, by an introduction to *Nancy*, *Julian*, and *Edward*; the latter of whom *Morris* kissed, but soon affronted with his rough admiration, as he called him a “pretty guinea-pig.”

After dinner a retrospection, and a recital, of past occurrences ensued; the bottle went round convivially, and, at the request of *Caroline*, *Morris* related every circumstance that happened since we last
saw

saw each other; and as I have hitherto made you acquainted with the particulars of *Eliza*, it may not prove unwelcome to resume the subject.

The peculiar attention of *Morris* to *Eliza*, I have signified in a former letter, which you must naturally imagine was flattering to her, an unfortunate, I may say, charity girl, who, independent of a real attachment, might have been tempted to unite herself to a man with less accomplishments than *Morris*. To be sure his refinement could not enchant; but if he was deficient in that one quality, his truth and
good-

goodness amply compensated, for every * beauty dwells in them. He made known his fortune, and *Eliza* told her misfortunes; they mutually loved each other, and, though she had been distinguished for her perfect adherence to the precept of virtue, she consented to be the *mistress* of *Morris*. This naturally induced

* This assertion, however paradoxical, is by no means a new one, nor has it any claim to originality, it being almost the identical words of Akenfide,

“ ——— for *Truth* and *Good* are one,

“ And *Beauty* dwells in them, and they in her,

“ With like participation.”

Which to authenticate, he annexes the following quotation: “ Do you imagine,” says Socrates to Aristippus, “ that what is *good* is not *beautiful*? have you not observed that these appearances always coincide

duced them to elope, purposely to avoid the reflections of Mrs. *Partlet*, and the consequent contempt of *Caroline* and *Constance*, which such a deviation from innocence, though created by excess of love, justly merited. However *Morris*, not ashamed of his command and “prize,” as he called *Eliza*, introduced

“ cide? Virtue, for instance, in the same respect as
 “ to which we call it *good*, is ever acknowledged to
 “ be *beautiful* also. In the characters of men we
 “ always join the two denominations together. The
 “ beauty of human bodies corresponds in like manner
 “ with that æconomy of parts which constitutes them
 “ good, and in every circumstance of life the same
 “ object is constantly accounted both beautiful and
 “ good, inasmuch as it answers the purposes for which
 “ it was designed.” *Xenoph. Memorab. Socrat. lib.*
 II. cap. 8.

duced her to all his relations and friends, as his lawful wife, and she was countenanced as such.

Mrs. *Partlet* knowing that they were not actually married, hastened to London after them, with a determination to take *Eliza* away by some stratagem or other, should her eloquent dissimulative monition fail, and she soon entrapped the fair run-away. In the lobby of one of the Theatres, Mrs. *Partlet* saw *Eliza* and *Morris*, and whilst the latter went to see if a coach was ready, she, by the assistance of a male friend, forced *Eliza* out of the lobby to the carriage, then
in

in waiting, when the coachman had orders to drive away as fast as possible. *Morris* returned, and looked for *Eliza* in vain! every boxkeeper was interrogated without effect: but fortunately describing her dress to one of the out-constables, he obtained that information he wished, the man being the person that called up Mrs. *Partlet's* carriage; which clue for discovery had been inadvertantly forgotten, or doubtless Mrs. *Partlet* would have bribed the constable to an inflexible taciturnity.

Eliza arrived at Mrs. *Partlet's* house, near Cavendish Square, with
an

an aching heart : her only refuge was a silent confession of past errors, which her ostentatious monitor rewarded with incessant reproaches of infamy and ingratitude. But next morning her revenge appeared much diminished, and her anger tranquilized. “ Come here, child,” said she to *Eliza*, affecting to smile, “ since what is past cannot be recalled, I forgive you from my heart, and will endeavour to forget. You know I love you. But to elope with such a vulgar brute as a *sea captain* was shocking to a degree. If you had been gallant with a *man of fashion*

“ it might have been pardonable.
 “ Indeed, Child, you have no taste.
 “ I thought your long residence
 “ with me would have taught you
 “ better than to degrade your dig-
 “ nity so.—Yes, *Eliza*, you was a
 “ beautiful flower, and the pride of
 “ nature.—It was a pity you should
 “ have been rifled of your sweets
 “ by a drone that could give you
 “ no honey in return. But *Pallas*
 “ and *Venus* seldom model the same
 “ lump of clay, so that the per-
 “ fection of one may, in general,
 “ be contrasted by the deficiency of
 “ of the other. However, as your
 “ character is tainted, no time must
 “ be

“ be lost to stem the current of
 “ public sarcasm.—Sir John —,
 “ who accompanied us home last
 “ night, from the play, is struck
 “ with your personal charms, and
 “ it is in his power to render you
 “ independent, when you may be
 “ privileged to indulge your *private partialities*. His family and
 “ connections are such, that you
 “ may, with proper prudence, lead
 “ the first of our nobility, and be
 “ the envy of the grand female
 “ circles.”

Eliza repeated her love for *Morris*, and declared that, after her present forfeiture of reputation, she

would sooner remain his *mistress* than be the wife of the most exalted character ; for in the eyes of Heaven and Nature she was his wife, though a political ceremony denied her the appellation. "Well, child," resumed Mrs. *Partlet*, "if this is your determination, I cannot patronize such prostituted principles, therefore, to-morrow morning you quit London for ever, and shall never see your vulgar seducer more."

On the succeeding morning, as Mrs. *Partlet* threatened, the coach was ready at the door early, and the necessary articles packed up
for

for the journey.—*Eliza* could not refuse.—To whom was she to appeal?—Thus compelled, fortitude often induced the sun to shine through many a watry cloud. The Post is waiting; to-morrow you shall have the subject resumed, in continuation. Adieu.

LETTER XLVIII.

A FEW days brought *Eliza* and her *Argus* to the destined place of visitation, which was at a relation's of Mrs. *Partlet*, who naturally imagined she then had
 secured

secured both person and affection. But *Eliza*, though in a solitary part of the country, destitute of one confidante or acquaintance, found means to inform *Morris* how she was situated and where she resided. Mrs. *Partlet* often mentioned the name of Sir John —, plans of settlements, &c. but all were rejected with equal disdain. Anonymous epistles were fabricated, nay, even the Printers of several London News-papers bribed to announce the death of *Morris*, which were purposely thrown in *Eliza's* way; though as it happened, they had not the desired effect—

effect—as an uninterrupted correspondence existed between them at the very period. This scheme failing—several country gentlemen were introduced to *Eliza*, many of whom insulted her distress; endeavouring to increase the guilt of the action they at first condemned, by urging its repetition with the weighty arguments of gold. However, after a wearisome attendance, finding that *Eliza's* principles were as pure as the metal they tempted her with, she was given up as lost game. Another scheme Mrs. Partlet had in agitation, in which she perhaps might have succeeded; it
 was

was to have got *Eliza* on board of ship, when the Captain would have been invested with the care of the merchandise: this *Eliza* discovered by listening, consequently prepared herself for such a voyage.

Though Mrs. *Partlet* was too aged to confess a possession of romantic sentiments, she innately enjoyed them, and would often walk of an evening by the sea side, relating the *frolics* of her juvenile days to *Eliza*, who was apparently reconciled to her situation; for she wisely argued, that, repining would only increase the agony of confinement.

One evening in particular, they walked much later than usual, the serenity of the evening attracted their stay; the reflection of the moon on the dancing waves, beat time to the romantic feelings of Mrs. Partlet, who, like the lady in Comus, appeared riveted by enchantment. She was intoxicated with sentiment, and confessed, in an ill-fated moment, that *she* had no lover; wishing herself as young as *Eliza*, that she might experience that superlative felicity which ever results from love, though often denied to fortune.

The

The noise of a distant carriage alarmed them both; they imagined, at first, it was a sudden swell of the sea. But what a surprise accompanied the nearer approach of the cause!—a *chaise* and *Morris* in it! The sensations of Mrs. *Partlet* and *Eliza*, at that moment, formed a perfect contrast, evidently indexed by the countenance; when guilt displayed her pallid hue, and joy a rapturous blush.

Eliza ran to *Morris* with open arms, who declared she was an excellent *navigator*; for she had told him the *latitude* and *longitude* of the place, better than any *log-book*.
He

He put *Eliza* into the chaise, and asked Mrs. *Partlet* if he should conduct her safe home; but she remaining silent, he went in to *Eliza*, bidding the Post-boy to pursue his journey and stop at his peril. Mrs. *Partlet* could endure it no longer, but gave vent to her long gathering rage, which was succeeded by violent imprecations. She attempted to seize hold of *Eliza* at the carriage window; then to stop the Postillion; but all her endeavours, hollowing and running, had no effect; the chaise soon left her far behind, as *Morris* said, "to take a romantic walk home." Afraid
of

of a pursuit, they stopped at the next village, and disguised themselves in the odd manner I have before described to you, when they proceeded onward, and took a different tract.

As *Morris* loved *Eliza*, and esteemed her as his wife, he was determined that his favorite *Frigate* should no longer be liable to forfeiture, and all for want of being entered in the church. Though *Morris* declared a positive dislike to all kind of *ceremony*, he readily consented to be married and “ stay
“ it all out! because that *Eliza*
“ should hoist her own colours,
“ nor

“nor strike till death deprived
“her of command,”

Eliza strenuously opposed the union, having already lost the only fortune she had to bestow.—
“I have had it,” answered *Morris*,
“and as I shall ever enjoy it, I
“chuse a warrant commission, that
“we may, in future, fail to our
“journeys end, with happiness
“and respect.” She, at last, consented; when the Landlord of the Inn, where they had put up, recommended them to *Gray*, who would not marry them without another person present.—I was the fortunate individual thought of,

of, and the effect you have been fully acquainted with.

I sincerely request your presence, having an assemblage of visitors here, so much after your own heart. I am exceedingly happy, in my present collection of virtues, which I value as curious exotics; and should be sorry to part from even *Nancy*, whom *Bray* has insisted on quitting us, *Morris* having insulted him.—Adieu. Don't permit this long epistle to suspend your speedy writing.

LET-

L E T T E R XLIX.

CAROLINE has received another letter from *Constance*. *Mortimer's* jealousy increases daily; he is continually imprecating vengeance against me, declaring his dissatisfaction at my pusillanimous conduct, when we last met. *Lord S.* and *Charlotte* are gone to *Paris*. *Harrow* repents of his duplicity and *Æneas* passion, which, from its revolutions and fordid ambition, changed *love* itself into hatred. *Charlotte* did love, like the *Carthage queen*, but, thanks to the refinement

finement of custom, she had fortitude sufficient to desert the wretch, who gloried in her despair.

The disposition of *Mortimer* frequently engages my attention, even in the chearful moment. Though inconstant and indifferent to his wife, the supposition of a rival has turned his brain: but he is the credulous concomitant of *Harcourt*, seduced by fallacious argument, and injuries that never happened. Self-examination allures the suspicion, conscious that he has merited dissimulation, as a retort on the desertion of innocence:—thus will mankind

kind torment themselves. Had the precept of *Pythagoras* been adhered to, *Mortimer* would have been a stranger to his present wretchedness. “Let not sleep fall upon
 “thine eyes, till thou hast thrice
 “reviewed the transactions of the
 “past day. Where have I turned
 “aside from rectitude? What
 “have I been doing? What have
 “I left undone, which I ought to
 “have done? Begin thus from
 “the first act, and proceed.”

Had these interrogations been familiar to him, innate integrity must have endeared him to *Constance*, and repelled the undermining of

jealousy and suspicion: for most people judge by their own virtues or vices.

Heaven forbid that I should ever embrace a similar brutality of doubt; no, ocular demonstration ought to be the first informer. But where has my extravagance led me?—It is absolute sacrilege! *Caroline* is purity itself! though we have two souls, we have but one mind; nay, but one wish—to render each other happy.

LET-

LETTER L.

MORRIS and *Eliza* departed on Tuesday. *Julian* still remains here, as instructor to *Edward*, who, already, possesses many of the peculiar sensibilities so characteristic in his Mother, which I admire, but am sorry for; doubting whether the exquisite pleasures accompanying acuteness of refinement are adequate to the exquisite pain that is momentarily created by a multiplicity of occurrences, which, with a less proportion of sensibility, might have escaped

observation. *Edward's* education has lately employed much of our time. *Locke's* system I by no means approve; for though an intimacy with "*mechanism*" may probably relax the weary mind after laborious study, it must degenerate real genius, and, most likely, substitute vulgar opinions for dignity of sentiment. However, he *must* be a great man, that's all.

Yesterday was *Valentine's* day, when all the minutiae of Italian ceremony was particularly attended to; but I do not like the commemoration, as it is a kind of foster-father

John

father to the principles of *predestination*. *Julian* received a *valentine*, containing the following beautiful invocation to matrimony.

“ Is it for fear to wet a widow’s eye,
That thou consum’st thyself in single life?
Ah !—if thou *issue-less* shalt hap to die,
The *world* will wail thee, like a matchless wife.
“ The *world* will be thy *widow*,” and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind;
When every private widow well may keep,
By children’s eyes, her *Husband’s* shape in mind.”

Our curiosities were excited to discover the writer. *Julian* guessed and suspected all but the real one. “ On my life,” said *Caroline*, “ Miss *Nancy Gray* is the love-

“ love-sick fair!—what confirms
 “ my suspicion is, the poetry,
 “ which I well remember to have
 “ seen among some other effusions
 “ of *Shakespeare*; and I am certain,
 “ the writings of that immortal ge-
 “ nius are not familiar to many of
 “ the village.” *Julian* suddenly
 exclaimed, his face glowing at the
 same time with satisfaction at the
 discovery, “ As I live, it must be
 “ *Nancy*; for I perfectly recollect
 “ her repeating a speech out of
 “ *Twelfth Night*, the evening
 “ previous to her returning home.”
 —This confession caused a general
 laugh against *Julian*, who was
 too

too much pleased with his *valentine* not to join in the merriment, and condemn his blindness and past insensibility. Thus from little causes may great effects ensue.

LETTER LI.

SENECA-conspicuously evinced his perfect knowledge of human nature, when he asserted that "Life is a voyage, in the progress of which, we are perpetually changing our scenes."--Yesterday I was floating along the tranquil stream

stream of happiness, and to day
am thrown into the ocean of misery,
where, buffeted by winds and
waves, I call, but in vain, after
Hope: her anchor is forced away
by the storm, and she swiftly fails
out of sight, abandoning me, per-
haps, for ever.

My heart—I only blot the paper
with my tears - - - - -

Caroline - - - - -

I can write no more.

LET-

LETTER LII.

FATE has, at last, opened her tremendous volume. On the top is written,—“Eternal discord!

Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation!”

Reuben is united to everlasting woe.

A few evenings ago, when *Julian* was on a visit to the *Gray* family, *Caroline* and *Edward*, not wishing to be by themselves, came into my study, where I was amusing myself with a greek translation;

I in-

I instantly threw aside the object of employment, and accompanied *Caroline* to the fire, when the moment was engaged in domestic converse; and what added to the enjoyment was, an unusual flow of good spirits; *Edward* was sitting on my knee. I took up *Petrarch* and read; *Edward* often interrupted me, to explain many words he did not understand, a custom I had ever encouraged: *Caroline* reclined her head on my shoulder and fell asleep. I continued my reading, but not so loud. She waked, and starting suddenly from my arms, ran to the farther
end

end of the room ; her eyes were fixed on me with all the wildness of phrenzy, when she exclaimed, " Indeed I am innocent."——I brought her back, and placed her in a chair next to me. She soon recovered, and informed me that her insanity was the effect of a frightful dream. " Tell it me, Mamma," said *Edward* eagerly, straining his little eyes to look up at her, with his elbows on my knees.

Caroline took hold of my hand, and, kissing it, thanked Heaven that the cause of her palpitations was only a dream. " Oh, my Reu-
 ben !

“ *ben* ! I thought we were eternally
 “ parted ! that you had quitted me
 “ for *Constance*, murdered my dear
 “ child as an offspring of infamy,
 “ and forced me to accept of *Har-*
 “ *court* as my husband. I saw the
 “ earth convulsed, and *Mortimer* in
 “ a shroud, all over blood, point-
 “ ing to two coffins, in one of
 “ which he stood ; the other was on
 “ the head of *Julian*, who, though
 “ trembling with the weight, de-
 “ clared he would carry it to an
 “ aged military veteran, and my
 “ dear departed mother. I followed
 “ him at a distance, but, on my
 “ nearer approach, the phantom
 “ dis-

“disappeared. *Julian* threw me
 “from him, and called me a vile
 “woman, when I awoke, declaring
 “my innocence.” *Edward* cried
 most bitterly, and I could have
 kept him company, but afraid of
 affecting *Caroline*, I forced a laugh,
 asserting that dreams were too
 trivial for a serious conversation.
Julian entered soon after, and a
 spirited argument annihilated the
 melancholy impression.

The next morning *Julian* requested to depart, saying he was sorry that the “malevolence of the villagers enforced a separation.” He then declared the general report
 was,

was, that, he abused my friendship by defiling my bed; and to prove it, took a letter out of his pocket, superscribed to *Gray*, which contained the accusation mentioned. The hand writing I well knew, and could not help thinking *Mortimer's* revenge unjust and cruel.

As *Julian* was resolute in his determination, I reluctantly complied with his wish to leave us. "Alas," said I to him, at the moment of departure, "you are again going to rove round the world, I am confined at home to protect *Caroline* and her son; in which office I am completely happy, adoring

“adoring both with fervency.” I then went to my cabinet, which *Caroline* never looked in, either from want of curiosity or having a full confidence in me, and took out the identical picture given me by *General B.* after *Hubert’s* death. “Here, *Julian,*” I resumed, “take
 “this Picture, and when you can
 “find its resemblance, fail not to
 “return to me instantly.” He promised, and was about putting it in his pocket, when *Caroline* requested to see it;—she was struck with astonishment, and gazed on it with peculiar admiration;—full-
 well

well did her features pourtray the gladness of her heart.

“ You have been ill natured,
 “ *Reuben*,” said *Caroline*, “ to suspend your knowledge of my *Mother* from me so long.—But from
 “ whom did you obtain this picture ?” The interrogation was articulated with a faltering voice, implying a sudden recollection of horror.

“ Yes, *Caroline*,” I replied, “ this
 “ is, indeed, the likeness of your
 “ Mother, and could I but find
 “ her—she would, no doubt, prove
 “ such, by congratulating me on
 “ my choice, and cherishing you,
 “ as

“ as the wife of *Reuben*. You, *Julian*, knew my *Father* well, and,
 “ that, this *Picture* he constantly
 “ wore, therefore should you ever
 “ discover the original, inform me
 “ of it directly, that I may fly and
 “ receive the blessing of my dear
 “ parent and mother.”

“ *Your Mother!*”—said *Caroline*,
 “ jest no longer. I am already
 “ racked with suspense. What
 “ mean you ?”—*Julian* acquainted
 her with the history of the *Picture*:
 —she trembled ! turned pale ! and
 left the room. She returned in a
 few moments, agitated with doubt,
 entreated us to be silent, and no
 VOL. II. L longer

longer mock her fears ; then took hold of *Julian's* arm and bade him attend : “ The Father of *Reuben*, “ you say, you know—Look on “ this,” when she presented a Picture to him.—“ Oh ! Heavens !” exclaimed *Julian* after he had looked on it, “ what mystery is this?— “ It is, indeed, *Hubert* himself ! “ my virtuous patron and *Reuben's* “ Father.”

Caroline fainted away; convulsions succeeded the fit, and she was conveyed to her bed, where she now lies distracted and insane. Not a word will she utter: the name of *Reuben* makes her rave,
and

and my presence is not permitted. I am involved in perplexity and torment. How *Caroline* came by the miniature of *Hubert*, I have not been able to learn, nor shall I if ——— I will not transcribe it. My present situation forms a just comparative contrast of past felicity. If *Caroline* was to recover, all might, perhaps, be well again ;—*perhaps !*

LETTER LIII.

EXPERIENCE has convinced me that sublunary joys are fleeting.—I am again a proselyte to the dictates of philosophy, and, though I shall not indulge the growth of sorrow, by anticipating misfortunes, an expectancy of happiness I will not again be deceived with. — Fortitude and religion I am certain must immediately repel every effort of casual occurrences from leading me to despair, and indeed but one can really affect me.

Ca-

Caroline is much better, and walks abroad to day. I have not yet seen her, though so long an absence has created an intermittent fever.—But what would I not suffer for the ease of *Caroline* !

Julian will not leave me, nor ever trust me out of his sight. He watches me with tenderness, but confounds me by relating ambiguous sentences, which I cannot understand, nor he interpret.

What is human possession ?—To day rich, and to-morrow poor ! Was I not blessed with a vessel laden with the richest treasures on earth, embarking to the Island of
Fe-

Felicity, in a prosperous gale, piloted by Love and mutual sentiment? and am I not overtaken by a tremendous storm, and thrown on the rock of Scylla, from Scylla to Charybdis, and from Charybdis to Scylla again?

But lo!—the gloomy clouds are breaking! the sun will once more shine, and *Reuben* smile on the wreck that intercepted his pleasurable voyage.

Caroline wishes to see me!—she is waiting for me!—calling on *Reuben*! and *Reuben* will attend the call.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

HYGEIA and *Caroline* will, I am afraid, never be reconciled. Like the delicate *Lily*, impregnated with the overpowering heat of a meridian Sun, did the drooping *Caroline* appear. O that the simile might still be extended and realized! and the dew of Heaven revive her to hail the morn. Impossible. She fainted at my presence; a relapse of insanity succeeded, and I was again disappointed.

Julian shook his head in commiseration, but appeared conversant

fant in that mystery I so eagerly wished to be unraveled. I pressed him to repeat what he knew; he sighed and hesitated, though his heart was perturbed with the struggling of some important secret; but he remained silent, and woe is still allotted to the unfortunate *Reuben*.

LETTER LV.

I Have at last, after a long journey over a rough path, arrived at the goal, where fate pronounced, "*Caroline and Reuben* no longer Husband and Wife, but Brother and Sister."

Oh

Oh cruel Parents ! to conceal a secret of such momentous consequence ! *Caroline's* spirits were restored : she was then capable of any conversation, and, subjecting the vehemence of her passions, consented to an interview.

We met, I ran to embrace her with that undescribable joy, which so long a separation urged ; but *Caroline* resolutely forbid me, and pushed me from her, “ Yes *Reuben,*” she said, “ to that privilege is annexed our present rigorous punishment.

“ The conquest I thought glorious, but its concomitant is distraction.

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“ The conquest I thought glorious, but its concomitant is distraction.

“traction. Before we take a final
 “farewell, promise to protect my
 “child, my dear *Edward*.—I have
 “deliberately reflected, and the
 “only remaining virtue I possess,
 “compels me to quit you for ever.
 “To-morrow morning I shall de-
 “part. Take this memento, the
 “Picture of your Father, which
 “was presented to me by my Mo-
 “ther, when at St. *Benedictine's*,
 “—the fatal cause of reciprocal
 “misery. Our dreadful error has
 “resulted from my dear Parent
 “changing her name, when *Hubert*
 “left her, which, doubtless, was
 “his particular request;—indeed
 “your

“ your narrative confirms it. He
 “ knew the danger of Battle, and
 “ would not pain his child with the
 “ regret which must naturally arise
 “ from the loss of a Parent:—you
 “ was to be a *soldier*, and a stranger
 “ to your Mother and Sister, that
 “ affection might not eradicate
 “ the noble sentiments of magna-
 “ nymous courage, nor tempt your
 “ stay at home, when your country
 “ wanted you abroad.

“ The mysterious proviso con-
 “ tained in the will of my Mother,
 “ manifests, without a doubt, that
 “ you are my *brother*! one third
 “ of her bequeathed legacy was to
 “ be

“ be resigned, when claimed by
 “ any *male* relation hitherto un-
 “ heard of. —The stability of my
 “ Mother’s love for *Hubert*, whom
 “ you call my father, established
 “ a firm obedience to his will, and
 “ permitted the fatal secret to die
 “ with her.

“ This Picture is all that I ever
 “ knew of *Hubert*.—Take it, and
 “ again say if it resembles your
 “ Father.”

I took it, and declared it to be
 an exact likeness of the worthy
Hubert.

“ Enough,” said *Caroline*, in a
 deliberate tone, “ *Reuben*, adieu.

“ I have

“ I have summoned up all my resolution for this interview, and another will never consent to.—
 “ Protect my child, and let this
 “ *kiss* divide an unfortunate and ir-
 “ religious union——”

I solicited in vain. “ We still
 “ may see each other, *Caroline*,” I
 exclaimed. “ We are innocent of
 “ the crime. Let us bury in obli-
 “ vion all the past, and, in future,
 “ as *Brother* and *Sister*——”

“ Never, *Reuben*, never,” was
 the reply. *Caroline* struggled to
 depart in haste, which I prevented;
 but on a promise that she would,
 in a few hours, after an endea-
 your

your to reconciliation, write me her determination, I let her go, when she again kissed me, saying, "Indeed, *Reuben*, I *hope* to see you "once more." All my calamities are limited to present anticipation. "In a few hours"—Till then I am miserable with reserve.

LETTER LVI.

O GOD! fortify my heart to support this: and ever after I can endure all misfortunes without regret.

It

It is now past.—I am awakened from my dream of hope, and the bubble is broken. Death must teach me the wisdom of fortitude. My soul is confused with palpitations unknown before, and my mind distracted at the gloomy horrors surrounding me.

Oh! that I could once attain the precipice! — every sorrow would subside. *Reuben* plunge into eternity and ———. What have I said? I repent, and submit with religious patience, to the degree of the Omnipotent Supreme, when Providence — But is *Providence* and *Suicide* acquainted?

O Re-

O Reflection !—I shudder at the thought ! *Caroline* lies breathless on the ground by her own hand ; preferring *self-murder* to repentance !!!

God forgive thee, deluded shade. Contrition is too late—*Mercy* can only save thee ! What have I loved ? Could *Caroline* be my Sister ?

Suicide ! ! ! ! ! !

LET-

LETTER LVII.

THE perpetual succession of misery is now exhausted; and as

“ Passions, like seas, will have their ebbs and flows,”

my rage is transmuted to reason, and my love to hatred. So sacrilegious an act, as to deface the precept of God, deserves my eternal revenge. Yet I forgive her—it must have resulted from insanity. I hope it did. But the premeditation is too flattering a persuasion.

Anxious to be informed of *Caroline's* resolution, I went to her apartment, where I heard her vociferate DEATH !

“ Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 “ From all her caves, and back resounded, DEATH !

When I approached the door of the chamber, *Caroline* was writing an Epistle, which, on my repeated threats to force the lock, she left unfinished, and discharged a *Pistol* ! — The door I instantly broke open, but the black act was completed, and SUICIDE, *damned* SUICIDE ! perpetrated !—nay more, the identical Letter she was employed
 in

in a few moments before, proved it premeditated, as it aimed at vindication.

Caroline write an Essay in favour of self-murder ! which indeed she did with apparent plausibility of argument, rendering suicide a virtue. — “ Where life is an evil and
 “ that evil must be distributed to
 “ mankind, why not, for the happiness of many, sacrifice one ? —
 “ If we are to preserve life—the
 “ destruction of vermin that torment us—is equally reprehensible
 “ with self-murder : — Animals,
 “ pained and tortured, pity urges
 “ us to kill and end their torments.

“ Mortal life is made secure from
 “ such acts of pity, and wisely so,
 “ because every assassin might plead
 “ an excuse for murder. But when
 “ mortal life is loaded with miseries
 “ unmoveable—a torment to the
 “ existence of others and itself—
 “ where is the crime of crushing
 “ misery ! Conscience is our Hell,
 “ and when that Hell is appeased
 “ —torment ceases, and *Suicide* no
 “ longer guilt.

“ To die is our common fate;
 “ but thus argued the Master of
 “ Human Nature, — To die with
 “ lingering anguish, is generally
 “ folly.” - - - - -

This

This was the vindication of *Caroline*, the conclusion of which I prevented by my unexpected interruption.

What impotent advocates for *Suicide*! one particle of reason—a belief in God must clearly confute them. Were we privileged to cut the thread of our own existence, to what utility does Religion tend? Patience and penitence will ever prove an Asylum for the oppressed and guilty; but they who seek contentment in self-murder, will find, too late, their consciences still alive, and their torments doubled.

Every

Every recollection of *Caroline* fires my brain. When I consider her many virtues and this one vice, I hesitate to blend them, and deviate from my christian duty by fostering pity for the unfortunate *Caroline*, whom I loved, idolized, and ——— But she is no more. Yet to recount her virtues is the only luxury I have left; but, indeed, it is a melancholy one.

LET-

L E T T E R LVIII.

HAPPINESS is fled, but grief is not annihilated. The vice I condemned in *Caroline* I have been committing myself. How can I implore forgiveness when I deemed the crime so heinous ?

I now lie stretched on a bed of sorrow, regretting my hasty virulent conduct. During my confusion of misery, *Harcourt* brought a letter from *Mortimer*, branding me with the appellations of *coward* and *rascal*, at the same time insinuating, that I was a cuckold, and

Ca-

Caroline had been his *Mistress*; and if I was brave enough to revenge it, he was then waiting for me.— I followed *Harcourt* instantly. Indignation made me credulous and intrepid. I saw *Mortimer* at a distance and hastened to him. Such an injury to the most virtuous of women, I could not submit to with impunity. Without any previous ceremony, we took our ground, walked the distance of five feet, and fired, when I fell—to repent of my rashness for ever.

Am I not then guilty of *suicide*? Did I not hazard my life, and contemptuously expose it to chance?

Did

Did I not aim to murder *Mortimer*?
 Did I not —— But I was the vic-
 tim and exampled dupe of my own
 credulity. *Caroline* was purity itself,
 and - - - - -

Since the ball has been extract-
 ed, bodily pains have subsided, but
 my mind is still ruminating.——
 I much wish to see you. My life
 is uncertain, the wound may yet
 prove mortal, and I have matters
 of importance to relate. *Edward*
 I have promised to protect, yet
 rashly ventured into a madman's
 company. Accept the challenge of
 a *lunatic*!—palpable *suicide*.

I am

I am weary and shall endeavour to rest myself a little, but should I rest too long, pray for the soul of your wicked and miserable friend.

LETTER LIX.

TIME is allotted for repentance; — the rays of mercy again enliven this mansion of sorrow. The incessant grief of *Julian*, and recollection of *Caroline*, interrupt my reverential resignation. — *Gray* has paid me many visits; he is a good man, and frequently prays to me. I am reconciled to a future state, and shall die happy.

LET-

L E T T E R L X.

I AM much recovered, but afraid of a relapse. I have enclosed you my Will.—It was witnessed last night. *Edward* is provided for—but *you* must *protect* him. *Eliza* I have remembered with that identical annuity I once wished to bestow. As my mind may have been impaired by such a repetition of calamities, I have consigned an overplus of three thousand pounds to your care, to administer that justice *adversity* demands, and which *I* may have forgot.

LET-

L E T T E R L X I.

MY restoration momentarily evinces my past absurd crimes and hasty guilt;—but time and an upright heart, may erase the corrosive impression.

Harcourt has confessed his infamy: the innocence of *Caroline*, and the innocence of *Mortimer*. He acknowledged *himself* the creator of all the mischief, by misleading *Mortimer*. *Constance* again shone with former splendour, and her virtues again attracted her suspicious

cious Husband, who is sorry for what is past, vowing to love his wife, and I forgive him.

Gray is the confessor of *Harcourt*, who now lies in the village dangerously ill. — He fell from his horse, and his life is not expected.

This discovery has lightened my heart. — I am no longer considered guilty of adultery by *Mortimer*, — but am I not guilty of *suicide*? I tremble at the idea, and my spirit fails me.

LET-

LETTER LXII.

HARCOURT is dead. *Mortimer* has wrote to me, and will be here shortly. I was never better in spirits in all my life; the reconciliation has almost restored me. I love *Mortimer*, and esteem *Constance*: they are once more happy, and ought I not to rejoice when *I* was the cause of their divided felicity? The attention of *Julian* merits more than words can convey. — If I continue to recover so rapidly, I shall be out in a few days.

LET-

L E T T E R L X I I I .

LIFE is again desirable. *Constance* and *Mortimer* are arrived: they will not quit me till I am able to accompany them to —, the seat of my primeval bliss.

LET-

L E T T E R L X I V .

I AM perpetually anticipating blessings, but they evade my grasp. Like *Tantalus* I am punished with expectation, and prohibited to touch the fruit, though I see it. Yet my painful suspense is alleviated by the open and ingenuous disposition of *Mortimer*, whose sensibility is awakened to woe; whose heart pants with anxiety, and whose life would be joyfully resigned to preserve mine. What a liberality of benevolence!

—Con—

—*Constance* is equally ardent in her kindness, which can be compared only by *Julian's* fidelity.

To possess such real friends encourages me to hope, though my life is very dubious; a mortification is talked of, but my present pain is no symptom of it.

LETTER LXV.

WHAT I have done, I may lament with despondency, but cannot recal. What I do—conscious integrity informs me will tend to palliate past guilt. A

tacit submission, and implicit reliance in faith, overpowers rashness, and disqualifies me for an adherence to the dictates of madness.—No, *Caroline*, though I might make a shorter voyage — A sudden restlessness is overcoming me, and I can write no more.

LETTER LXVI.

SINCE I last took up my pen, I have been hourly sinking into eternity. My last epistle, I well remember, was concluded in haste, as I wished to repose myself;

self; I did, but was insane two days after it. I am now much better, which I heard the Physician say, was owing to the expected mortification having took place.

Hope has left me—Yet to quit—
But religion infuses inspiration, and
philosophy introduces the fatal necessity of patience.

LETTER LXVII.

GALENICAL prognostics I shall never credit again. My mind and heart are reciprocally at ease; and I still imagine I shall once more join the busy multitude.

LETTER LXVIII.

THE hour of infatuation is
 past!—I now see the dread-
 ful whirlpool! the wind is up,
 and too powerful for retreat; I see
 the wreck before me, yet cannot
 turn aside. I have been struggling
 very long, and another wave may
 sink me for ever. Feeble as I am,
 I can swim to *Caroline*—*she* was my
wife!—my *sister!* - - - - -
 O God! receive me into thy pre-
 sence, that I may tell the pitiable
 tale of chance, sorrow, and mis-
 fortune, to *Hubert*. To *Caroline*—
 I see her now! SUICIDE trium-
 phant

phant in glorious splendour! she
beckons me—points to the fatal
Pistol, and—I *must* follow - - -

- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -
- - - - -

LETTER LXIX.

PROVIDENCE has heard me.
O impious wretch, that I am,
to say *must*. What did I dare?
But Heaven has prevented it.

Religion

Religion is at my bed-side—I
kiss her cross, and with fervency
adore her - - - - -

- - - - -
- - - - -

Caroline again calls me. Oh!
no longer tempt me! enforce a
tame resignation to the will of
God.

Where am I?—

Caroline! and do we at last
meet again. Oh! - - - - -

FINIS.

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TRUE
M E R I T,
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H A P P I N E S S.

 F Prosperity was ever the infallible Attendant of true Merit, my Parents would have probably shone in a very exalted Sphere. But so blind is Fortune, or rather so unfortunate are the Virtuous, that my Father, instead of being encouraged by the Indulgence, or improved by the Education that his tender Age stood in Need of, was turned adrift into the World, a helpless, unknown, Orphan; and had nothing to depend on, but his own daily Labours, which procured him a bare Subsistence.

VOL. I,

B

My

My Mother, still more distressed, if possible, had, in the former Part of her Life, been bred up in that Ease and Affluence, which, tho' highly suitable to the Condition she was then in, still made her more unable to undergo the Misfortunes which she afterwards experienced. It was, perhaps, the Similitude of their Circumstances, that in a manner attached them to each other; nor had they ever any Reason to repent of this Union. They bore up under their Calamities with a surprising Chearfulness, seeming altogether insensible of their own particular Misfortunes, and concerned only for the Peace and Welfare of each other. Thus Patience was, in a manner, to me an hereditary Virtue; and, indeed, I began betimes to look upon Prosperity without envying it, and upon Poverty without dreading it. My Desires are confined, most commonly, within the Bounds of my Wants, and Ability. I say, most commonly: for (to my Shame be it spoken) I have in my Life-time, been seduced by the false Lustre of Ambition; a Failing, which I cannot charge my Parents with, even in the least Degree.

My

My Father, who was in some measure sensible of the extreme Importance of Education, by the Want of it which he felt in himself, took care to have me instructed almost as soon as I was capable of it. Being naturally of a serious Turn, I considered that Application was the only probable Means, which could raise me above the Obscurity of my Birth. I immediately began in earnest, and, in a very short time, got the better of the Difficulties which obstruct, and but too often, totally discourage young Beginners. Nor was this only the Case with respect to my Studies : Fortune began to smile upon us. I was in my twelfth Year, when an old Uncle of my Father's, who was extremely rich, died, and left him his sole Heir and Executor. My Father immediately left off his Business, which had hitherto been our only Support, and retired into the Country ; where he employed his Time in managing his Estate, and looking after the Affairs of his Family.

It may easily be imagined how rejoiced I was at this happy Change ; which was the more surprising, as my Father had been forbid the old Man's House for some time ; and the more wel-

come, as it enabled me to continue my Studies with more Advantage, and Alacrity.

After I had spent three or four Years at the University, my Parents were desirous that I should fix on the Profession I intended to apply myself to. They had intended for some time to place me in the Church; yet very kindly assured me, that they would by no means force my Inclinations. I felt no sort of Reluctance in complying with their Desires, and therefore immediately applied myself to the Study of Divinity. In the mean time my indulgent Parents, as well to encourage my Industry, as to wear off that Shyness, which, for want of conversing with the World, I had contracted, introduced me into Company: where, tho' I was scarce fifteen, as much Deference was paid to my Opinion, as I could reasonably have expected, had I been advanced in Years. Notwithstanding this, I was conscious to myself, of the awkward Appearance I made, in Comparison of those, who, by a longer Experience of Men and Things, had studied those little Arts of Pleasing, which never fail of procuring their Possessors an agreeable Reception. I therefore determined to imitate those whom I saw the most accomplished;

plished ; but should have made a slow Progress, by reason of my natural Bashfulness, had not Love stepped into my Assistance, and contributed much to the furthering of what I never could have arrived at without it.

cu. Among the numerous Acquaintance to which my Parents had introduced me, there was a Painter, with whom I was very intimate, and who, being without Children himself, had lately taken into his House a Niece of about thirteen Years of Age. I shall not attempt a Description of her Person, since Words must fall infinitely short of her real Perfections. Let it be sufficient to say, she was an accomplished Beauty. I often contrived to be in company with her, under pretence of learning to draw of her Uncle. In short, I could neither think nor speak of any thing else. I soon perceived that I was in love ; and knew my own Situation resembled, too nearly, that of Lovers in Romances, to be able to deceive myself in that Particular. But what puzzled me most was, in what Method I should make known my Passion to the Object of my Wishes. When absent from her, I was continually planning Schemes to bring this about. Yet,

tho' I often hit upon Expedients which I determined to have recourse to, my Resolution constantly forsook me; and it was only by the Language of my Eyes, that she had any Opportunity of becoming acquainted with my Sentiments in her Favour. At last, I bethought myself of a Stratagem that might at once relieve my Anxiety, and declare my Love. I told her, I would shew her a Copy of Verses, compos'd by an ingenious Friend of mine, in which were inserted the Particulars of my own Case so exactly, that it was hardly possible for her to mistake my Meaning. This Artifice succeeded to my Wishes. She took the Hint; and, finding that she was not displeased, I ventured to declare what I had hitherto concealed. I became daily more and more enamoured, and consequently more assiduous in pleasing the Object of my Affections. I soon perceived that I gain'd ground, and became at length her Confident, and, after some time, we seem'd to be equally enraptur'd with each other. Thus, whole Months were spent in all that innocent Satisfaction, which arises from the Consciousness of Loving, and being Beloved.

My

My Parents were now very solicitous that I should return to the University to finish my Studies, and prepare myself for Entering into Holy Orders. I was terribly alarmed at being called upon so suddenly to part from all that I held valuable; and therefore, after having feigned several Excuses for Delay without Success, I determined to apply to an Uncle of mine, whose Opinion was of great Weight with my Father, and to set before him the great Reluctance I now felt to the embracing that Profession. My good Uncle, perceiving my utter Aversion to return, was prevailed upon to interceed with my Father in my Behalf. He was soon after as good as his Word; and my Parents, who were exceedingly fond of me, forbore to insist on what they saw gave me such Uneasiness.

My fair Friend was not unacquainted with the Anxiety I had undergone, on the very Surmise of being separated. However, I concealed from her the Steps I had taken, in order to relieve myself; acquainting her only in general, that I had altered my Intentions with Respect to entering into Orders. She was extremely pleased at the Sacrifice, which by this Means I made her; for I had indeed a

Living worth four hundred Pounds a Year held for me, of which my Uncle was the Patron. A learned Education then being of no further Service to me, I began to study those Accomplishments which are requisite in any one, who would be a Man of the World.

My Father recommended to my Pursuit the Study of the Law, which, if not so agreeable as that of Classcal Learning, has this superior advantage, that it is attended with considerable Profit. Besides which, the Trouble is not so great, as it may appear at first Sight: Since Men who are only acquainted with its fundamental Principles, but otherwise of very superficial Knowledge, have taken their Degrees, and appeared in the World with the same Reputation as others, who, in Reality, may know more of the Matter; but have not attained the Art of concealing their Ignorance.

I engaged myself in different Branches of this Study, in order that I might be qualified either for the Exercise of my Profession, or for a Place; which my Friends intended very soon to purchase for me.

It was always my Foible to spy out the weak Side of my Neighbour; so that
whilst

whilst I was employed in the fitting myself for the Bar, I was privy to the Tricks and Chicaneries which were daily imposed upon the poor Clients. For while powerful Knaves eluded the Force of Justice, others, who were more unfortunate than wicked, were sacrificed more to the Pique of Individuals, than the Rigour of the Law.

It may easily be imagined, that such continued Scenes of Roguery, as were daily exposed to my View, could give me no great Liking to a Profession, in which the most cunning Cheat was reckoned the ablest Man; and where Men of Merit, whose Consciences kept them honest, had no Share of a Subsistence. I therefore, immediately determined to quit the Study of the Law; and when I was quite at a Loss what to do next, Chance threw in my Way what I had long desired.

As I was going by *Gresham College* one Day, I saw a Door open; and, upon entering in, I found one of the Professors, reading a Course of Natural Philosophy. The clear Manner of his Expression, and the happy Fluency of his Speech, charmed me; insomuch, that I immediately entered his Class, and went thro' his Lec-

tures very regularly. It was during this Time, that my dear *Polly Wilson* (for that was the Lady's Name) fell sick. Strong Symptoms of the Small-Pox, that inveterate Foe to Beauty, appeared in a very short Time. I was exceedingly shocked, and visited her as often as I could. Indeed, I could have wished to have been always at her Bed-side. As her Distemper grew worse and worse every Day, her Father, who for some Time past had lived wholly from her, came to his Brother's; and from that Time I was denied Admittance to her. She had, no Doubt, declared the Regard she had for me; and it was upon that Account, I imagined, they had forbid her seeing me. The Disease had so altered her Features, that I did not know her. She had scarce the least Resemblance remaining of what she had formerly been. She was tall indeed, and genteel; but her Skin was so pitted, that her Complexion was entirely lost. Her Face was covered with Scars, and, what still added to her Misfortune, she had lost one Eye.

When I was first acquainted with these several Particulars, I could scarce give Credit to them. Being forbid coming to her Uncle's, I could not get a Sight of her

her there ; but having met her one Day in the Street, it was some Time before I recollected her ; and, tho'I had been apprized of her Misfortune, was much shocked at the Sight. Her Friends took the Advantage of my Absence, to insinuate, that she could now no longer hope to please me. Whether they succeeded, or no, I cannot tell ; but she, in a short Time, after discarded me, to hinder other People, perhaps, from thinking, that her Lover and her Beauty forsook her at the same Time. At least I have some Reason for my Supposition. For after a Visit which she had made me at my Father's, in Company with her Aunt, she brought the few Trifles, which I had before made her a Present of, and which she should have looked on as Pledges of my Love, and, with a contemptuous Air, returned them to me, accompanying this Action with several injurious Terms of Reproach, which I never deserved, at least, from her.

After a long Struggle between Love and Resentment, I told her, that if her present Behaviour proceeded from a Point of Conscience, the Motive was undoubtedly good ; but that I should take great Care of running into a Zeal, whose Effects

fects were so very pernicious and ungrateful. Her Aunt was amazed at the Behaviour of her Niece; and tried, but to no Purpose, to calm her Passion. She quitted the Room immediately; and I have never seen her from that Time to this. I heard afterwards, indeed, that she went abroad into a Nunnery.

My Father had lately lost a very intimate Friend of his, Lieutenant *Saxby*, who, from being a common Soldier, had raised himself by his Bravery to that Rank. As he had little else, besides his Pay, when that ceased, his Widow was but in very indifferent Circumstances, especially considering she had two Children to take Care of. The Mother used often to come to our House; and, as she was unable to support the Expence of Educating her Children, had desired me to take some Pains in instructing them. This I very readily undertook, upon the Principle of Charity; and had no other End in View, but that of obliging the Widow.

Mrs. *Saxby* was turned of fifty, and had not then the least Remains of Beauty; yet was herself persuaded of the contrary. The good Qualities of her Mind, however, supplied the Defects of her Body.
She

She was loved, and esteemed by all her Acquaintance. She was a faithful Friend, a tender Parent, a humane, and generous Woman. She always put the best Interpretations on the Words, and Actions of others. Ready to Love, slow to Anger, and incapable of hating any one. Being diffident of her own Abilities, which she was conscious were but small, she was too irresolute to determine any thing herself; but constantly made Choice of the best Advice that was offered her. In short, she had neither the Ornaments, nor the Failings, of her Sex; but was in Possession of their Virtues. The Daughter's Person was the very Reverse of her Mother's. She was not, indeed, so regular a Beauty, as Miss *Wilson*; but at the Time when I was acquainted with her, and she was then only fourteen, was much more lively. She did not want Sense; yet oftentimes behaved like a Coquette. Her Apprehension was surprisngly quick, and her Penetration far above her Age. If Nature intended to draw an exact Copy of the Mother in the Person of the young Man, her Son, she succeeded most admirably. He was so very much like her, that had they been of the same Age, and cloathed alike, it would

would have been impossible to have distinguished the one from the other. Nevertheless, their Tempers were very different; but, as young *Saxby* did not want Cunning, his Imperfections were discovered by those only, who were much conversant with him. I resolved with myself immediately to answer Mrs. *Saxby's* Expectations; and, as this was no difficult Matter to do, I succeeded very well. The old Lady herself was so very obliging, that Gratitude was a sufficient Inducement to me to take more than ordinary Care of her Children. But what weighed with me most of all, was, the exquisite Beauty of her Daughter. I was in Love, but did all I could to conceal it. She perceived it however, and therefore it would have been a Folly to deny it any longer. I assured her, that I should always consider her as my Sister. She did not seem to relish a Compliment which flattered not her Vanity; and therefore, in the Warmth of her Resentment, taxed me with being ungrateful. As this exceeded my most sanguine Hopes, I owned to her, that fearing I could not draw from her a Confession, on which my Happiness solely depended, I had made Use of this Artifice. She seemed a little
con-

confused at first, from having said too much, as she thought. But I soon satisfied her Scruples, by assuring her, in the most solemn Manner, that I was utterly incapable of making an ill Use of her Kindness; and that she should always find me as tender, and yet as discreet, as she could wish : a Promise, which to some, perhaps, may seem too inconsiderately made, and for which my Youth is the only allowable Excuse.

We soon became deeply enamoured of each other ; and it was then that I was first sensible of those sincere Pleasures, which arise from the most pure, and yet the most ardent, Affection. As we were both convinced of the Uprightness of each others Intentions, we did not take sufficient Caution to prevent others from being apprized of our Passion. Our Parents soon perceived it, and were terribly alarmed. My Father strictly forbid me ever going to Mrs. *Saxby's*. My Love stood in no Need of this Prohibition to increase it any more. But Mrs. *Saxby*, who had, no doubt, been well instructed on this Head at my Father's, laid before me all the Tenderness of a fond Parent ; the little Likelihood there was of our ever coming together ; that I was yet
too

too young to think of Settling in the World; and that my Encouraging this Passion, would be of great Prejudice to her Daughter, as it might give her a Dislike to any other Match, that should be offered for her Acceptance. She concluded, by desiring me to forbear coming to her House, or at least to come there but seldom.

In vain did Miss *Saxby* protest to her Mother, that she would wait patiently, till I was in a Situation to support her creditably; and that, while I remained unmarried, she would do so too. Mrs. *Saxby* could not be prevailed upon; but ordered her to be silent, and intreated me to leave them to themselves. I quitted the House with great Reluctance; and formed a thousand Projects to see her for the future: but all were impracticable.

Two Days afterwards, I contrived an Expedient for the seeing her at the House of one Mrs. *Temple*, who was an intimate Friend of Miss *Saxby's*; and who readily consented to our Meeting there. But, not satisfied with these frequent Interviews, we contrived to meet often in the Park. For, by some trifling Presents well managed, I soon gained her Brother over to our Interest, who, under Pretence of
tak-

taking his Sister out a walking, used to conduct her to the appointed Place.

One Evening, when I was sure Mrs. *Saxby* was not at Home, I determined to surprise her Daughter with an unexpected Visit. I found Mrs. *Temple* sitting with her. The great Pleasure we took in each other's Company did not suffer us to reflect, that Mrs. *Saxby* would soon return : and, tho' we had several Times been reminded by Mrs. *Temple*, did not take the Alarm, till we heard her coming up Stairs, lighted by her Son. He immediately knew my Voice, and I soon heard him complain that the Wind had put out his Candle. Mrs. *Saxby* called to her Daughter to open the Door. As we had but one Candle in the Room, I got up, threw down the Table on which it stood, and ran, and hid myself. Miss *Saxby* opened the Door, and told her Mother, that, having risen from her Chair suddenly, she had struck her Leg against the Table ; which had thrown it down, and put out the Light. Mrs. *Saxby* was angry with her Daughter ; and, after she had called for a Candle some Time, young *Saxby*, pretending to be quite out of Patience, took the Candle to go and light it himself, and, leaving open the
Door,

Door, gave me an Opportunity of escaping. But, notwithstanding all the Precautions we took, we were at last discovered. Mrs. *Saxby* was apprized of it: and yet, she thought it most advisable to permit my continuing my Visits. It was with this View she sent for me one Day, and told me, she should be very glad to see me sometimes, yet desired I would confine the Indulgence granted me to the Hours which she should prescribe. I took all the Advantage I could of the Time allotted me, and in a little while, gained over the Mother to my Interest; insomuch that she soon forgot the Restrictions she had before enjoined. The Reader will easily imagine I was not very forward in reminding her of them. From that Time I had the Liberty of going in and out when I pleased; neither did I make the least ill Use of this Indulgence. As we were in a Manner confined to the Pleasure of seeing, and loving each other, we were contented with assuring one another, by a thousand tender Endearments, of our mutual Affection.

Should any of my Readers imagine, that the Moderation of my Behaviour in these Circumstances was unnatural, or unspirited, let him collect that my Esteem
for

for Miss *Saxby* was equal to my Love; that, having, as yet, been but little conversant with the World, I had not inclined myself to any of its pernicious Principles and worse Practices, and, therefore, was so homely as to imagine, that the Method, in which I had been brought up, was the fittest for a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour; which, if a Prejudice, is at least a virtuous one; and, indeed, I should have had but a very indifferent Opinion of my own Integrity, if I could have deceived the Mother, in order the more easily to compass the Ruin of the Daughter. I know that such Sentiments as these are exploded by the politer Part of Mankind; yet, so absurd am I as to imagine, that, however refined their Understandings may be in other Particulars, yet, at least, we may venture to affirm, that their Distinctions, with respect to Morality, are not very accurate. Besides, Miss *Saxby* was a Lady of nice Virtue; and therefore, had I failed in my Attempt, I should have forfeited her Esteem, of which I was as jealous, as of her Love. How often have I, since that time, regretted the Loss of the happy Moments I then enjoyed! Happy, in that the Pleasures they afforded, were not attended with
that

that Remorse, which is the constant Attendant of vicious Licentiousness. My Affection had all the Delicacy, as well as all the Respect, peculiar to that Passion. I need bring no other Proof of this, than my Behaviour in the following Instance.

As I had left Mrs. *Saxby's* one Evening about eight o'Clock, having before told her Daughter, that some Family-Affairs, which required immediate Dispatch; would deprive me of the Pleasure of seeing her for three Days, Mrs. *Temple* met me in the Street, just as I had got to my own Door, and gave me a Letter from Miss *Saxby*. I opened it with as much Surprise as Anxiety, and found it contained the following Particulars.

“ **L** O V E blinds us, my dear Friend;
 “ we must therefore take more Pre-
 “ cautions, with regard to our Meeting,
 “ for the future. Mrs. *Barton*, whose
 “ Connexions with your Family you are
 “ sufficiently acquainted with, has, for
 “ some time, watched your Motions.
 “ I have desired Mrs. *Temple* to deliver
 “ this into your Hands with all possible
 “ Expedition. As soon as you can, send
 “ me an Answer by her. My Mother
 “ does not suspect my having made this
 “ Dis-

“ Discovery : for, were she acquainted
 “ with it, I am persuaded you would
 “ never more see

“ *Your sincerest Friend,*

“ A. SAXBY.”

Mrs. *Temple*, after I had desired her to walk in, acquainted me, that Miss *Saxby's* Fears were but too just ; for she had found Mrs. *Barton*, that very Evening, listening at her Door, and saw her afterwards dogging me Home ; from whence she returned to her own Lodgings. She assured me, that the Desire she had of doing me all the Service that lay in her Power, was the only Motive of her present Coming ; that I might have as much Time as possible, to concert what I was to do for the future. That, knowing where I lived, she had made Choice of so late an Hour, as well that she might be sure of finding me at Home, as to avoid all uncharitable Constructions that might be put upon her Behaviour. Tho' she had no Friends that lived near her, and was wholly independent, yet she had taken the Precaution of amusing her Landlady, with an Excuse, that she was sent for to a
 sick

sick Friend ; that, under this Pretence, she had been conducted thither by one, who was teasing her all the Way with Entreaties, not to let her Complaisance to her Friend carry her so far as to endanger her own Health. Mrs. *Temple* was a Woman of great outward Decency ; and this was the Light she was fond of appearing in to every Body. Thus she blushed whenever she was spoken to by a Man ; and could even raise an artificial Vermilion on her Cheeks, upon the bare Mention of any Man's Name, tho' absent. I at first thought her the most reserved Woman I had ever met with ; but Time convinced me of my Mistake. I could often perceive her looking on me with a Stedfastness, which was a little inconsistent with the Prudence above mentioned ; and which, young as I was then, I concluded could only proceed from the particular Regard she had for me ; since, whenever we were not alone, she relapsed into her former Starchness.

I was so alarmed at the Contents of the Letter which I had just received, that I had not Presence of Mind enough to offer a Seat to Mrs. *Temple* ; but, as soon as she had ended her Detail, I immediately recollected myself, and begged her Pardon for the Omission. As

As my Father's House, which he had lately taken in *London*, was exceedingly finall, I lay up in the Garret, which was but indifferently furnished, my whole Stock consisting of one Chair, and a Trunk. Having offered her the one, I seated myself on the other. But she, being unwilling I should sit so uneasily, drew me towards the Bed, on the Side of which she made me sit down, and placed herself just by me. She gradually threw off her usual Reserve; and began to comfort me under my Misfortunes; the Mentioning of which she accompanied with very endearing Expressions, persuading me to comply, in Appearance at least, with the Injunctions of my Friends, and to discontinue my Visits to Miss *Saxby*, for some Time, if I could not bring myself wholly to drop her Acquaintance. She owned, indeed, that the Object of my Affections was a Person of great Accomplishments; but added, that I might meet with fewer Difficulties, if I made any Advances to others, who would return my Passion with equal Warmth: that Love had given me a Gravity which was ridiculous and unsuitable for one of my Age. She farther insinuated, that I should make the best Advantage

vantage I could of the present Time; which, if I suffered it to pass by unimproved, I should most certainly, hereafter, regret the Loss of. Adding, that there were many People, who, tho' not so handsome, were yet much more agreeable than Miss *Saxby*.

Her Discourse left me no Room to doubt of the Place I held in her Esteem. Indeed, her Behaviour for some Time past, had given me some Suspicion of what, now in Reality, proved to be true; so that, had I been willing to have disbelieved it, the amorous Looks, which were continually glanced from her Eyes, would have put the Matter beyond all Possibility of Dispute.

In a very few Days after, I met Miss *Saxby* at Mrs. *Temple's*, who said every thing she could think of to persuade us, that we had been alarmed without any Reason. She assured us that Mrs. *Barton* used often to come to a Woman whom she employed to work for her, and who lodged over the Room which was the Place of our Rendezvous: that she was but just come from her, when we met her on the Landing-Place, and that some Accident might possibly have occasioned

sioned her Stopping just before our Door.

Miss *Saxby* advised me however to make my Visits to her for the Future later in the Evening ; that her Friend's Reputation might not be exposed to the Slander of the Neighbourhood. A pernicious Piece of Advice, which we followed too exactly. Young People are easily deceived. What Mrs. *Temple* had just said, was what we most earnestly wished to be true ; and therefore she found it no difficult Matter to persuade us that it was so. We grew more chearful in Proportion as we gave Credit to what she had advanced. In short, I became at length quite satisfied with the Account she had given me, and trusted to her to acquaint me with Mrs. *Barton's* Behaviour from Time to Time, and went to see Miss *Saxby* only in the Evening. For this Purpose I was obliged to frame several Excuses, for not being at Home. Such as, that my Father supped too late ; that my Health obliged me to sup early ; or that some Friends were waiting for me at a neighbouring Coffee House. All these went down very well with the old Gentleman ; who, had he suspected the true Reason, would have been much in

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the Wrong to have shewn the least Mark of Distrust before me. Besides, as I have above mentioned, I had never made an ill Use of the Indulgence that had been granted me. They were acquainted with all my Friends, who sooner or later were apprised of every Particular of my Behaviour.

I had gone on in this Manner for about eight or ten Days, paying regular Visits every Evening to Miss *Saxby*, and returning home to my Lodgings without the least Disturbance or Discovery, when I took it into my Head one Night to entertain her and the rest of her Family with a Supper. I engaged young *Saxby* in my Interest, and we played together in the Evening. I lost to him considerably. He kept me very late, under Pretence that he was unwilling to go off when he had won so much. In short, Supper was served up, and the Whole was conducted with surprising Chearfulness. In agreeable Company Time quickly slips away. It grew very late before we had so much as thought of retiring. I was too well pleased with this favourable Circumstance, not to make the most of it that I could. I proposed lying in young *Saxby's* Room, and continuing there

there till the next Night, when I intended taking a Friend of mine with me to my Father's; who was to tell him, that we were just arrived from his little Villa, where we used frequently to spend a Day or two. My Scheme was laid, and I was very happy in the Thoughts of it, when all of a sudden, we heard a very loud Rap at the Door; which was succeeded by a hoarse Voice, declaring that if we did not immediately open the Door, it should be broke open. Accordingly the Door was opened; and a Constable, attended by two or three Watchmen, rushed in. I immediately concluded that this was my Father's Doing. It put us into the utmost Confusion. Being shocked at the very Thought of Miss *Saxby's* being exposed to the Scandal of the Neighbourhood, I proposed the most violent, and consequently the most ineffectual Methods for her Safety. At last, finding it impossible to succeed, I thought the best Thing I could do was, to endeavour to escape the Search of those who were sent after me. A thousand Projects rushed into my Mind at once, and disappeared almost at the same Instant, as being utterly impracticable. At length I resolved to jump out of the Window of a Clo-

set, which looked into a Court-yard, where I could easily hide myself. I ran immediately to the Closet; but when I came to see the Height, I thought it too dangerous an Undertaking; besides, had I succeeded, I could not have got out of the Yard, without calling somebody to my Assistance. I luckily recollected, that at that Time the Tiling of the House was repairing, and perceived at a little Distance from me a Ladder, that the Bricklayers had left there. Overjoyed at this Discovery, I had now nothing to interrupt me. I immediately desired them to lock me into the Closet, and to put out the Candles and retire.

The Constable, who was the only Man that knew upon what Errand he was sent, and had been too well instructed in the Situation of the Place to fear my Slipping thro' his Hands, had told the Landlord, that he was come to make a strict Search all over his House. The Landlord imagined he was come to look for run Goods, and began opening the several Drawers and Presses which he had upon the first Floor, assuring him all the While, that he was not afraid of standing the most strict Examination. The Constable suffered him to continue in his Mistake, and pretended

pretended to search, tho' he did it very superficially. When he came up two Pair of Stairs, young *Saxby*, after having made him wait some Time, opened the Door, rubbing his Eyes, and grumbling that he had been waked out of his Sleep. Mrs. *Saxby*, and her Daughter, who lay on the same Floor, pretended, that they were but just awake, and besought the Constable, that he would let them put on their Cloaths, before he came into the Room. He searched every Hole and Corner throughout the three Apartments, and even made them unstop a Chimney, which had been blocked up for some Time; and imagining that I lay somewhere concealed, he searched the Hay Loft. He then came up Stairs, and renewed his Search; but to as little Purpose as before. At last, he retired in great Confusion, making many Apologies for the Disturbance he had given them, excusing himself on Account of the Warrant, which had been granted him by the Lord chief Justice, and of the false Information, which had been given. All which Circumstances I did not come to the Knowledge of, till a long Time after. It was very fortunate that I did not pursue the Scheme, which I at first

intended, for, as soon as I was on the Roof, I recollected, that the Constable might possibly have traced me by the Ladder, and from thence have conjectured where I was. It was for this Reason, that I drew the Ladder up after me, and letting it down gently on the other Side of the House, I proposed descending by it into a neighbouring Street. But here a fresh Difficulty started. The Ladder was much too short, and would only reach to the first Story. I had gone too far to be able to go back again. I therefore dropped, as gently as I could, from the Ledge of the one Pair of Stairs Window, and found myself in the Street, safe and sound. I could not however drop so quietly, but that I drew the Attention of a Citizen, who, unluckily for me, was smoaking at his Window, and saw me get up, and run away. This made him cry out immediately Stop Thief; upon which the Watchmen pursued me. I had scarce recovered my Fall, and therefore could make no great Speed; and should have infallibly been overtaken, had not I seen a Coach, in which were two Gentleman and a Lady, approaching towards me. I immediately addressed myself to the eldest Gentleman;
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and told him, that unless he afforded me his Protection, I was undone : For I had been engaged in a Duel, and several People were in Pursuit of me. The old Gentleman immediately ordered the Coach to stop, opened the Door, and placed me by his Side; then bid the Coachman drive on. Afterwards, turning himself towards me, he took me in his Arms, and said; what is the Matter, my dear Friend? I pretended to him that I had fought a Duel, and having wounded my Man, was obliged to fly for it. I then desired to know, to whom I was indebted for the present Favour? What, do you not know, replied the young Gentleman, Lord M---'s Son, your old School-Fellow? I have oftentimes entertained our Family with a Recital of the Tricks you used to play our Master. We are just come from Sir *Charles Roberts's*, whose Son you must remember very well. Nay, we were talking of you this very Evening. I am extremely glad, that Fortune has put it in my Power to be of Service to you; and to renew our old Acquaintance. I immediately recollected him, and returned him a thousand Thanks for his Civility. Nevertheless, as my Pursuers were not

above a hundred Yards behind, when I luckily met the Coach, they saw me stop it, and go in: But, notwithstanding they continued their Pursuit, Lord M----'s Equipage deceived them, so that we passed thro' the midst of them without any Opposition. For, indeed, how could it be otherwise? They had seen a Man get into the Coach; but how could they tell which of the three, within, was the Person? I was as well dressed as either of the other two; and they had no Mind to venture the Insulting of People of Fashion, which, the Number of the Attendants sufficiently declared the Owners to be, upon no better Grounds, than the idle Surmises of a Tradesman.

While I staid in the Coach, Lord M— put several Questions to me, all which I answered very pertinently, and without the least Hesitation. My Lord seemed very well satisfied, and made me several Compliments on the Extent of my Acquaintance, politely desiring me not to be such a Stranger for the Future at his House. I accordingly promised that I would do myself the Pleasure of waiting on him; and by this Time, we were arrived at his House. My Lord insisted on my lying there all Night. I begged
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Leave to be excused, being too well pleased with my own Dexterity, in having eluded the Search that was made after me, not to take a Kind of malicious Pleasure in the Confusion, that my Absence would cause at Home. Under Pretence that it was very dark, my Lord would have me attended by a Couple of Servants; which kind Offer I accepted of, the rather, as I knew it would be a Means of increasing, than preventing my Family's Distress. I found the Door open, and having ordered the Servants to go in before me, went up one Pair of Stairs. I can but very imperfectly describe the different Effects which my sudden Appearance had on each particular Person. I found a great Number of my Friends and Relations gathered together, debating on what was most proper to be done in this Affair. Mrs. *Barton* was pleading in my Favour: At least, what made me imagine so, was, her seeming extremely pleased at my being come, and her dropping some favourable Expressions; as in particular; Did not I tell you, we should see him soon? My Mother was wiping her Eyes. My Sister, tho' very young, was almost drowned in Tears. The Rest of the Company seemed

more or less affected, in Proportion to their Regard for me, and my Parents. We thought we had lost you, Sir, said my Father, you come in very late, indeed. Does my Supping out with a Friend, said I, give you so much Uneasiness? This is the first Time that you ever shewed any Dislike to any Thing of that Kind. For had you done it before, I should have paid a very strict Obedience to your Commands. Besides, these Attendants may satisfy you with Regard to the Place and Company in which I have been. Indeed, my Lord M— would fain have had me stay all Night, but I was determined to come Home, that I might avoid giving you any Concern. Having said this, I immediately dismissed my Lord's Servants, and went up to Bed; where I was scarce got, before the Council broke up, and I heard our Street-Door locked.

It was late the next Morning before I got up. As soon as I was dressed, I went immediately to Lord M—'s, who conducted me into his Lady's Apartment. I returned them Thanks for their obliging Behaviour the Night before; and desired, that I might be permitted to wait on them sometimes. My Lord desired,
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I would often make Use of the Invitation they had given me. I promised I would ; and kept to my Word so well, that, for some Time after, I was almost continually with him. As soon as I had finished my Visit, I determined to enquire what was become of Miss *Saxby*. I went therefore to Mrs. *Temple's*, but she was not at Home. I called once or twice the same Day, but to as little Purpose. I was grieved at this Disappointment, because it was upon her that I chiefly depended. I did not dare to go near Mrs. *Saxby's*, for Fear of feeling the Effects of her Resentment. I therefore wrote a Couple of Letters : one to the Mother, in which I made several Apologies for my Behaviour, acquainted her with the Success of my Escape, and desired she would let me hear from her very soon. The other was to be delivered privately to her Daughter ; in which I told her how extremely sorry I was at being deprived of the Pleasure of seeing her, and made the usual Protestations of Constancy. I gave these to a Person whom I could depend on. But you may judge of my Surprise, when I saw the Bearer return immediately, with an Information, that nobody could be found where Mrs. *Saxby* lately

lodged ! The Landlord had told him, he said, that the Mother and Daughter, accompanied by Mrs. *Temple*, had gone out in a Coach very early that Morning, and that, he imagined, they were gone into the Country, since they had taken a Portmanteau and Goods with them.

I went Home very melancholy ; not knowing what could possibly induce them to go off so precipitately. I did not get a Wink of Sleep all that Night, and in the Morning, found myself in a Fever, which prevented my stirring out the next Day. I was as uneasy the next Night, as I had been the Night before ; and had no Intermission of my Fever for two Days. Mrs. *Barton* was continually with me, and I observed, that we were oftentimes left by ourselves. I did not doubt, but she had been instrumental in apprising my Parents of my Motions. This was enough to make me pay but little Regard to whatever she said. Nay, I thought she wanted only to become my Confident, in order, the more effectually to betray me afterwards. I was therefore very diffident of her, and consequently took Care of what I said in her Presence. She perceived it, and told me, that some Time or other, perhaps, I should be fully
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convinced of her Integrity. I answered her only in general Terms, and in order the better to be freed from a Conversation, in which I could not open my Mind securely, I pretended, that I wanted to go to sleep ; upon which she left me.

As soon as I found myself alone, I began to examine Mrs. *Barton's* Behaviour; but could not account for the Motives of her Conduct. For allowing the Truth of what she said, that she would not betray me by any Means, I was still at a Loss as much as ever. It could not, I thought, proceed from any Affection that she entertained for me. For there was so wide a Difference between her Age and Miss *Saxby's*, that she could hardly think I should give her the Preference. It is true, indeed, she was not turned of thirty; her Complexion was fair, her Eyes extremely fine, but more capable of inspiring than commanding Love. With respect to her Temper, it was very even; she was as capable of Artifice as any other Woman, but never had Recourse to it, except upon Emergencies, and even then, not without Reluctance. She was a Person of extraordinary Resolution, and uncommon Fidelity. Even in the most alarming Circumstances of Distress, I have

have seen her behave with a Fortitude very unusual in one of her Sex. Yet what was more surprising, was, that when the Danger was all over, she betrayed Signs of the utmost Dread and Concern. An Instance of this I was an Eye-witness of in the following Adventure.

One Evening, after she had supped at our House, I conducted her Home, as she lodged but a Door or two from us. I was in a Night-Gown and Slippers; and had just reached her House, when two Russians came up, and stopped her. I was willing to have induced them to hear what I had to say; but one of them had the Baseness to draw his Sword against me, tho' I had no Weapon for my Defence. Most Women, in this Case, would have fallen into a Swoon; but Mrs. *Barton* secured one Man's Sword, and turned herself towards the other, who had drawn his out of the Scabbard; whereupon she immediately received a Wound in her Breast. Some Passengers accidentally going by, heard the Noise, and came up. They laid hold of the two Villains, and gave them the Treatment they deserved. I was amazed at the heroic Part she had acted, and confounded at the Consciousness of having had so little Share in the Fray:

Fray: as soon as the Affair was over, she fainted away, and it was with great Difficulty, that she was brought to herself. But to return.

I was not so weak as to imagine, that every Woman who saw, must necessarily be in Love with me. This, in any one, would be a ridiculous Piece of Vanity, but more especially in me, whose Features have nothing in them very attractive, being not very regular, and my whole Air rather serious, than otherwise. I could not, indeed, but be conscious that Miss *Wilson* had been in Love with me; yet I looked upon that whole Affair rather as the Effect of Humour and Caprice, than of any settled Affection that she bore me. I was thoroughly convinced that Miss *Saxby* had a great Esteem for me, nor was it Mrs. *Temple's* Fault, that she and I had not proceeded to greater Lengths than we did. Nor could I attribute the Eagerness which Mrs. *Barton* seemed to shew in my Favour, to any other Cause than that of an uncommon Liking to me. And the Sequel will shew that I was not mistaken in my Opinion. I got up, dressed myself, and took a Book in my Hand; but soon fell asleep over it, having scarce closed

closed my Eyes for three Days. I slept very soundly, and the Book falling out of my Hands, upon the Hearth, it soon caught fire, and communicated the Flame to the Boards. The Night-gown was just burning, when I found myself taken hold of, and carried out of the Room by Mrs. *Barton*, as I afterwards perceived. As soon as we got down Stairs, we sent for some Engines to quench the Fire. While they were endeavouring to do this, Mrs. *Barton*, who was just safe and out of Danger, swooned away. I made use of every Thing I could think of, to bring her to herself as soon as possible. When she first opened her Eyes, she perceived me kneeling by her with some Hartshorn in my Hand. She told me that she was extremely obliged to me for my Care of her. If, Madam, said I, I were deaf to all other Ties of Humanity, Gratitude alone would have taught me to make a suitable Return to the Preserver of my Life. Though for this Action, indeed, I can never sufficiently repay you; but am determined, however, that the rest of that Life shall be employed in your Service. I concluded with taking hold of her Hand, and kissing it tenderly; upon which she embraced

embraced me, and insisted upon my getting up. She informed me, that some Time before this Accident happened, they had sent the Maid up to know whether I was stirring, or not; who saw me fast asleep with a Book in my Hand, and was afraid I should fall into the Fire: that upon this information, she pretended she wanted something above Stairs, and had smelt the Fire the Moment she had set her Foot on the Stair-Case; that fearing her Assistance might prove too late, she rushed into the Room, without considering the Danger to which she exposed herself; that when she first opened the Door, she thought the Smoke would have stifled her, and was afraid, I had been suffocated; but was rejoiced to find that she had been mistaken; and that her fainting away proceeded from the Recollection of the Greatness of the Danger, and the Joy of having escaped from it unhurt. I then renewed my Protestations of eternal Gratitude; but she forbid me to say any thing more. If you, replied she blushing, think that you lye under any Obligations to me for your Safety, you are, indeed, much more obliged to me for the Motive that occasioned it. I will explain my Meaning to you another time,

time, and shall make use of my Intimacy with your Father and Mother, in order that I may see you the oftener. While she was speaking these last Words, we were interrupted; the only Answer I could give her, was the pressing her Hand gently between mine, with a Sigh.

It was full two Hours before the Engines could get the Fire under. They then took a View of the Damage that had been done. My Room, and the Closet adjoining to it, were entirely consumed; I was obliged therefore to lodge in some other Part of the House for some Time. My Father offered me a Room that joined to his; but Mrs. *Barton* told him, that he might not put himself to any Inconveniency, she had a Room, that had formerly been Mr. *Barton's* Study, very much at my Service; that there were Books enough in it for my Entertainment, and that by this Means, nobody would be put to any Trouble by the late Accident. I eagerly embraced an Offer, which promised me so much Delight as a well-furnished Study; Mr. *Barton*, I knew, had a very choice Collection. My Father readily agreed to this Proposal, and that very Night I removed to my new Lodgings, in which
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It was some Days before I was quite settled ; and by that Time I had got quite rid of my Fever.

I went out as soon as I could, in order to enquire what was become of Mrs. Saxby, and her Daughter. I went to Mrs. Temple's, who seemed as uneasy about them, as I was. She told me, she had neither seen, nor heard any Thing of them for a Fortnight. She had been informed that I had called upon her twice or thrice ; but she had been with a Cousin of her's, that was but just come to *London* ; that she had been every Day at the House, where they used to lodge, but could not get any Intelligence whether they were gone, or what was become of them ; and insinuated, that this precipitate Departure, did not seem at all to favour my Addresses. I found by this, that she knew more of the Matter than she chose to discover. Upon which I entreated her to entrust me with all the Particulars that she could. After some faint Resistance, which my Intreaties soon got the better of, she told me that Mrs. Saxby, about a Month before, had wrote her Word, that a very advantageous Match had been offered to her Daughter, and that she did not doubt, but, in a short

short Time, she should see her very well settled. That Miss *Saxby*, on hearing this, immediately said to her Mother, if you have any Thoughts in earnest of what you mentioned just now, you have told it to the very Person you ought not. For Mr. S—— will infallibly be told of it, and that may hinder it from taking Effect. I should be glad to have it concealed from him till all was over.

I knew very well, that notwithstanding Mrs. *Temple* had made a Pretence that her Cousin was come to Town, she had accompanied Mrs. *Saxby* and her Daughter. Being assured therefore of the Falshood of her Assertion, that she had not seen them for the last Fortnight, and likewise considering that she did not want Cunning, I was more upon my Guard against the Insinuations she threw out in the Sequel of her Discourse. I soon perceived that the End she aimed at was to ruin Miss *Saxby* in my Esteem. I was shocked at what I had already heard, and went out of the House without making any Reply. She called me back, but I refused to return, and went immediately to my new Lodgings.

I here began to reflect on what I had heard. I knew Miss *Saxby* too well to
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suppose her capable of making me her Dupe; yet it was possible, that her Mother might want to get her married, and accordingly be glad to take hold of the first Opportunity that offered. Besides, her Daughter might be tired out with the continual Uneasiness she endured on my Account, and therefore might consent to resign the Hope of a Marriage, which seemed at such a Distance, because incapable of being brought about during the Life-time of my Parents, in Favour of a present comfortable Maintenance. Love, indeed, was the only Thing that could turn the Scale in my Behalf. I determined, therefore, to try every Method I could think of to find out where Mrs. *Saxby* had retired. Nor was I altogether without Hope that Mrs. *Barton* could give me some Insight into the Affair. I was conscious, indeed, that it would be an ill Return for the Favours she had bestowed upon me, and for the Affection which she seemed to have for me, to desire her Assistance in an Affair of this kind. Yet the Violence of my Passion hurried me away, and I flattered myself that I should be able to engage her in my Interest. In short, the next Morning, as soon as I heard she was stirring,

stirring, I went into her Apartment; but after I had paid my Respects to her, my Resolutions forsook me. She observed that I was graver than usual, and imagined Miss *Saxby* was the Subject of my present Meditation. She asked me what was the Matter, and complained that I was too much upon the Reserve in her Company; that this Behaviour carried with it a Distrust which she did not deserve. I am sure, continued she, that you think I know more than I have told you about your Affairs. But, pray, how comes it that you have not enquired after Miss *Saxby* this last Week? Alas! Madam, said I, your Goodness overcomes me. I am afraid, I shall appear very ungrateful in your Opinion. No, no, replied she; all I desire of you, is your Friendship and Confidence. What I am now going to tell you will, I hope, be a sufficient Proof that I am not unworthy of either. I beg you will not interrupt me in my Account. Ever since Mr. *Barton's* Death, said she, which is now upwards of three Years, I have kept but very little Company. Your good Mother sympathized with me in my Affliction, and took all possible Methods to induce me to put on my former

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Chearfulness. 'Twas by this Means that I had an Opportunity of seeing you frequently; I soon perceived you endowed with Sentiments and good Qualities, far superiour to your Age. I was extremely pleased with you, even before you had seen Miss *Saxby*. I need not tell you, that I have seen you every Day for some Time past. Indeed I eagerly sought, and desired your Company. Your Father and Mother were continually telling me, how much Uneasiness your Affection for Miss *Saxby* had given them, not out of any Dislike, or Objection they had to that young Lady in particular, but as they were in hopes that your Abilities were capable of improving your Fortune, and advancing you in the World; so on the other Hand, they were afraid that this early Love might prove a Hindrance to, and if not totally overthrow, yet at least considerably interrupt your Pursuits. They were, therefore, willing to have sent you somewhere into the Country, that Absence might give some check to your Affection: I was apprehensive, that, if they put this Scheme into Execution, I should never see you any more. In order, therefore, to prevent your being removed, I offered my Service to them, and told them, that I would

would for the future be upon the Watch, and give them an Account of all your Motions. They seemed extremely pleased with what I had said, and entreated me to set about what I intended, immediately. Ever since that Time, I have been acquainted with every single Step that you have taken, either by means of the Woman that lodged at Mrs. *Temple's*, or from my own Observation: Mrs. *Temple*, whom I knew by Sight, came here very early one Morning. She told me, she had sat up all Night with a sick Friend, and that notwithstanding she was so sleepy, she could not resist the Inclination she had of talking to me about your Affairs. She added, that, knowing very well what a Regard I had for your Parents, and how very averse they were to your Match with Miss *Saxby*, she thought it a Point of Conscience to hinder your Ruin. That in Order the more effectually to prevent it, she was very willing to inform me, from Time to Time, of all your Motions; and that the Pleasure resulting from the Consciousness of having done her Duty, would amply recompence her most vigilant Care. I pretended to believe her, but still keeping on the Reserve, commended
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in general her good Intentions; and we thenceforward agreed to act in Concert. She paid me another Visit about two Days afterwards, and was scarce seated before your Mother dropp'd in. I could not help acquainting her with what had happen'd, and therefore, you may be sure, it was not long kept a Secret from your Father, who the very next Day, made a Complaint to the Chief Justice against Mrs. *Saxby*, for enticing you to her House, keeping you from Home, and engaging from that Way of Life, which it was absolutely necessary you should pursue. I do not know what Effect this had immediately; but soon after a Warrant was granted for taking you by Force out of Mrs. *Saxby's* House; and it was in vain that I made any Opposition to this violent Step. We had information one Evening, that you was to sup at Mrs. *Saxby's*; your Father thought this a very proper Opportunity for putting the Warrant in Force, and accordingly he charged a Constable with it; and ordered him to serve it upon you that Night. It was very fortunate for Mrs. *Saxby*, that you was not found in her House; and more so for your Father, that the Reason of this Search was

not publickly known ; for he might have been brought into Trouble about it. Your Escape, and the Constable's Prudence in not having discovered what he came about, hindered the Affair from going to a greater Length. We thought either that the Information that had been given us was false, or that you had had timely Notice, and had withdrawn. I endeavoured all I could to persuade your Friends, that you had supped somewhere else, more especially when I saw you attended by Lord *M*——'s Servants. They were all convinced that they had been imposed upon, but I soon perceived, by your confused Answers to the Questions that were put to you, that whosoever had given the Information, had not deceived them. Your Friends then resumed their former Resolution of sending you into the Country, in order to cut off all Intercourse between Miss *Saxby* and you. Upon which I informed your Father, that Mrs. *Temple* had told me the Day before, she had contrived an Expedient to engage Mrs. *Saxby*, and her Family to retire into the Country for some Time. She seemed to be too deeply interested in your being kept asunder, to make me imagine that she would deceive me.

me. I therefore, determined to desire she would put her intentions into execution as soon as possible, and accordingly I went to her Lodgings immediately. When I told her upon what Account I was come, she seemed to be more in earnest than ever. She went to Mrs. *Saxby's* very early the next Morning, and about an Hour after, I saw them all take Coach, in order to be conducted to the *Salisbury* Stage. Mrs. *Temple* came back again in four or five Days; she stopped here in her return, and told me that she had left Mrs. *Saxby* and her Family in a little Village about two Miles distant from *Salisbury*; but the Name of it she could not then recollect. She assured me it would be some Time before they would return, as the People where they boarded seemed to be very assiduous in pleasing and taking care of them. Your Parents depend upon my advising you to get rid of so pernicious an Affection; you must therefore, pretend that I have convinced you of the Folly of it. You need not, I think, be under the least Apprehension on my Account, having, as you now see, been open enough to convince you of my Sincerity. I shall henceforward give no Information to

your Parents, but what you shall first direct, or approve of.

Mrs. *Barton* might have gone on much longer without receiving the least Interruption from me, who was so surprized at what I had already heard, and so shocked at Mrs. *Temple's* Baseness, that I had much ado to keep myself from taking immediate Vengeance on her. I then heartily repented I had not compleated her Ruin when she put it into my Power.

I recollected myself however, and having assured Mrs. *Barton* that I would not, for the future, be upon the least Reserve with her, I acquainted her with the Motives of Mrs. *Temple's* Behaviour, together with the Advice she had given me upon several Occasions. I then told her the several Particulars of my Escape, the frequent Enquiries that I had made after Mrs. *Saxby*, and her Daughter, and the little Success I had met with. I acquainted her also with what had passed at my last Visit to Mrs. *Temple*, together with the Suspicions her Insinuations about Miss *Saxby* had given me, and the abrupt Manner in which I had taken my Leave. Mrs. *Barton* seemed very much pleased at the openness of my Declaration, and assured me, that I should always find her
ready

ready to do me any Service in her Power, even at the Price of her own Peace, and Tranquillity. In order to give an undoubted Proof of it, she added, that we must make Use of all possible Means to find out where Mrs. *Saxby* was; that if she proposed undertaking the Journey, my Father would imagine that some necessary Business in the Country required Dispatch, and would make an offer that I should accompany her, in Order, as he would think, to distress me the more, and that we should make Use of that Opportunity to go in Search of Mrs. *Saxby*. I was in a Manner struck dumb with Amazement at the Finesse of this Artifice. She perceived my Confusion, and desired I would hasten, as much as possible, the Execution of our intended Scheme.

I accordingly went to the Inn where the *Salisbury* Stage puts up, and desired to see the Book-keeper's List of Passengers, and turning to the Day that I had been told of, I found Mrs. *Saxby*, her Son, and Daughter, had taken Places to go to *Saxmundham*, a little Village about a Mile or two on this side *Salisbury*. This brought to my Mind that I had heard Mrs. *Saxby* talk of an old Uncle of her's, that lived in that Part of the World, and

that the Summer before, she and her Family had spent a Month or six Weeks at his House. I enquired whether they knew any such Person; but could receive no satisfactory Answer. I was in Despair of finding out whereabouts the House was, till I cast my Eyes by Chance on some Parcels directed to an Inn-keeper in *Salisbury*, to be left their till called for by Mr. *Saxby*. I knew the Hand immediately to be Mrs. *Temple's*. They told me, that a Person, exactly answering her Description had left the Parcel there the Night before, and that it was to be conveyed to the Coach early the next Morning. That the Inn-keeper, to whom the Parcel was directed, was very well known in the Place; that Mr. *Saxby* lived but a little Way off, and that there were Carriages passing and repassing by his House every Day.

I went immediately to Mrs. *Barton's* to acquaint her with the Discovery I had made, and as soon as I came in, perceived by the extreme Redness of her Eyes, that she had been crying. Upon which I resolved to lay aside all Thought of pursuing my Scheme any further. She desired to know whether I had met with any success in my Enquiries? I told her
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all I knew, and concluded with assuring her, that since I saw this Affair had given her so much Uneasiness, I was resolved not to proceed any farther in it. Upon this she taxed me with want of Spirit; and after having renewed her Professions of Friendship, desired me to pity, and forgive her Weakness, which however, should not be of any Detriment to me: Having said this, she went out of the Room, and returning in about a quarter of an Hour, told me that every Thing had been agreed on, with Relation to our intended Journey.

My Father spoke to me about it as soon as he saw me; I affected to come into the Proposal with a good deal of Reluctance. This was sufficient to make him the more solicitous about my going. He therefore, read me a long Lecture on the many Obligations that I lay under to Mrs. *Barton*; in particular, that I owed her the Preservation of my Life, and consequently, that I should devote myself entirely to her Service. I at last consented to comply. The necessary Preparations for our Journey were immediately made, and accordingly we set out for *Salisbury* the very next Morning. As soon as we arrived there, we went to the Inn to which

the Parcel had been directed; and were informed by the Landlord, where Mr. *Saxby* was to be found. As it was late at Night before we got to our Journey's End, we agreed to defer our going thither till the Morrow. Accordingly we hired a Post-chaise, and set out for *Saxmundham*.

When we were come to the House, we were surprized, that for some Time we did not see any Body thereabouts. At last a Man came out of the Garden, and, upon our enquiring for Mr. *Saxby*, told us, that the whole Family had been gone out above an Hour, and would not be at Home till the Evening. Mrs. *Barton* proposed our strolling about the Village till their Return. Accordingly, we enquired which was the way to the Church, but upon our coming thither, we found it locked up. We then went, and desired to speak with the Minister of the Place. His Servant conducted us into a neat Hall, desiring us to wait till his Master came out of Church, where he was then very busy, but we should have Notice given us, when he was at Leisure. In the mean Time, we amused ourselves with looking at the Pictures, which hung round the Hall. In a very short Time, however,
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the Minister came to us, with a Register in one Hand, and a Pen and Ink in the other; and, after many Apologies for having made us wait so long, proceeded to inform us that he had just been marrying a Couple, who were to have been joined together the Summer before, but were prevented by a very unforeseen Accident. However now, added he, the Knot is tied, and 'tis in vain to recall what has been done.

I was just going to ask him if he knew old Mr. *Saxby*, a Parishoner of his, when I heard the rustling of Silks, and turning about to see who was coming, perceived that it was Miss *Saxby*, who was dressed forth in a most glaring Manner, led in by a Man whom I had never seen before, and followed by her Mother, Brother, and several other Persons. I was so confounded at this Sight, that I fell down backwards as if I had been Thunder-struck. As soon as I recovered, I found myself on a Bed, surrounded by the Clergyman, Mrs. *Barton*, Mrs. *Saxby*, and her Son. I turned towards Mrs. *Saxby*, and cried out in a Kind of Frenzy; Oh! Madam, what Offence have I committed, that you have used me thus cruelly? Be more composed, Sir, replied she; I am

not so much to blame as you think : Besides, consider who it is, you are now speaking before. Upon this, the Clergyman said, he would by no means interrupt us, and yet, that he knew enough of my Affairs, to be able to assure me, that I was not the only Person that had suffered on this Account. Indeed, Sir, continued he, Addressing himself to me, Miss *Saxby* has been very melancholy ever since she has been down here, which must proceed from something very extraordinary, since she is not naturally of an uneasy Temper. A few Days ago she received a Letter, which informed her you had forsaken her : Upon which she immediately gave her Consent to a Match, which she had, till then, shewn the utmost Aversion to. The Effect that the Sight of her has produced in you, has made her suspect that she has been imposed upon. But as the Misfortune is beyond the Power of all Redress, she intreated me to endeavour to assist you by wholesome Counsel. The Fit which you have been in, near this Hour, has given her a great Deal of Uneasiness. Her Case is the more deplorable, as she is not able to give the least Vent to her Grief. Stay here with me, and you shall
pass

pass for a Friend of mine : I have already told the rest of the Company that you are so. You have nothing to do, therefore, but to act up to that Character. Mrs. *Barton* returned him Thanks in both our Names ; for I was incapable of doing it myself. I asked him what Reason they had to think I had proved Inconstant ? This is the Proof, replied Mrs. *Saxby*, and at the same Time put a Letter into my Hand, which I knew to be Mrs. *Temple's* Writing ; and found it contain the following Particulars.

“ MADAM,

“ I Took the earliest Opportunity I could
 “ of complying with your Injunctions. I was very much surprized to
 “ hear from Mr. S——’s own Mouth,
 “ that his Father was resolved to marry
 “ him to Mrs. *Barton* immediately, who
 “ has given him up her whole Jointure.
 “ This is no longer a Secret, he is already
 “ removed to her House, and boasts
 “ of the Conquest he has made. I have
 “ seen them together several Times lately.
 “ They seem to be extremely fond
 “ of each other, and very impatient till
 “ they are united in Marriage. I would
 have

“ have you break this by Degrees to
“ Miss. I will send you the several Particulars
“ you desired, the first Opportunity.”

I am Yours, &c.

E. TEMPLE.”

I was so shocked at this Proof of her Ingratitude, that, had it not been for the Assistance of good Mrs. *Barton*, I should have relapsed into a Fit. When I had recovered my Surprise a little, I acquainted Mrs. *Saxby* how much Things had been misrepresented, and was going on to relate the several Instances, in which I had been obliged to Mrs. *Barton*; but she interrupted me, and proceeded to inform Mrs. *Saxby* of the several Particulars of my Escape; who, after she had heard the whole, was so surprized, that she had nothing to offer in Reply; but upon our Enquiries, told us that the Morning after we had been alarmed by the Constable's Search, Mrs. *Temple* came to her House, and told her, it was most adviseable for her to take her Daughter into the Country, till the Affair was a little blown over; and till she herself had recovered

recovered the Confusion it had occasioned in her Family. That, in Pursuance of this Advice, she set out immediately for her Brother in Law's House, and took her Daughter along with her; that Mr. *Harding*, a Gentleman of some Property in the Country, who chiefly resided at his Estate, and had professed himself an Admirer of Miss *Saxby's* the Summer before, upon their coming down, had made them frequent Visits; that he had engaged old Mr. *Saxby* in his Interest some Time before, and had therefore, earnestly endeavoured likewise to gain her good Opinion, not doubting then, but he should easily persuade her Daughter to accept his Proposals; that Mrs. *Temple* having promised to give her an Account from Time to Time of what was going forward at *London*; had wrote the Letter which she had just put into my Hand; that Miss *Saxby*, as soon as she was apprized of my Inconstancy was at first extremely mortified, and resolved, if possible, to be beforehand with me, by being married first, that the ill-natured World might not, among her other Foibles and Misfortunes, be able to charge her with that of her being disappointed in Love; that, Mr. *Harding* was so enraptured at her

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condescending to be his Bride, he had hastened the Wedding with such Eagerness, that there had not been any Time to make suitable Preparations for it ; and that for this Reason, they had invited but very few, and determined to keep the whole a Secret for some Days at least.

Here ensued a Silence for some Minutes, till it was interrupted by young *Saxby*, who proposed going to inform his Sister of the several Particulars of my Story. Presently after, the happy Mr. *Harding* came to invite Mrs. *Barton*, and me to the Wedding Dinner. He seemed to be a very good humoured Man, a little turned of thirty : But his Education, having been chiefly in the Country, gave him an Aukwardness, which prejudiced me a little against him ; tho' I perceived at the same Time, that what he aimed at, chiefly, was to be looked on, and treated, as a Man of Fashion, and Consequence. He seemed to be in the utmost Transports on his Marriage ; but I was surprized at his inviting me, as it did not require much Discernment to perceive, how disagreeable his Company was to me. I kept myself on the Reserve as much as possible. I thanked him for his kind Offer, but told him I was so weak with the
Fit

Fit I had just recovered from, that I was apprehensive of a Relapse, and which could only be avoided by endeavouring to get some Rest: I therefore desired he would be so good as to excuse my Complying with it. He seemed piqued at my Refusal. You may do just as you please, Sir, said he a little ruffled, but it is not only my Desire, but that of the whole Company: They will not be satisfied unless I bring you along with me. I am sure your Aunt will not deny me the Pleasure of her Company. As for you, somebody else will come presently, whom I am sure you are too well bred to be able to refuse. Upon this he immediately left me.

It was no difficult Matter to guess that the Person he meant was coming, was his Wife. But neither of us could imagine, for what Reason they so earnestly desired my Company, or why he chose to call Mrs. *Barton* my Aunt. I was afraid he had some Suspicions of what was really the Case. We were each of us engaged in the Suspicion, when in came Miss *Saxby*, now Mrs. *Harding*, ushered in by her Brother, who told us, he had informed the Company in the Dining Room, that I found myself much better.

better. That upon this the Clergyman, who had been all the while under a great deal of Concern upon my Account, had signified his Intention of dining with me in my Room; that every Body objected to this, and desired that I would dine below, in order that they might have the Pleasure of both our Companies. To which he replied, he said, that I had but just recovered a very dangerous Fit of Illness, and that my Aunt (for it was he, who had given Mrs. *Barton* that Name) was endeavouring to dissipate that Melancholy, which for some Time past, had prayed upon my Spirits. That upon this, the whole Company observed my coming among them was a likely means to rid me of that Melancholy; that Mr. *Harding* had offered to go, and desire me to come down, but thinking him not likely to succeed, himself had contrived this Interview for me with his Sister, whom he had already informed of my Innocence, and of Mrs. *Temple's* base Behaviour. And now, my dear Friend, continued he, you cannot well avoid coming down, as it would seem somewhat extraordinary, were you still to persist in your Refusal. Nor am I at all sorry for it, since in all Probability it will ease you of
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that Melancholy and Dejection into which you must certainly sink, if you were left to yourself. Besides, added he, it would be an ill Return to Mrs. *Barton* for her kind Behaviour towards you, since you cannot expect she should be always with you, merely out of Complaisance.

I have suffered very deservedly, said Mrs. *Harding*, for my foolish Vanity, and too great Credulity. I cannot blame Fortune for an Evil that I have entirely brought upon myself; and therefore, I alone deserve to reap the unhappy Fruits of it. You, Sir, are worthy a happier Lot. Make then, I beseech you, no ill Use of the Power that Love has given you over me, but endeavour to think no more of such an ungrateful Wretch, as I have proved to you, and blot eternally from your remembrance, her who is no longer worthy of so much Faithfulness and Truth.

I was greatly moved at what she had just said, and having thrown myself on my Knees, I assured her, that I could never forget her. But as Fortune, had deprived us of the Means of being happy together, and that since it was now no longer in her Power to give me her Heart, I should endeavour to content myself for
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the future, with holding a Place in her Esteem. You are highly deserving of both, reply'd she; and I am afraid, were I strickly to examine my own Heart, I should find, that you are already in Possession of them. However, for the future, I shall follow the noble Pattern you have already set me; which Generosity, I hope, I shall never be able to forget, and you may depend upon me more as a faithful Friend, than you have had Reason, hitherto, to do as a constant Mistress.

This is frequently the Case, said the Clergyman, in great and virtuous Minds, that a Sense of Duty overcomes, what would otherwise be, a ruling Passion. Your Resolution, Madam, continued he, addressing himself to Mrs. *Harding*, is highly commendable, and altho' very necessary in the present Circumstances you are in, is yet an evident Proof of the Uprightness of your Intentions. And give me leave to assure you, that you have shewn a Steadiness very seldom to be met with in Persons at your Time of Life. As for you, Sir, said he, turning himself towards me, from the Account I have heard, and from the little I have seen of your Behaviour, I am extremely surprized
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at your small Acquaintance with the World ; and still more so at your being less acquainted with Women ; a Knowledge, which is very necessary indeed, but yet not confined to that one Instance only. The Modes, and Customs, the Excellencies, and even the Errors and Foibles of the Age you live in, claim a Part of your Attention. There is, however, this Difference to be observed, as resulting from the Objects of your Pursuit. It will be no difficult Matter indeed to form an Opinion of Women in general, which it is necessary to set out with in the World, and which may, perhaps, prove of some Service to you in your Passage thro' Life ; but the other, 'tis to be feared, is scarce attainable by the most diligent and nice Enquiry, at least not so in any Degree of Perfection. By following the common Rules of Behaviour laid down with Respect to Morality more especially, your Reputation will be secure ; but in indifferent Matters, by which I mean Objects neither incompatible with Truth, nor Reason ; the Case is far different. You must endeavour to strike out into a new, and unbeaten Path. Men are generally pleased with what surprizes them, and 'tis Singularity alone can produce

duce that Effect. You cannot, therefore, be too singular; that is, your Method of acting cannot be too detach'd from that of the rest of Mankind. Nor is this true only in Practice; 'tis as true in Speculation; as one by-path struck out by ourselves, will gain us more Reputation, than any Thing that may arise from our having travelled in the same Road with other People, for a long Space of Time.

Mrs. *Saxby* and her Son, were highly pleased with what the Clergyman had been just saying. Mrs. *Barton* was the only Person that said nothing on that Occasion. Her silence was to me a great Proof of her extreme Delicacy. Miss *Saxby*, for I could hardly as yet bring myself to call her by any other Name, perceived, as well as myself, how much she had been upon the Reserve. She went up to her immediately, and desired she might be favoured with the Pleasure of her Acquaintance: Mrs. *Barton* embraced her very cordially, and politely told her, that the Pleasure would be entirely her's, and that in Return, she should be extremely proud of her Friendship and Esteem. As for me, I seemed to be quite excluded, when my generous Guide, who delighted to be beforehand, if possible

sible with my very Thoughts, and Intentions, told Miss *Saxby* that we had all three entered into Friendship with each other ; that the Bond ought to be sealed by all ; and accordingly she got up, and embraced me. My Inconstant Mistress did the same ; but not without evident Marks of Confusion. The Clergyman led Mrs. *Saxby* out of the Room, who were followed by Mrs. *Barton*, in order to give me an Opportunity of talking with the Bride. When we entered the dining Room, we were saluted by nine or ten others, who loaded us with Compliments, the Manner of which it seems had not been so much studied, as the fulsom Matter of them. I was almost always in Mrs. *Barton's* Company, and overcame myself so far at last, as to put on some Appearance of Chearfulness. They would fain have had us continue with them some Days. But I was too diffident of myself, to think I could hold in this Humour long. I communicated my Fears to the good Clergyman, who was convinced of the Reasonableness of what I had said. I pretended to the rest of the Company, that some very urgent Business required our immediate Departure. Accordingly, on the Morrow, we set out for our Return,

turn; and on our way, took a View of many Gentleman's Seats, that lay a little out of our Road, as well to amuse ourselves, as because Mrs. *Barton* thought it too soon yet to return to *London*.

The agreeable Manner in which we spent three or four Days on the Road, gave some Intermission indeed to my Melancholy; and at the End of that Time I arrived at *London*, less perplexed, indeed, but more melancholy than when I went out of it. But at last, my Reason got the better; or to say the Truth more exactly, one Passion drove out another. I lay under innumerable Obligations to Mrs. *Barton*, and yet she behaved as if she was the Person that was obliged. I soon became convinced what ill Returns I had made to such exemplary Goodness, and resolved to mend my Behaviour in that particular Instance for the Time to come. I therefore appeared extremely assiduous and careful of her; which she looked on rather as an Effect of my Gratitude, than as the Sign of my Love. She was not, perhaps, mistaken in this, at least, not at first. I assured her of the contrary, and found it no difficult Matter to persuade her of it. But at length by continually talking about Love, I at last,

last, caught the Infection. Yet it was a very different Passion from that, which I had formerly entertained for Miss *Saxby*. That, which was as respectful, as it was tender, was more of the Platonick Kind, industriously avoiding to give the least Suspicion of any passionate Desire; whereas this, on the contrary, discovered itself, and indeed seemed entirely to be founded, on the Liberties which it took. I was as violent in the one, as I had been bashful and backward in the other; and being more violent as I found little Resistance, I had scarce obtained one Favour, before I grew impatient of another. Thus, sometimes by entreaties, sometimes by Passion, but always by succeeding, I by little and little, removed the Difficulties that seemed to stand in the Way of my Happiness. At last, I made a very fortunate Discovery, and found that my Intreaties were not so successful as my Storms, if I may so call them, and that an Assault, against which only a weak Defence would be made, was likely to be of much more Effect, than waiting till milder Methods could have Time to work in my Favour. I even invented in my own Mind (for Love is ever ingenious) an Excuse for her. I perceived that she might lay the
blame

blame on her being surprized; whereas, had she coolly given herself up to me, there could have been no Excuse made for her, as it would then rather have seemed the Effect of riotous Lust, than proceeding from unguarded Love.

Scarce had I framed this Excuse in my Mind, when I resolved to give her an immediate Opportunity for the making Use of it. I pretended to her that I had got a violent Head-ach, and she would not suffer me to stir out. We dined together in her Room; she was in a very beautiful Undress. Love was the sole Topick of our Conversation; and after the Bottle had been sent round several Times, we were inspired with greater Freedom of Thought and Expression, than could have been admitted of in our cooler Hours, and our Eyes seemed to speak the amorous Dictates of our Hearts. Scarce were we risen from Table, when, as it were, by mutual Consent, we each of us went to the Couch, that stood at the further End of the Room. I then proceeded to take several Liberties, which had indeed been often taken before, but had always been accompanied with Remonstrances. It is true, indeed, that she seemed a little discomposed at present, partly

partly owing to the Struggle in her Breast between Love and Duty ; but she reserved her Anger for an Opportunity in which it ought to be, and was much more deservedly exercised. I shall not here enter into a Description of the several Particulars of this Encounter, since the Ears of my nicer Readers may probably be offended ; and as to such who would take Delight in having the whole Transaction laid before them, I need only refer them to those, I had almost said, numberless Books, whose very Design seems to be the putting of Virtue out of Countenance, and which may very properly be called, Antidotes to Instruction. Let it be sufficient then to observe, that the Violence of Mrs. *Barton's* Love overcame her Reflection, and tho' she acted against her better Judgement, yet for the Time, her Reason may be said to have continued an inactive, uninfluencing Principle. I was as happy, as I could wish, and tho' the Conquest had not been difficult, and therefore more likely to cloy the sooner, yet at present it had the Grace of Novelty, and I flattered myself that I should always retain the Constancy, without being clogged with the Duty of a Husband. But the Case was far otherwise with Mrs.

Barton. She relapsed, if I may so speak, into her accustomed Method of Thinking; and the Action she had been guilty of was too notoriously blameable to be excused. It was difficult even to be palliated by the most favourable Self-Love. She soon, therefore, betrayed Signs of the utmost Uneasiness; on the one Hand, she was drowned in Tears at the very Remembrance of her Folly, and imagined that she had not made enough Resistance at first, which was the Reason of my proceeding afterwards to take greater Liberties; on the other, she comforted herself with Reflexions, that she had been taken unawares, and that her Ruin was not so much owing to her Weakness, as my Violence. This Consideration revived her, and finding that I paid no more Regard to her Tears than I had before done to her Anger, she became more composed.

From that Time we lived together in the most agreeable Manner. Mrs. *Barton* was continually contriving Parties of Pleasure for my Entertainment. Balls, Plays, Masquerades, and Ridottos, engaged our Attention in their several Seasons. Thus living in a continual Round of Amusements, she made me forget
Miss

Miss *Saxby*, and by that Means but too literally fulfilled the Promise she had made to my Relations. I was so far from being cloy'd with my easy Conquest, that every Day seemed to bring fresh Pleasures along with it ; and in order oftentimes to raise our Delights to the utmost Pitch of Refinement, we had Recourse to Absence. For Mrs. *Barton* was so far from expecting me to confine myself by being always with her, that she insisted upon my paying my Court to those, who, I had Reason to think, would be able and willing to be of Service to me ; and upon my discharging my Visits, those Debts to Friendship, which, at the same time that they improve, enliven the Mind, and hinder it from contracting that Moroseness, which is almost the inseparable Attendant on a recluse and sedentary Life.

Lord *M——* had made me renew my Acquaintance with his Son, who introduced me to several others. Besides I had a great Number of Relations of all Ages, and Professions ; insomuch, that without having any settled Employment, I never found myself at a loss for want of having something to do. Mrs. *Barton* staid at Home a good deal, and passed away her Time either in Reading,

or in the Discharge of the several Family Duties, which required her Attendance ; and which she, therefore, very readily and chearfully engaged in. However, the extreme Reserve with which we behaved towards each other in Company, and the Cautions which we took even within Doors, prevented any body from having the least Suspicions of our Correspondence. 'Twas true indeed, that at first, this Reserve sat awkwardly enough upon both of us ; but we amply compensated this trivial Irksomeness, by the Freedoms which we made use of when in private. I made use of a Stratagem to prolong my Stay at Mrs. *Barton's* House. As soon as the Damage which the late Fire had occasioned in my Apartment was repaired, I desired my Father to let some Alterations be made in it, in order to render it more convenient for me. He approved of my Proposal, and accordingly I set some Workmen about it ; but as they are naturally very slow, and I was not very solicitous how long they were, I by this Means gained Time and protracted the evil Day, in which I was to be separated from Mrs. *Barton*.

I had lodged in her House about half a Year, when one Day she was invited to a Neighbour's Wedding. Mr. *Powis*,

an Apothecary, who was worth a considerable Sum of Money, had two Daughters ; one of whom he was going to dispose of in Marriage to an Attorney in good Business. As I was not at all acquainted with him, or any of his Family, he had not invited me. This was a sufficient Reason for Mrs. *Barton*'s desiring to be excused. However, as we heard there was to be a Ball, she was resolved to lay hold of the Opportunity of entertaining herself and me at the Apothecary's Expence. Mrs. *Barton* had lost her Husband much about the same time that Mr. *Powis* had been left a Widower. He had had it in his Thoughts to take Mrs. *Barton* in her room, in order to manage his Family Affairs, which were not very likely to be improved under the Inspection of his Daughters, whose Notions were more enlarged, than the old Gentleman's Pocket could afford. He had not however been able to bring this about, and being vexed at the Disappointment, he shut himself up, and devoted his whole Time and Thoughts to his Business, and the Encreasing of his Fortune. What Mrs. *Barton*, therefore, proposed, was to make a second Conquest of Mr. *Powis*, but to disguise her-

self in such a Manner, as not to be known by him. She desired I would conduct her thither. Tho' I was not very fond of accompanying her, yet as she seemed so intent upon it, I thought myself obliged to comply with her Inclinations. In order to hinder him from knowing her, she put over her Hair a black Periwig, and rubbed her Eyebrows with some black Paint, and we both put on *Venetian* Dresses, which very effectually disguised us.

The Company, tho' extremely large, consisted of People of Fashion. The Richness of our Dresses attracted the Eyes of the whole Room, and was made use of as a Distinction to find us out the rest of the Evening. But if this was the Case with me, how much more was it so with Mrs. *Barton*, whose fine Shape and regular Features attracted the Envy and Admiration of the whole Assembly? Mr. *Powis*, whom Mrs. *Barton* had accosted in a feigned Voice upon her first entering into the Room, was continually following her. After we had danced some time, we made an Offer of retiring; but Miss *Powis*, by her Father's Direction, insisted upon our Staying. This was just what Mrs. *Barton* desired, who was so sufficiently

ently disguised by her Dress, that it was almost impossible for them to find her out. The whole Company by this time had unmasked, when I did not see among them a single Person of my Acquaintance. However, we suffered ourselves to be entreated a great while, before we condescended to be prevailed upon, and Mrs. *Barton* went so far as to pretend, that it was chiefly upon Mr. *Powis's* Account that she stayed.

Her Complexion was heightened by the Contrast of false Hair, that was of a deep Black, which, added together with her Eye-brows of the same Colour, was no small Addition to the Comeliness of her Person. In short, the whole Assembly were in Raptures with her. Mr. *Powis* seemed particularly struck with her Appearance, and as a Proof of it, hardly stirred from her, during the whole Evening. The more attentively I viewed Mr. *Powis*, the less was I surprized, that Mrs. *Barton* had not accepted of him for her Husband; for with respect to his Person, surely no Man ever made so awkward and uncouth an Appearance. He looked exactly like a wired Skeleton, to which the least Motion seemed to threaten Dissolution. His Head, which

was raised half a Foot above one Shoulder, seemed to be fastened on the other, which, as it were, tired with the continual Weight that overpowered it, had widened itself into an oval Form, in order to get some Relief. His Complexion, which was naturally of a dingy Brown, was scarce perceivable, by reason of the Black Beard that overspread, or at least overshadow'd his whole Countenance. His Eyes were exceeding large, and fiery, and might have been mistaken for two Furnaces, had they not been moderated by two branching Eye-brows, thro' which, as thro' a Cloud, his Eyeballs shot fiery Glances, even at the Time, when he intended to express the most Softness; but, by the passing thro' that thick Bush, had lost their Force considerably. His Forehead, tho' scarcely two fingers in Breadth, was covered with Wrinkles. His Nose was of an immoderate Length, and there was no knowing where it would have ended, had it not been for his Eye-brows, and upper Lip, which seemed indeed to confine it, altho' his Lip was considerably turned up, probably on purpose to expose to view the Whiteness of his Gums, which however had been without any Teeth in them for some Years.

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The under Lip seemed to be continually aiming to touch the upper one ; but his Mouth was such a wide Gulph between, as rendered its utmost Endeavours ineffectual. The only Advantage it ever gain'd was, its hiding his under Jaw so totally, that whenever he laughed, which was but seldom, you could not see his Gums. To all which Master-Piece of Nature was added a Chin, which was so picked, that it made his Face terminate in a Point. In order to encrease the Bulk of his Appearance, and to take off from the Slenderneſs of his Make, Mr. *Powis* uſually wore a long flowing Periwig; the Tails of which, when he went to ſit down, he always folded up, juſt as any Body elſe would take hold of the Folds of their Cloaths. I remember very well obſerving that the Tails reached to the third Button of his Coat, below the Waſte. His Gait was of a piece with all the reſt, and his Manner of Addreſs ſo exceedingly diſagreeable, that even the fineſt Compliment ſeemed harſh, and the Effect of Sullenneſs, when coming from him. As he was naturally of a lively Diſpoſition, that was the only Qualification, that rendered him even ſupportable in Company. Beſides all

this, he had got a Custom of coming close up to the Person he was speaking to: So that his Mouth, which was continually wide open, exhaled no very agreeable Perfume, mix'd with the Smell of Tobacco, which he was perpetually chewing.

I quitted Mrs. *Barton*, that I might not stand in Mr. *Powis*'s way, and, after having cast my Eyes over the several Ladies in Company, at last went and placed myself near the youngest Miss *Powis*, whom, by way of Amusement to myself, I entertained with all that Common-Place Gallantry, which, tho' highly improper in private Company, is yet sufficiently authorized by the Freedoms usually taken in Publick Places of Resort. The Answers she made were full of Spirit, and at the same time gave me no mean Opinion of her Understanding. An elderly Man, who was continually dogging us from Place to Place, seemed to be very uneasy at our close Conversation. I was resolved to continue it, and accordingly made use of all the Methods I could contrive to encrease his Uneasiness. Miss *Powis* immediately perceived my Intention, and favoured it. I pretended to whisper something very earnestly

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ly to her. She took the Hint, and affected to answer me in the same way; while in reality we were only discoursing upon mere Trifles. As we were amusing ourselves in this manner, Mr. *Powis* came up to his Daughter, and spoke to her. I immediately suspected that he had taken Offence at my being too familiar with her, and therefore withdrew; upon which Miss *Powis* followed me. I then thought that she had been directed to enquire of me who Mrs. *Barton* was; nor was I mistaken in my Opinion. She made use of all the Art she was Mistress of to be satisfied; but I still made shift to evade giving her any direct Answer. However, I must own, I never was so uneasy at being obliged to keep a Secret from any one, as I felt myself at that time: So great an Ascendant had Miss *Powis* already got over me, the Effects of which I now began to be sensible of.

As it grew very late, Mrs. *Barton* was willing to slip out without being perceived by Mr. *Powis*, and for fear of being dogged, we stopped at a neighbouring Coffee-house. Mrs. *Barton*, who was very hot with dancing, caught cold on coming into the Air so suddenly; and
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the next Morning she was attacked with a violent Fit of the Cholick. I testified the utmost Concern on this Occasion; but either she was unwilling to alarm me, or, being naturally of a strong Constitution, she made very light of the Disorder, and laughed at me for my groundless Fears, as she termed them. The next Day, however, she grew much worse; upon which I immediately called in a Physician, who prescribed all he could think of for her Relief, but without any Effect; for an Abscess was formed in her Side, which carried her off on the sixth Day.

This unfortunate Accident shocked me exceedingly, and I immediately went Home, where I staid several Days, without seeing, or being seen by any body. I was surprized to find that she had made me her sole Heir, and Executor. 'Tis true indeed that I knew she had made a Will, and, from some Hints that she had dropped in her last Illness, I concluded that she had remembred me, but never imagined that she would have left away the Whole from her Relations, to give it to me. Mrs. *Powis's* Daughters were the Heirs at Law, which I was informed of by the Lawyer that had married the eldest. He, being afraid that he should
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be involved in a Law-Suit, the Event of which his Experience convinced him was very uncertain, proposed an Accommodation to me; in order to induce me to which, he made use of every Argument he could think of; nay, farther offered me a third, if I would give up the other two Parts to the Miss *Powis's*. Without giving them any further Trouble, I was resolved to act in the Affair like a Man of Honour; and accordingly sent to the Lawyer, and desired him to come to me, which he did. After having introduced what he had to say, with the extreme Aversion that he had in general to going to Law, and throwing out every now and then an obscure Hint, that did not redound to the Honour of the Deceased so much as I could have wished, he concluded, by laying before me the Invalidity of the Will, as she had no Power to make one, and the Justice of his Pretensions, as being Heir at Law in Right of his Wife. Of the Truth of this Assertion I was as fully convinced as himself; and even tho' I might have stood a Trial, yet as I was conscious that I had no Right to what she had left me, and as I was ever of Opinion that a Man of Honour cannot connive at Injustice, I
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immediately, by an irrevocable Deed, put the Whole Fortune into his Hands, to be equally divided among the Sisters, reserving, however, the Picture of Mrs. Barton set in Diamonds.

Mr. *Powis* came the next Morning, accompanied by his Son in Law, and thanked me in Form. They made me a Present of several Trinkets which had belonged to the Deceased; and, among others, of a very fine Ring. I thought I could do no less than return their Visit, and accordingly went, and paid my Respects to Mr. *Powis* first, who pressed me extremely to come and see him often. I thought too that Miss *Powis*'s Eyes seemed to express the same Desire. But that, I thought, might proceed rather from my earnest Wish that it was so, than that they did in Reality. I promised I would frequently make use of this kind Invitation; nor was I worse than my Word. I saw the Father but very seldom, by the Precautions I soon took of suiting my Visits rather to the Daughter's Conveniency, than to his.

The oftener I saw Miss *Powis*, the more attentively I considered her Temper and Behaviour; but was at a loss more and more, every time, how to account for the odd

odd Mixture, of which both were composed. Tho' she wanted neither Sense, nor Spirit, she oftentimes acted as if she had neither. So positive was she in her Opinion, that it was impossible to convince her of the Error of even the most absurd Tenet, if she had ever been once prejudiced in Favour of it. Whoever openly contradicted her, forfeited her Esteem for ever. Her Passion was scarce equal'd by any Thing, but her Obstinacy. For even her Father was not able to compose her; nor did the Duty, that she owed him, restrain her from honouring him with those injurious Epithets, which she so liberally bestowed upon every body else, without any Distinction, in her Fury. Upon these Occasions, her Voice became hoarse, her Complexion fiery, and she swelled under the Throat so surprisngly, that you would think every Moment, her Veins were going to burst. She was no more herself sensible of this Alteration at those Times, than other People were of her being Miss *Powis*: So remarkable a Difference was there in her Appearance when calm, and when in a Passion: except at which Times, she was a very handsome Girl.

Tho' her Shape was not exquisite, that was abundantly compensated by her genteel

genteel Air. Tho' her Features were not regular, her Complexion was delicate to the last Degree. Her Face had altogether a very sensible, and expressive Look; and her Eyes, which were remarkably fine, seemed to command the Homage which they deserved. Besides these natural Advantages, she had the Offer of several considerable Matches. Many, perhaps, more influenced by the Largeness of her Fortune, than the Exquisite-ness of her Beauty, had already made Proposals to her Father, who seemed to approve the most of Mr. *Hargrave*, who had been suddenly raised from a mean Station, by his obtaining a large Estate left him by a distant Relation. This was the Man whom I before mentioned as eyeing us so attentively at the Ball, and who had followed us the whole Evening.

Whenever I was alone with Miss *Powis*, I was continually talking to her of the excessive Love she had inspired me with. At first she paid but little Regard to what I said, and, indeed, I looked upon it myself rather as the Effect of a sudden Passion, than of cool Deliberation: Yet, in a little time, I became very thoughtful; and that Life, and Spirit,

Spirit, which is generally the Sign of a Mind entirely disengaged, and unembarrassed, now quite left me. Miss *Powis* soon perceived it, and attributed it in her own Mind to the Power of Love. I was sensible that I had gone too far to be able to go back, had I desired it ever so much; and therefore I assured her that, as I could not live any longer without her, I was determined to make Proposals to her Father, provided she favoured me with her Consent. She, upon this, commanded me not to think of any such Thing, at least not at present; that she would reward my Constancy, when she thought I had sufficiently deserved it. I paid an implicit Obedience to her Commands, tho' I was entirely ignorant of what she intended to do. In the mean Time, I courted her with as much Assiduity as ever, and followed her the more closely, as I was in continual Hopes of prevailing with her to comply with my Request. Some Months passed over in this manner, and I was thinking that I was then no forwarder than I had been the first Day, and therefore was less cautious in my Behaviour; when one Evening, her Father set out for his Country House, to spend two or three Days there.

there. This the Daughter informed me of, and added, that she intended to take this Opportunity to finish the Reading of a Book she had begun, and therefore would stay in her Room, and not see any one till her Father's Return. I begged that I might be made an Exception to the general Rule, which she had laid down; and after much Entreaty prevailed on her to permit me to visit her in the Evening. This was too favourable a Circumstance for me not to be punctual to my Time. Accordingly she ordered me to follow her into her Room, which, tho' it might appear extraordinary in any Body else, was not at all so in her, considering the Circumstances in which we had been always together. Nay had she gone even farther, nothing could have been said reflecting on her Character, or that was inconsistent with the nicest Punctilio, of which the Sequel will be an undoubted Proof. I followed her; but was much perplexed, being at a Loss to know what she could have to say to me, and still more at a Loss how I should be able to answer her. She looked at me for some Time very attentively; and at last, you may think it very odd, Sir, said she, that I should
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desire you to come to an Explanation. Do you mean me, Madam, said I? Yes, you, Sir, replied she, your Behaviour lately has surprized me extremely. Indeed I have been examining my own Conduct, to see if there had been any Thing blameable in that; and this, with a View of justifying you to myself, if possible. But, upon the most exact Enquiry, I cannot find myself in Fault, even in the least Particular. However, perhaps, I may be mistaken, and indeed I hope for your sake, that I am. Let me hear if you have any Thing to lay to my Charge, which may excuse, or at least extenuate, that Coldness which has been but too visible in your Behaviour of late towards me. Madam, said I, you surprize me exceedingly. I have always thought myself extremely respectful. Indeed I should be very much concerned and uneasy, were I conscious that I had been at all wanting in Testimonies of that Esteem and Friendship, which you have hitherto permitted me to entertain for you. These are fine Words, replied she; and, could I be contented with bare Professions, I own I should not have any Reason to complain of you; but 'tis your Behaviour
that

that I am so dissatisfied with. For these last four or five Days, you have scarce taken any Notice of me. However, I am glad to find that you have had Recourse to the denying, instead of justifying, what you have done; which would have highly aggravated your Misconduct. What I desire, however, at present is, that you would tell me for what Reason you have behaved thus. Is it the Effect of Humour, and Caprice? Or, does it proceed from your having any Reason to complain of me first? Notwithstanding your Youth, I flattered myself that you had not the Inconstancy peculiar to People of your Time of Life, and therefore I have not, hitherto, considered you so much as a young Man, as I have one on whom I could depend, and whom I was willing to be of Service to. I am afraid you are not sensible enough of the Confidence I have put in you. If you are not satisfied with my Manner of Behaving to you, pray inform me in what Particulars you would desire to have it altered. And tell me what is the Reason you have so industriously avoided me these three or four Days; or why, when we have found ourselves together accidentally, you have betrayed

betrayed such evident Signs of Uneasiness?

How can I, Madam, said I, make any Answer to Accusations of which I am conscious I am not guilty? Tho' indeed I have lately seemed to avoid you, you are not unacquainted with the Reason of my so doing. In all the Actions of Life, Men usually make a Progress answerable to the Encouragement they have received. How far I have been able to proceed, as influenced by this Motive, I leave to yourself to determine. If, therefore, whenever I have been with you, I have been less forward to renew the old Topic of Conversation, it has proceeded from an Experience, as I thought, that the Subject itself, and consequently every Thing that could be said upon it, was disagreeable to you. Very true, replied she, but altho' this was a Reason for your dropping that particular Sort of Conversation, it could be none for your remaining entirely silent. I have, indeed, been very angry, but that more upon your Account, than my own; since I appeared to you to put you upon a Footing of saying Things, which you were very certain could not but displease me.

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Upon this I interrupted her, and said, Madam, I have now discovered the Cause of your Resentment, and could never have imagined that you would have imputed what I said as a Crime to me. Your appearing handsome to me, and consequently your making some Impressions on me, can be no new Thing surely to you. You ought, therefore, to have passed by what I had said, or looked upon it in the Light it deserved, as proceeding from the utmost Respect, as well as Affection. I no longer complain, replied she, of what you have said. I have already made sufficient Answers to it. It was but of little Consequence to me that you declared you was in Love ; nor was my Heart in such great Danger, that Severity was necessary for its Defence. It is not impossible, but that without having any settled Resolution of pleasing me, nay even without my being able to please you, you might be willing to make me believe that you was in Love with me. Such Declarations are often made to Women to hinder a worse Construction being put upon Men's Words, and Actions, or else in order to accustom themselves, as being Novices in the Profession,

fession, to say, nay even to swear the most constant Attachment, without ever really meaning a Syllable of it. This Part of your Behaviour, then, has been conformable to Custom; which however ridiculous and absurd, is but too generally followed. 'Tis not then with your Discourse that I am so much displeased; for even supposing you should be sincere in your Professions, I should not be at all angry with you upon that Account. But what is the Reason, that, since you have made this Declaration, your Behaviour is altered? Had you any Right to expect the same Confession from me? Or think you, that, supposing you had inspired me with the most violent Passion, that my Heart could have been brought to an immediate Acknowledgement of it? Could you expect that I should precipitately hurry on, in one of the most important Transactions of Life? Yes; these were your Expectations. You imagined that your only Business was to speak, and the Thing would be done. You flattered yourself that I was already so impatient, that I waited only for your Declaration to inform you of the same. But pray, Sir, what Part of my Conduct could give you

you Reason to hope any such Thing? But you do not love me; nay, perhaps, never did love me; for did you, you could never entertain Thoughts that were so much to my Disadvantage. You could never have supposed me capable of so low an Artifice. And had it been really Love that had taken Possession of your Heart, you would never have been so desirous of avoiding me, as I frequently perceived you was: For my Company, however it might have rendered you unhappy, would have been eagerly sought after. You would never have had sufficient Resolution to have confined yourself to an Absence, which I had not enjoined you. Indeed, Sir, these are strong Presumptions, that you never was in the Situation you pretended to be in; nor was your Behaviour a likely Means to engage my Affections. You may, perhaps, urge in your Behalf, that you are so unaccustomed to that Passion, that it is no Wonder if your Behaviour should be extraordinary at first. This, however, is but a frivolous Excuse. For true Love, as it is not founded on, so neither does it require Artifice for its Support. Be assured that it is a continual working Principle within us;
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not led, but leading us according to its own Fancy. Lovers, 'tis true, are often in the wrong; but then their Misconduct proceeds rather from the Violence, than the Calmness of their Passions. Had you loved me, your Transgressions would have been of the same Kind likewise; and I should not have had any Reason to complain of that Coldness and Negligence, which is but too justly laid to your Charge.

At length, Madam, said I, by discovering the Cause of your Complaint, I doubt not but I am able to justify myself. Consider the great Reservedness, which you have always put on before me, and which would have retarded, and indeed *has* retarded my Addresses. Well then, said she, but much milder than before, let us not dispute about which of us two is most in the wrong. There is nothing that I am more desirous of, than the coming to an Explanation; nay, I will pardon you, and forget that you ever said you loved me. Alas! Madam, said I, moved by what she had been just saying, how cruel even is your Kindness? You think that you are conferring an Obligation on me, while in Effect you are taking the surest Step to

make me miserable. You say, you will forget that I ever loved you: Endeavour then, Madam, I beseech you to make *me* forget it too. Are you, can you be still insensible of the Situation my Heart is in? Let me assure you of the sincerest Love, as well as the most inviolable Respect, with which you have inspired me. But supposing, said she, that I was more satisfied with your Behaviour than I really am, of what Advantage would that be to you, and what is the End of all these Intreaties? The utmost of my Ambition, replied I, is that you would believe that I love you; that you would permit me, sometimes, to remind you of this Truth, which is of the utmost Consequence to me; and that I may hope, that some Time or other, you will favour my Constancy. Are you then, replied she, so deeply in Love? And is this Eagerness with which you desire a Return of Affection, unfeigned? I can only say what I have already told you more than once. My Heart is, at present, undisturbed, and I am afraid of discomposing it, should I admit so dangerous a Guest as Love. Yet — I can say no more at present;

I defy you even to guess at my Intentions.

As soon as she had said this, she went out of the Room; yet not without having first given me a Look expressive of the utmost Tenderneſs. Thus, thinking that she had ſufficiently ſtood upon Ceremony, ſhe was fully determined to reſtrain her Affection no longer. This was plain from what ſhe had been juſt ſaying to me; and altho' I was a Novice in Affairs of this Kind, yet I was not ſo much ſo, as not to perceive, that I had gained Ground in her Affections. Indeed ſhe had not expreſſed herſelf ſo fully as I could have wiſhed; but that might have proceeded either from the being willing to keep me in Suſpenſe, or thro' the natural Timidity of her Sex, which are generally much bolder in Thought, than Expreſſion. In ſhort, the Effect that this Converſation had upon me, was the ſurpriſing, more than delighting me; and I had more Reaſon to wonder where this Adventure would end, than I had to congratulate myſelf on my Succeſs; which at leaſt was imperfect, and was undoubtedly extremely precarious.

As soon as Miss *Powis* perceived that I was attached in Earnest to her, she put on her usual Reserve. She was willing to amuse me with Hopes, that perhaps I might some Time or other succeed, and not that I had already met with any real Advantage. However, I doubted whether I had deceived myself, or whether I had really made some Impression upon her. I endeavoured to look out for Lodgings that were near her Father's House, that I might be near at Hand, and so might have the earliest Notice of any Rival that might interfere, or take the Opportunity of pushing any Success that I might hereafter meet with. But in this Point I had no small Difficulties to encounter. A ready-furnished Lodging was indeed what would have suited me exactly, as being most convenient, and cheapest; besides, I might stay in them as long as I pleased, and leave them at a Moment's Warning. However, the Expence was a main Article to be considered, by me especially, who was stinted to a certain Allowance, and that too not a very large one. This made me sensible that I wanted Assistance in this Affair. But here I was puzzled
to

to whom I should have recourse ; at last I thought of the following Method.

Mrs. *Hampden*, a young Widow, used very frequently to come to our House. She seemed to be sensible of the Advantage arising from her Situation, and accordingly made as much Use as she could of it : Her Face was not disagreeable, and her great Vivacity accompanied with a tolerable Share of Understanding, but above all, her Youth, did not fail to draw after her a Number of Admirers, whom she pretended to be pleased with, on Account of their Wit. I observed her frequently looking on me with unusual Attention, but took no manner of Notice of it. I acquainted Miss *Powis* beforehand, that I intended to afford her some Entertainment at the Widow's Expence. I soon laid hold of an Opportunity to pay my Addressee to Mrs. *Hampden*, as I knew she could be of great Service to me in my intended Scheme. She was pleased at the Notice I had taken of her to such a Degree, that she never once thought of going till two o'Clock in the Morning, which, I imagined, she would hardly have done then, had she not concluded that I would offer to see her safe home. Accordingly I

did, and as I was taking my Leave, begged that I might be permitted sometimes to visit her. I waited on her the next Morning, and was shewn into her Dressing Room. I began by paying her several Compliments, and found, in short, that my Company seemed to be more and more agreeable to her every Day. I was continually at her House for about a Week, and a few Trifles given seasonably, and with Address, turned the Scale considerably in my Favour. From that Time I set myself to work, in order to prevail with her to let Miss *Powis*, and myself, meet at her House, and accordingly we all three dined together the next Day; nor did I ever fail of being favourably received both by the one and the other: And in order to have more frequent Opportunities of seeing Miss *Powis*, I was continually framing Excuses to Mrs. *Hampden*. Whether she was satisfied, or not, just at the Time I was making them, did not concern me much; but whenever Miss *Powis* was obliged to be at Home for two or three Days together, which was the Case now and then, I endeavoured to quiet the Widow's Fears. Whether it was owing to the Easiness of her Temper, or, which
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is more likely, to her own good Opinion of herself, I found it no difficult Matter to persuade her.

But while I was thus going on in a thoughtless Security, I was alarmed one Day at seeing Miss *Powis* extremely melancholy ; which surprized me the more, as her Disposition in general was the very reverse. I immediately desired to know what was the Reason. She answered me, with Tears in her Eyes, that her Reputation had already suffered sufficiently ; that she was under great Trouble of Mind about what the World had said, and still would say about her Conduct. I thought to have put an End to this Uneasiness of hers, by assuring her that, if she approved of it, I would make Proposals to her Father immediately. I do not doubt, said I, but he will give me his Consent. For altho' my Fortune is not indeed equal to yours, yet at my Father's Death, I shall have enough to enable us to live comfortably, even tho' your Portion, which depends chiefly upon your Father's good Will, should not be so considerable as you have Reason to expect. However, I dare say, he loves you too well, not to do as handsomely by you, as he has by your other Sister.

And should this be the Case, it would be in my Power to provide much better for you, than I could otherwise by buying a Place ; and you may depend upon my Love and Constancy : For be assured, my Happiness is so closely connected with yours, that without you, I shall be ever miserable. If, however, Mr. *Powis* should think proper to refuse me, I will endeavour to gain him, by disclosing to him the Nature of the Engagements between us.

Engagements ! Sir, said she, with her usual Vivacity ; pray, how came you to think that any Engagements had ever subsisted between us ? It is very true indeed that I love you, but I never intended to make you my Husband. I do not doubt but my Father, who is excessively fond of me, upon the least Intimation of its being agreeable to me, would accept your Proposals with Pleasure. Yet, notwithstanding this, I charge you not to mention a Syllable of this to him ; for indeed, could you be so treacherous, I would deny it before your Face. Mr. *Hargrave* has paid his Addresses to me for some Time past ; and I am determined to marry him, as his Fortune is as much superior to yours, as your Merit exceeds his. But as I have at least

as much Ambition as I have Love, you need not be surpris'd that I give the Preference to his Wealth. Can you imagine, I could bear to see my Sister rolling about in her Chariot, while I walked on Foot, or at best made Use of a Hack? Altho' I am younger than she, yet that is the only Point, in which I will allow her any Superiority; nay, I am in Hopes of rising above her in the World, nor will my Expectations be so groundless, if our Fortunes differ in Proportion to our Deserts: And, indeed, I have great Reason not to despair of succeeding. My Love has not yet blinded me so far, as to make me sacrifice all these Advantages to your Service. Indeed, if you lov'd me in the Degree that you pretend you do, you would be so far from being desirous of marrying me, that you would be the first to persuade me to close with Mr. *Hargrave's* Proposals. You have the least Reason of any Body for Complaint; since by this Means, my Affection for you will not be at all diminished, and you will be eased of the great Expence, which I am sensible I have put you to for some Time past. Your Fortune would be scarce sufficient to find me in Pin-Money,

much less to support us both. What then could we do if we had been so imprudent as to marry? Love will not compensate for the Want of Meat, Drink, and Lodging: Our Affairs would be soon brought into the utmost Confusion; you should therefore rather thank, than reproach me, for what I am going to do.

My Readers may perhaps be surprized at the sudden Change wrought in Miss *Powis*. But it will not appear so strange, if they recollect her Volatile, and consequently, her inconstant Disposition; that she was naturally fond of being admired, and of appearing in a Taste much superior to what her Father could afford. No wonder then, that, when so fair an Opportunity was offered of improving her Fortune, and of gratifying her darling Vanity, she eagerly embraced it. Love, as long as it flattered her favourite Passion, was indulged; and it was the same Principle that influenced her Conduct in both Instances. Thus the Vanity of being thought handsome, and agreeable, in Time subsided, and gave Way to the greater Vanity of ranking in a higher Sphere of Life, and outshining

shining the rest of her Family and Acquaintance. But to return.

I was so confounded at what I had heard, and felt so great a Mixture of Shame and Indignation arising in my Breast, that it was some Time, before I was able to make any Reply. At last I recovered myself, and laid before her all that could possibly be said in Opposition to her intended Scheme, but without Effect; for her Resolution was as singular, as it was rash and ill-grounded. I desired her to take some Time, at least, to consider of what I had said. She promised me she would, but owned that it was more to oblige me, than that she thought there was any Necessity of doing it, or that she should be at all altered by that Means. Nay, so far had Time been from producing any Alteration, that when I went to her two Days afterwards, I found her more determined, if possible, than before, to marry Mr. *Hargrave*. Nay, she informed me farther, that every Thing was ready, and that she was to be married the next Day. She then gave me an Account of the many rich Suits of Cloaths, that had been made a Present of to her, and of the grand Equipage which she was just going

going to bespeak ; inviting me, moreover, to be an Eye-witness of what she was pleased to call, our common Happiness ; since, altho' she had made a Sacrifice to her Ambition, she had not surrendered up her Love.

I was so much out of Humour at her having made this Proposal, that it was with great Difficulty I restrained myself from giving her evident Marks of my Contempt. However, I at last got the better of my rising Passion, and contented myself with telling her very coldly, that I wished her more Happiness than she had Constancy ; and immediately went out without waiting for a Reply.

I was sorry afterwards, that I had not given her back her Picture, and some Letters that I had of hers. I resolved, therefore, to send them her the very first Opportunity. I went immediately from Miss Powis's to Lord M——'s, whom I had not seen for some Time. He made me stay Dinner, and as there was a new Play to be acted that Evening, insisted upon my accompanying him thither. After the Play, I returned to his Lordship's to Supper ; who, as it was pretty late when we parted, sent me Home in his Coach. About two Hours after I had been in Bed, I was waked suddenly out of my Sleep by my Door's

Door's bouncing open. I thought some Villains had broke into my Room, and accordingly took my Pistols in my Hand immediately, and cried out Thieves! as loud as I could.

You are mistaken, Sir, replied a hollow Voice, proceeding from a Man very well dressed, and followed by several others; we are come with a Warrant from the Secretary's Office to seize your Person, and therefore desire you will get up and go along with us. Surely, said I, you are mistaken, Gentlemen. I am sure I have done nothing, that could expose me to the being taken into Custody. Pray, let me see the Warrant; I can never think that I am the Person therein mentioned. That, said one, you will be soon convinced of, and at the same Time gave me a Parchment, wherein myself and my Lodgings were so particularly described, that I could no longer doubt of the Truth of what he had said. While I was dressing myself, I asked him, who had taken out the Warrant against me? That you ought to know, replied he, much better than I; but since I was not enjoyned Secrecy in this Particular, and you ought to be informed in a Point that concerns you so nearly, Miss *Powis* is

is the Person at whose Suit you are now made Prisoner.

I now concluded what seemed not very unlikely, that Miss *Powis* had altered her Opinion with respect to her marrying Mr. *Hargrave*; and being afraid that I would not now accept of her, after the abrupt Manner in which I had left her, this Girl, who was perpetually running into Extremes, had acted according to the Dictates of her own Impetuosity.

There was no need, said I, to have taken such violent Methods to compensate any Injury that I have done that Lady. I know nothing about it, replied the Officer; but tho' I knew the Affair ever so well, I could not determine it either for, or against you. He then proceeded to search my Room, and having taken my Pistols, made me empty my Pockets before him, out of which he took Miss *Powis's* Picture and Letters, which, he said, he did not doubt but would be of Service in clearing up the Affair.

As I was going down Stairs, I met my Father, who said to me in a great Fright, What have you done, Child? Be of good Cheer, Sir, said I; a silly Girl has caused
me

me to be arrested through a private Pique.

I found several other Officers below, two of whom went into the Coach with me ; the others placed themselves before, or behind it. I was confined in the Messenger's House in a little Room exceedingly damp and inconvenient. A Bundle of Straw, surrounded by three Walls, was the Bed they designed I should lie on ; and scarce had I Time to look about me, when they carried away the Candle. I longed for Day-break with the utmost Impatience. The next Day the only Person I saw was my Gaoler, who brought me something to eat, just to keep me from starving. The Victuals were of a Piece with the Lodging, and were so very bad, that I did not feel the least Inclination to taste them. The second Morning, pretty early, I was called out of my Dungeon, was led into a very neat Hall, in which I imagined I was to be examined ; nor was I mistaken in my Conjecture. I put on as much Assurance as I could, addressing myself to the Justice. Pray what have I done, said I, that I have been treated as one of the greatest Villains upon Earth ? I do not pretend to deny my having been in Love with
Miss

Miss *Powis*. She need not have troubled your Worship with the Affair, nor have exposed, to the Eyes of the World, what has passed between us, had she condescended to accept of my Offer of Marriage. This is not the Point in Question, replied the Justice. What I desire is, that you would make me a direct Answer to the Questions that I shall ask you. He then enquired my Name, Age, and Situation in Life. How long I had known Miss *Powis*? Who gave me that Picture of hers that had been found in my Possession? And if I knew Mr. *Hargrave*? If I had not seen Miss *Powis* the Evening before I was taken up? Whether I had not been particularly earnest with her to break off her Match with Mr. *Hargrave*, and to marry me immediately? To these Questions, I answered very particular without the least Evasion: When the Justice putting on a sterner Countenance, and looking at me very attentively; where was you, Sir, said he, at Six o'Clock in the Evening, the Day before Yesterday? At the Play, Sir, said I, of which I am able to give you undoubted Proof. By whom? replied he. By whom, Sir? said I, recovering myself a little; by my Lord *M——* and his Son, and several other People

People of Fashion. The Justice upon this was silent for some Time; at last, he spoke, but not so harshly as before. Either, said he, you must have been accused upon little or no Foundation, or else you are arrived at the utmost Height of Assurance, in pretending to call upon People of Distinction for your Character, which if they should either refuse to give, or disown you as their Acquaintance, you are most undoubtedly ruined. Indeed Sir, answered I, I am not afraid of that, if my Safety depends upon their Testimony; which will soon convince you that I have not imposed upon you even in a single Instance. If I am accused of any Thing else but having been in Love with Miss *Powis*, I protest I am entirely ignorant of what is laid to my Charge. I beseech you then, Sir, be pleased to inform me of the Crime, for which I am now brought before you, which, were I to judge of it by the Treatment I have received, while in Confinement, must be one of a very enormous kind. Either, said he, if you are guilty, you are too well acquainted with it, or if innocent, it is undoubtedly very proper that you should be informed of it. Two Nights ago, continued he, about Six o'Clock,

Mr.

Mr. *Hargrave* was going in his Chariot to Mr. *Powis's*, and was unfortunately shot by a Pistol that was fired out of a Hackney Coach, which had been seen loitering about for above an Hour before. The Person who did it, appeared to be a young Man, by the Description given of him, about your Age, and dressed in the very same coloured Cloaths that you now have on. This Circumstance, together with its being known that you had for some Time past been in Love with Miss *Powis*, and the Anger in which you had parted from her in the Morning, were the Grounds upon which a Warrant was granted against you. The Pistols, Letters, and Picture which were found upon you, and your refusing to eat any Thing since you have been confined, were likewise circumstantial Proofs of your Guilt. Mr. *Hargrave's* Family, Mr. *Powis*, and his Daughter, have all joined in the Prosecution. As for you, your Lot will be either to be put to Death, or acquitted in a very short Time.

I was so shocked at what I had just heard, that I was not able to speak for some Time. As I was almost overwhelmed with the Weight of an Accusation

sation which was so undeservedly thrown upon me, my Head became quite giddy, nor could the Consciousness of my Innocence be of any Service to me. At last, fearing that they would attribute that to Remorse, which was occasioned only by my Fright, I endeavoured to recollect myself, as well as I could. You see me, indeed, shocked in a terrible Degree, Sir, said I; but I beg you will impute that to my Surprise, and not to my Guilt. What I have already told you, is the Truth. I was at the Play, during the Time you say the Murder was committed. I had dined at my Lord M——'s, and after the Play, returned thither to Supper. He afterwards sent me Home in his Coach. While you are examining into the Truth of these Particulars, I hope you will indulge me in permitting me to have something brought me, that I am able to eat; and that my Friends may be allowed to come to me, that I may have Council to plead in my Defence. As for the last, Sir, replied the Justice, you will have no Occasion for them. Return to the Place from whence you came. I shall soon know what I am to do in this Affair. If you are guilty, all the Council in the Kingdom will not be able to
 save

save you ; on the contrary, if you are innocent, that alone will be a sufficient Plea in your Behalf. I then observed him to speak to the Gaoler, to whom, I supposed, he was giving Orders about my being better accommodated. Nor was I mistaken in my Opinion. I was conducted into a much better Room, being tolerably light ; and they set some Victuals before me, which were good enough in themselves, and which my extreme Hunger gave an additional Relish to.

In about two Hours after my Examination, my Father came to see me, and informed me that I was discharged from my Confinement, and likewise that the Justice was waiting for me in the Hall. I accordingly went to him, and found with him Lord M—— and his Son. My Lord M—— came up to me, and said, my dear Child, it is owing entirely to the Justice's Goodness that you have obtained your Discharge so soon. He was no sooner informed of what you had to say in your Behalf, than he came to my House to acquaint me with the Particulars ; and scarce had I affirmed the Truth of your Assertion, than he agreed to your immediate Release. It was only mere Matter of Complacency, continued he,

he, that he went to the Earl of S— who, you know, supped with us that Evening; and as my Son knows where you live, we called upon your Father in our Way hither, and brought him along with us.

I was then going to return the Justice my Thanks, but was prevented by him. Sir, said he, your Thanks would rather offend, than please me. All I desire is, you would believe, that the sole Motive which influenced me in this Affair, was the Love of Truth. Had you been guilty of the Punishment, to which you would have been most unavoidably condemned, the being so, would not have incited your Gratitude. Yet I should have been obliged to have done my Duty, however reluctant I might have been in the Performance of it, as much as I am now to acquit you, when your Innocence is confirmed by such unquestionable Evidence. He then ordered the Officers to return me my Sword, and I went home with my Father, where I found many of my Relations and Acquaintance, who were come to congratulate me on my being released.

While I was taken up in making the best Return I could to their several Civilities,

vilities, I was interrupted by the Arrival of Mr. *Powis*, accompanied by a young Man, who, as I afterwards was informed, was Mr. *Hargrave's* Nephew. They made a thousand Apologies for having laid such a Crime to my Charge, and offered me any Satisfaction that I would accept, upon Condition that I would be upon Honour not to commence a Prosecution against them. I told them, I was thoroughly convinced that Malice and Ill-will to me had not been their Motives in the Affair; that I only thought they had been a little too hasty in their Conclusion; that all I desired was, to be reimbursed the Law Charges, and that they would immediately stop all further Proceedings against me. They seemed amazed at what I had said, in particular Mr. *Hargrave's* Nephew; for he was sensible that I could have put them to a good deal of Expence and Trouble. This, said Mr. *Powis*, is the second Instance that you have given me of your unbounded Generosity. This, however, does not surprize me so much as the other, as I was before satisfied of your bountiful Disposition. My Daughter has been much to blame in this Affair; and indeed I must own I have been too credulous.

But

But I will find out some Method of clearing up this Matter, and of giving you all the Satisfaction you can desire. The only answer I made to this Speech was a low Bow, upon which they retired.

The next Morning, my Father and I went and paid our Respects to Lord M— and to the Justice : The latter of whom informed us, that they had discovered who it was that had murdered Mr. *Hargrave*. This unhappy Gentleman, it seems, had carried off, from her Father's House, who was a Man of Fashion, a Girl that he had debauched. He had kept her in his House some Years ; and had amused her with the Hopes that he would marry her. She by some Accident, or other, had got Information, that Matters were pretty near a Conclusion between him and Miss *Powis* ; and therefore resolved to prevent it by shooting him, which she accordingly did. She disguised herself in Man's Cloaths, as well to prevent her being known, as to facilitate her Escape, which she effected by getting into a Post-Chaise immediately and driving off ; and was already got to *Chester* before she could be overtaken.

Some Family Affairs kept me at Home two or three Days ; in which while I was
very

very deeply engaged one Morning, I was interrupted by Mr. *Hargrave's* Nephew, who was come to execute the Deed I had desired, accompanied by his Lawyer. After having put it into my Hands, he desired that I would, in my Turn, sign a Writing that had been drawn up with the Consent of my Father, by which I was to bind myself not to enter into any Prosecution against him. Your Father, said he, consents to your signing it, and therefore, I hope, that you will not have any Objection to the doing it. I imagined, Sir, said I, that you would have relied upon my Honour in this Particular, and not have required a Bond. However, as you desire it, and my Father has given his Consent, I shall not presume to contradict him. No, Son, said my Father, however sincere you may be in your Design, Mr. *Tyson* (for that was the young Gentleman's Name) is not obliged to rely on your bare Word; especially, as he has given you a Deed to make sure his Part of the Engagement to you. I have read the Bond, and therefore you need not make any Objections to the signing it. Accordingly I signed and sealed in the Places that the Lawyer shewed me. My Father did the same;
upon

upon which the Lawyer took the Deed, and put it into his Pocket; and drawing out from thence a long Parchment, which he put into my Hands; this, Sir, said he is a Deed of Gift of seven hundred a Year, penny Rent, which Mr. *Tyson* desires you will accept of, as an Acknowledgement for your disinterested Behaviour throughout this Affair. And this, Sir, give me leave farther to add, is the Deed that you have just signed. I was confounded, and indeed scarce believed what I heard. My Father perceived my Confusion, and therefore endeavoured by speaking to give me some Relief. You need not blush, Child, said he, because your Generosity has been deceived, and rewarded by this innocent Artifice. Shame should be only the Attendant of base Actions. Now there is no Baseness in accepting a Gift which has not been sued for. Mr. *Tyson* thought it but right to make you some Amends for the Trouble and Confinement that you had gone through in this Affair. He acquainted me before-hand of his generous Intention, which seemed to be equally honourable in him, as it was advantageous for you. But knowing very well that if he had made a direct Offer

of it to you, you would never accept it, I desired him to pretend that it was a Deed of general Release. Enjoy freely, therefore, that Fortune, which has been purchased by your own Merit, and yet not so much a Debt that was your Due, as a Mark of Gratitude in Acknowledgement of your past Services, and to ensure your future Favour.

In the middle of this Discourse, in came Mr. *Powis*, who I thought was more likely to increase, than to diminish the Confusion I was in at present. He addressed himself to me in Particular, and told me that his Daughter was dying, and desired to speak with me. I dressed myself as fast as I could, and followed him. I found Miss *Powis* in Bed, surrounded by her Friends and Relations. Her Face was remarkably pale. A Clergyman was praying by her, when I first went in, who, as soon as he had done, desired that every Body would go out of the Room, excepting her Father, and myself. At length the unhappy Miss *Powis* raised herself up in Bed, and addressed me in the following Words.

The Reason, Sir, of my giving you the present Trouble, was chiefly to beg your Pardon, and to assure you of my
sincere

sincere Repentance for my Behaviour towards you. However, a violent and untimely Death, will soon put an End to all my Distresses; and is in some Sort to be looked upon as the Consequence of my having endeavoured to reconcile, what I have at length tho' too late, found irreconcilable: I mean Love, and Ambition. Distracted by these different Passions, which tyrannised, if I may so speak, over my Mind, I foolishly imagined that I had invented an Expedient to satisfy both. I was in Love with you, and yet I determined to marry Mr. *Hargrave*, without, however, precluding myself the Pleasure of your Company. 'Tis true, that you used your utmost Efforts to bring me to a Sense of what was my Duty in my particular Circumstances. You pressed me to accept of your Proposals, and would fain have inspired me with more just, and noble Sentiments. In short you made Use of every Argument that could be supposed likely to have any Influence over me. This I must acknowledge in Justice to you, and to my Shame too must own, that what I ought to have accepted, nay, what I ought to have begged of you as a Favour, I imprudently refused. And in this

obstinate Resolution I persisted, which made you my Enemy, and that too very deservedly. Mr. *Hargrave's* Death, which was the Downfal of all my Expectations, made me desperate; and accordingly, in the first Transport of my Passion, I laid his Murder to your Charge. I even made use of the Interest I had with my Father to prejudice him against you. By these Means I exposed him to the Danger of losing his Fortune, and Reputation; both of which have indeed been saved, but that is more owing to your Generosity, than my Behaviour in the Affair. Your Innocence got the better of the most malicious Accusations, that, perhaps, was ever brought against any one. Upon which my Father immediately forbad me his Sight. My Spirits, which had hitherto supported me, could not stand the Shock of such unusual Severity. They accordingly forsook me, which threw me into a Fit of Despair, during which I took some Poison, as a final Relief of all my Misfortunes.

What have you done, Madam? (cried I, advancing hastily towards the Bed.) I will marry you this Instant, if you approve of it. Let me consider you as my
Wife

Wife from this Moment. Mr. *Powis* was sitting on the Side of the Bed with his Arms folded, and lifting up his Eyes that were already full of Tears. I went up to him. Let us lose no Time, Sir, said I, embracing him. An Antidote, if immediately taken, may possibly have a good Effect. Save your Daughter, Sir, if you can, and let me be happy in her by taking her to Wife. What is it that you have taken, my dear Child? said Mr. *Powis*. She told him she had swallowed some Arsenick; upon which he gave a deep Groan, as a Sign that there was but little Hope of saving her. However he went and fetched the proper Antidote, and put it into my Hands to give it her. Upon my offering it, she immediately took hold of it, and swallowed it at once. I have done more upon your Account, said she, returning the Cup, than I would otherwise have done upon my own. You have made me repent of the rash Act, that my Despair hurried me into. The only Reason, however, that I would desire to recover is, to render myself worthy your Acceptance by a Conduct entirely opposite to what you have hitherto seen. Be composed, my Dear, said I, kissing her Hand that she held out to me; let the

Antidote have its due Effect, and wait for the Event with as little Anxiety as possible. We stay'd with great Impatience to see what Change the Antidote would produce; but alas! it was too late; the Poison had reached her Vitals. In about two Hours Time we could perceive her dying very fast. All the Assistance that we could give her proved ineffectual; for she died the same Night.

Altho' I had not indeed so much Reason to regret Miss *Powis's* Loss, as I had Mrs. *Barton's*, yet the several Circumstances which attended that melancholy Event, made so great an Impression upon me, that I resolved thence forward to renounce the whole Sex. The Sequel will shew how well I kept my Resolution in that Particular.

Being always of a very studious Turn, my Father had made me a Present of a very choice Collection of Books, and had, likewise, purchased Mrs. *Barton's* Library, as soon as she died, fearing Mr. *Powis* should think I expected him to make me a Present of it. To these Collections I was continually making Additions; and about this Time, having received a Year's Rent in Arrear from the Estate given me by Mr. *Tyson*, which
had

had been due to his Uncle, I laid out the greater Part of it in Books, so that I had a sufficient Store for my Entertainment for some Time. I apply'd myself very closely at first, in order to get rid of that Uneasiness which hung continually upon my Mind. And for several Months, I hardly ever stirr'd out, but to pay my Respects to my Patrons, or to discharge some necessary Visits to my Relations and particular Friends; but even they were made very seldom, and when made, did not take up a great deal of my Time. My Retirement was not equally liked by all my Acquaintance. In particular Dr. Bathurst, a Physician whom I knew, undertook to make me shake off that Melancholy, which for some Time past had preyed upon my Spirits. He was a young Man of a great deal of natural Humour. Had he applied sooner to Business he would have made a very great proficiency, but being too old to learn, and too wise, as he thought, to need any Instruction, he made his Life a continual Scene of Drollery, instead of being employed in the nobler Purposes of his Profession. Indeed, the Reasons which were a Hindrance to his engaging in Business, were

plausible. He would often launch out in Praise of being content with a little ; and generally concluded his Harangue by observing, that he was blessed with a Competency, and that, therefore, he thought it needless to harass himself for the Superfluities of Life, since he was already in Possession of its Conveniencies. He was, perhaps, as little formed for what is called living in the World, as any one could possibly be. As he was too open to hide even the least Thing that he knew, his Freedom betrayed him frequently into dangerous Dilemmas.

The Person I have been just describing, resolved, as I said before, to entertain me as much as he could, in order to dissipate that Melancholy, which had hung upon me for some Time. He came to me one Morning, and told me that two young Fellows, with whom we were both acquainted, had been Rivals a long Time in a Girl, who was very impartial in her Conduct, and had, therefore, made an equal Distribution of her Favours to each. That, however, they were continually jealous of one another, and that to put an End to the Rivalship at once, they had agreed to determine the Dispute by Sword and Pistol behind *Montague-House*. He concluded

cluded by telling me, that fearing he had not a sufficient Influence over them, to bring them to a right Understanding, he thought it most adviseable to acquaint me with the Affair; knowing that I was too much a Man of Honour to suffer two Friends to fall out upon so trifling an Occasion. I assented very readily to his Proposal. I knew that the Parties concerned were very intimate Friends; but at the same Time I was sensible how giddy, and unthinking they were; which made them capable of doing the most absurd Things in Nature. I complimented Dr. *Bathurst* upon the prudent step he had taken in acquainting me with the Affair, and immediately went with him towards the Place of Rendezvous. Within about a hundred Yards of the Place, we saw one of them walking very fast, who, as soon as he perceived us, came up, and putting on an Air of surprise, I see now, said he, that I have waited all this while in vain. The Scoundrel will never come, but has told you of the Appointment, that in Case he could summon up sufficient Courage to meet me, you might be at Hand to part us; but I shall know where to find him alone another Time. I endeavoured to calm

him, as much as I could. Let us step, said he, into this Tavern, by which, if he comes at all, he must necessarily pass. We went in, but they would make me go first; and as I was getting into a Room that they shewed me, I heard several People laughing, and whispering; upon which I suspected that they had put a Trick upon me; nor was I mistaken in my Opinion. For there I saw the other young Gentleman, that was to have fought, in Company with four Ladies, who did not seem the most reserved in the World, sitting at a Table which was calculated for eight People. *Maskelyn* came up to me, and said, with an Oath, one must rack one's Imagination to find out a Scheme to draw this Bear out of his Den. However, it is some Comfort that his Solitude has not made him hate the World; and that he has not as yet, given up all his Pretensions to Humanity. Come, Sir, we are willing to bring you into Life. I am afraid, said I, Gentlemen, this is not the Way. However, this is a less Folly, at least less dangerous, and more agreeable than that, which I imagined, I was come to put an End to. They then told me, that, altho' upon these, and the like Occasions, it had been
always

always usual to choose their Mistresses by balloting for them, yet notwithstanding, as I was the Hero of the Day, and as the only End they had in View was to make me merry and sociable, they were very willing to give me the first Choice, and even afterwards to allot the rest their several Ladies, adding that they intended to behave with the utmost Regard to the Rules of true Honour. Accordingly I examined the Company very narrowly, and observing *Bathurst* to be ogling a Girl that was tolerably handsome, I took her to my Share, and contrived to distribute the rest in such a Manner, that the most disagreeable fell to his. I yield you up my Right, said he ; for you know very well that the handsomest is always mine. However, I shall be satisfied if this Meeting has the Effect on you that we intended it should. I answered him, that the Cure would be as wonderful, as the Remedy was extraordinary. Dinner, which was then serving up, put an End to this Conversation.

As soon as we had eaten pretty heartily, and were a little enlivened with Drinking, my Companions made use of every little Artifice they could think of, to make the Company agreeable to me.

Here,

Here, said the Physician, you may taste the Sweets of Love, without being sensible of any of its Inconveniencies. We have neither jealous Husbands, harsh Parents, or ill-natured Guardians to fear. The Advantages, which our Mistresses reap from their Experience, in some Measure recompence us for their Inconstancy; and indeed we may look upon their Absence as an Artifice made use of to give a higher Relish to their Company. Even those People, who pique themselves the most upon their extraordinary Discernment, would take these Ladies for Women of the most strict Virtue. They can imitate all the Beauty of it, without having imbibed its Prudery, and are as able to deceive *us*, as they have heretofore *other* People. For however we may flatter ourselves with finding Constancy in a Mistress, what Assurance can we possibly have of it, as we must rely entirely upon their Honour? And I need not tell you, I believe, how very precarious that is. 'Tis true, indeed, that we are oftentimes blinded by Self-Love, and the Women who are most esteemed, owe their Security more to our Want of Discernment, than their own intrinsic Merit. This they know very well, and, therefore,

therefore, when they intend most to deceive us, they endeavour to insinuate themselves the most into our good Graces. This is a known Truth; so much known, that, I dare say, the Ladies in Company make no scruple of charging those they can bubble very highly, for what they bestow gratis upon us.

Here the Physician ended; and the Ladies, by Way of Sequel to the Doctor's Discourse, entertained the rest of the Company with their several Adventures; which indeed were little else, but so many strong Proofs of what had been just before asserted. I say, the rest of the Company were entertained; because it rather shock'd, than delighted me, to see how ingenious Mankind are in general, in the Steps they take to their own Destruction: While, had they taken but half so much Pains in the Way of Virtue, they would have been the Ornaments, instead of the Pests, and Plagues of Society. However, neither the Time, nor Place allowed me to indulge such serious Thoughts for any Continuance. In short, we prated till the Day-light began to remind us that it was Time to go home. This little Excursion from my settled Plan, drew on several others of the

the same Kind: I was indeed prudent enough never to propose those Parties of Pleasure, as they styl'd them; but had not sufficient Resolution to refuse them, when they were proposed. The natural Propensity that I had to Pleasure, made me oftentimes improve and enlarge upon the Schemes that others had laid down. At last, by much Entreaty, I prevailed upon my Companions to be quiet for some Time. Dr. *Bathurst* to amuse me, in the mean while, proposed introducing me to some Ladies of his Acquaintance; whose sober Turn of Mind, he did not doubt, would be very agreeable to me. He had proposed this so often, that at last I consented to go with him. One Day, as we were walking in the Mall, he mentioned the Ladies again; and talked much of their Modesty, and Gravity; two Qualities, that he knew, would recommend them to me extremely. You will, said he, be highly delighted, when you are once acquainted with this Family. We are not a great Way off from their House. If you have a Mind, I will introduce you immediately. Accordingly I went. He told me however beforehand, that Mrs. *Martin* was the Wife of a Tradesman, whose Business frequently

frequently oblig'd him to be from Home. That in his Absence, she went to her Relations, and lived very comfortably amongst her Friends and Acquaintance. I did not perceive any Thing in her Behaviour, but what favoured this Account. I found her a sprightly Woman turn'd of forty, with a Daughter of hers, about twenty, who was tolerably handsome, but not genteel; and another Girl, who was two or three Years older than her Sister. All three were in their Dress very plain and neat.

Altho' I had been informed of their several Characters, I was surprized at the Gravity of their Deportment and Discourse. The Trifles, which take up such a large Share of the Time and Thoughts of most Women, seem'd only to be consider'd in their proper Light by these. The Mother seem'd prudent, the Daughters dutiful; and the whole Family, even to the Maid, had something exceedingly decent in their Appearance. I conceived from that Visit a very favourable Opinion of them, and therefore determin'd with myself to improve my Acquaintance there. After the Compliments had pass'd that are usual on such Occasions, the company, rallied

rallied the Doctor on his Indolence in not applying himself to the Exercise of his Profession. The Subject was copious; and as I knew he was never at a Loss for something to say, I joined in the Rail- lery. He defended himself as well as it was possible for any one to do in an Affair, where so little could be said in Excuse. If evil Examples are allowed to be of any Weight, surely no Man had ever more Right to live as he pleased, than he had. He quoted a Number of Things to prove that his Ancestors had a Right, Time immemorial, of living, as he called it, like Gentlemen, which consisted, according to his Definition, in the doing of nothing; except in the constant Practice of the fashionable Vices of the Age they lived in. So that these choice Spirits had looked upon all those, as worthless Scoundrels, who were either too virtuous, or too fearful to give up all sort of Right and Title to the Exercise of their Reason. He concluded with acknowledging his Consciousness that he was very far from having arrived at such a Degree of Perfection, but that he was not without Hopes of attaining it sometime or other. After having visited these Ladies two or three Times, I perceived

perceived that they grew much more familiar with me, than from the Gravity of their Deportment, I had at first expected. Their Conversation was extremely lively; tho' to do them Justice, I must own, that they never exceeded the Bounds of Modesty.

One Morning, recollecting that I had not seen them for some Days, and finding myself in that Part of the Town, I determined to call upon them. I happened to meet with Miss *Martin* only at Home, (which was the Name of the old Gentlewoman's Daughter,) in an Undress, and a Servant waiting upon her. She told me that her Mother, and Sister were gone out to Market. I perceived that she was going to dress, upon which I made an Offer of retiring; but she insisted upon my staying, till they came Home. The Time, the Place, the Situation of the Lady herself, were all so many Motives to my obeying her; which I accordingly did. Our Conversation, which had at first turned upon indifferent Subjects, at last fell on that of Love; which, as it is the most copious, so likewise is it the most general; there being very few, but affect to talk like Lovers, whether they were ever sensible,

sible, or no, of that Passion. We debated for some Time on this important Topick, when Miss *Martin* wondered, she said, that so many were in Love, and so few had Courage enough to own it. Indeed, Madam, replied I, the owning one's self in Love is not so easy a Thing as you imagine. I know very well, said she, that this is very difficult for a Woman to do, since the Confession of it from her may be attended with the most fatal Consequences. But Men, who have nothing to risk, and therefore should have nothing to fear, can find no great Difficulty in the Affair. Excuse me, Madam, said I, nothing is more grating to a Man, than such a Declaration, inasimuch as it seems to abate somewhat of the Dignity of his Nature. No doubt of it, said she, when he is uncertain whether he shall be loved in Return. And, indeed, how is he to know, whether he is loved or no? Is the mere Declaration of his Passion a sufficient Ground for a Woman to speak without any Reserve? Or, think you, that it would become a Woman upon finding herself prejudiced in his Favour, to make the first Advances? Nay, is not this the Way rather to expose herself to a Refusal, or by an over forwardness, at least to render

render the Conquest cheaper, and consequently not so much esteemed? Very few Women, replied I, would run any great Hazard of being refused. Every Woman, said she, would be in Fear of it; since, in all Probability, her Modesty would make her retract, and by that Means disappoint a Man; who might expect, by her being so forward at first, to have met with no great Difficulty afterwards. I was surprized at the Delicacy of Miss *Martin's* Sentiments on this Occasion; so that her Tongue, in a Manner, compleated the Conquest, that her Person had begun. The Arrival of her Mother put an End to a Conversation, which I would willingly have continued much longer. For Persons in Love dwell upon the Words, the Manner, the Turn of Sentiments, and Expression of those they admire. These affect us, when present; and even when absent, strike our Fancies with a Kind of pleasing Melancholy, not much unlike that we feel at the Remembrance of a departed Friend, both of which may be said to haunt our Imaginations.

I determined to be very assiduous for the future in paying my Respects to Miss *Martin*, and, indeed, was continually there
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for a fortnight or three Weeks together. My Friend, the Physician complained of my not calling upon him often enough. I told him that I had been very much engaged lately, and acquainted him with the Particulars of the late Conversation. Upon which, he informed me how much I had been deceived in my Opinion of that Family, owning at the same Time, that he had contributed to that Deceit, but protesting that his sole Motive was my Amusement; and that, therefore, as soon as he perceived I was in Danger of being ensnared by their Artifices, he thought himself obliged to prevent my being a Sufferer by them. He then entered into the Particulars of the Discovery; and told me, that the Mother was nothing more than the Mistress of the Man that she pretended to be married to; that, indeed, she had him sufficiently in her Power, and that, had it not been for a Woman, who was his lawful Wife, and who was still living, she would have been married long ago. The whole Aim then, both of the Father and Mother, was to marry off the Daughters. They were in Hopes, that the Beauty of the one might be of no small Advantage to the other. You say, said he, you are desirous

desirous of gaining the Affection of the youngest; and that you have a great Opinion of her Modesty, by what you have seen hitherto of her Behaviour. But you will find how miserably you have been mistaken, by what I am going to tell you. 'Tis but a few Weeks ago, since a young Gentleman of Fortune, who had paid his Addresses to her for some Time, luckily escaped her Clutches. He was even willing to marry her without any Fortune, and would have made a Settlement on the Mother, and eldest Daughter. But the Girl, as imprudent, tho' not so wicked as the Mother, was violently in Love with the young Gentleman, and regardless of the Consequence that would infallibly ensue, and buoyed up with the foolish Hope of his being for ever her constant Admirer, consented to make him as happy, as he could wish. But scarce did she find herself with Child, when she at the same Time lost her Lover, who had been taken out of the Way by his Father. Upon this she immediately looked out for some body else; and on your being introduced to her, thought you a proper Person; intending, no doubt, that you should father her Child. But being more knowing by Experience,

Experience, she was afraid she could not draw you in by her Artifice to marry her, and, therefore, determined to make use of more violent Methods. Accordingly, she intended to tell you, that she should be at Home all to-morrow Morning; where, was you to go, you would find a Number of People assembled together. She would swear the Child to you, and leave it to the others to constrain you to marry her. This was the Plot which was laid for your Destruction; and I am heartily glad I have had it in my Power to prevent it. I returned him many thanks for his kind Information, and told him, that I had not verbally been invited to come and see her the next Morning, and supposed that it proceeded from her not having had an Opportunity of speaking to me. But that I having observed she wanted to say something to me, I drew near, and put myself in her Way on Purpose. Upon which she soon afterwards slipped a Note into my Pocket, the Contents of which I found corresponded with what he had been just telling me; whereupon I should not hesitate a Minute what to do in the Affair. In the mean Time I desired my Friend to acquaint me, by what lucky Accident he had been informed of
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the several Particulars he had been mentioning.

I went very early to Mrs. *Martin's*, said he, and upon enquiring after the Ladies, was told that they were not stirring. As I knew the Girl that came to the Door was rather their Confident than their Servant, and having no small Curiosity to inquire how you went on, I staid with her below some Time, and asked her several Questions. This Maid has lived with them ever since the Mother has been kept by the Gentleman, whom she chooses to call her Husband, and is, therefore, perfectly well acquainted with her secret History. In order to compass my Design the better, I began, by asking her whether her Vails were not considerably diminished, since her Mistress had lost her Lover? She said, they were indeed. I do not doubt, said I, but they are. However, you ought to be contented, since I have introduced Mr. S—— into the House; for as he is very generous, and is in Love with your Mistress, I dare say there is enough to be got. Oh! replied she, I see now what is the Matter, I thought he had been forgetful, but since he has acquainted you with the Affair, I am afraid it was through Covetousness.

Covetousness. He has never given me a Farthing ; but that is not so surprizing, since my Mistress has hardly had any Thing. But hold ; I believe she will give him enough of it by and by, and it will be my own Fault, if I am not something the better for it. Though I did not understand a Syllable of what she had been saying, yet I pretended to know the whole Affair ; and told her it would be no bad Scheme ; nor did I think it would be a difficult Matter to dupe you, because, you was not one of the most sharp-sighted People in the World. She seemed highly delighted, and believed that that I had been concerned in the Plot against you. I did not give her any Reason to retract her Opinion, in order that I might be better acquainted with what they were going about ; which, I perceived, I could easily get to the Bottom of. At last, by little and little, I learnt the several Particulars that I have been just telling you. As soon as I found I had been let into the whole Secret, I told the Girl, that in order it might succeed the better, she should pretend that I knew nothing of the Matter ; which I did, lest it might create some Suspicion in her Mistress. She has promised

promised me faithfully that she will not mention my having said any Thing to her about it, and provided she keeps her Word till To-morrow, I shall be very well satisfied. Soon after he had said this, we parted.

I did not stir out all the next Day. Dr. *Batburst* came, and spent the whole Day with me. About Ten o'Clock I received a Note from Miss *Martin*, who reproached me for not coming according to Appointment. The Maid delivered it into my Hands. I desired her to come into my Room, under Pretence of giving her an Answer. As soon as she saw the Dr. with me, she concluded she was betrayed. But a Guinea, that I slipped into her Hand, composed her Spirits, and put her into good Humour. She then told us that a Constable had been hid in the House all Day, and informed us of several Particulars, less interesting, indeed, but which shewed at the same Time, that nothing had been omitted to make the Project sure. I do not know what Answer she brought back; for I have never heard of either of them from that Day to this. 'Tis true, indeed, that we told this Story about to every Body, on Purpose that they might hear their Design had been discovered.

Dr. *Bathurst*, who was an excellent Man at a Story, took Care to be the Spreader, insomuch as he had been the Author of the Discovery. In short, in a few Days it became the Talk of the whole Town, and I doubt not had received many Embellishments in the Telling.

Other Follies, which I soon after engaged in, drove out the Remembrance of this. My old Companions called upon me often, and one Day introduced me into a House, which, I afterwards found, they frequented very much. They acquainted the Company that I was the Hero of the Story above-mentioned. Upon which they desired I would favour them with a Recital of it. I immediately complied with their Request, and was myself the first to laugh at it. The agreeable Reception I there met with pleased me exceedingly. An additional Advantage was, that it was a very pleasant Walk to the House, which lay about three, or four Miles distant from *London*. It belonged to one Mr. *Solmes*, who had for some Time past held a Place of considerable Profit, under the Royal Family. This Gentleman, as well to encrease, as to hoard up his Fortune, had confined himself to this little Spot, which
he

he had fitted up in a very pretty Taste ; and whither, sometime or other, he was in Hopes of wholly retiring. As his Place at Court required very constant Attendance, it was but seldom that he could spare Time to see his Family ; which consisted of three Daughters, all of whom were between the Age of Sixteen and Twenty. Their Father had placed over them a Governess, whom, by their Management, they had reduced to the Situation of a Chambermaid. The other Servants were a Cook, and a Footman, who was employed also to look after the Garden. I was soon admitted to make one of this little Society. Their Time was chiefly taken up in Walking, Musick, or Dancing. They also bestowed some Part of it in looking after some Beds of Flowers ; which contributed not only to their Amusement, but to the Variety of their Business. I used frequently to pay them a Visit. Love seemed to me to be the only Topick of Conversation that was entirely banished ; not that I would by any Means hint, that the Miss *Solmes's* were not capable of inspiring it. 'Tis true, indeed, that they were neither of them Beauties, their Youth being the chief Article in their Favour.

I perceived at last that my Companion, who had introduced me, did it with another View, than barely for my Amusement and Satisfaction. He had, for some Time before, courted the eldest with great Assiduity; but was afraid of being watched by his Companion. He therefore introduced me; in hopes, by that means, that each of us would be attached to one; which would in a Manner engage us, and prevent his being taken Notice of so much. His Friend, accordingly, made his Addresses to the youngest. The middlemost was the only Choice I had left me; which I did not complain of, as she was by far the most handsome, at least in my Opinion. I amused myself with saying what is usually said to young People, and soon perceived that she was not a Lady of the most refined Morals either in Sentiment, or Practice. Presuming, however, upon this, and going one Day into the Garden after Dinner, I took hold of her Hand, and threw her down upon the Grass. She immediately, fired with Passion, told me that she was surprized at my Insolence, and ashamed of my Baseness, in being willing to triumph over her Weakness. It was to no Purpose that I pleaded the Violence
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of my Passion, for she was deaf to every Thing that I said on that Subject. I did not, therefore, attempt to reason with her any longer; but told her very gravely, that if I had exceeded the Bounds of that Respect, which was undoubtly her Due, her Beauty had been the Cause, by inspiring me with a Passion repugnant to her Honour and true Interest. That having for some Time tried to prevail upon her to pity me, but without any Success, I at length despaired; and would, therefore, for the Future, take Care to keep out of her Sight; that I might not draw upon myself her Anger for the endeavouring after what, I was now satisfied, I could never obtain. That, however, I would not wholly absent myself from the House, to occasion any Room for Reflections upon her Character; but would behave so much upon the Reserve, that she should not have any Reason to complain of my Rudeness. In this particular I kept my Word, for I was determined not to expose myself any longer to her capricious Humour. I found it no difficult Matter to excuse myself to my two Companions, for not accompanying them to Miss *Solmes's*. However, one Day they would force me to go

thither to Dinner, where I found a great deal of Company besides ourselves. After Dinner, Cards were called for, and many of them sat down to play. I excused myself on Account of a violent Head-ach, which I pretended to have; and in order to give a greater Air of Probability to what I had said, I walked out into the Garden, for the Benefit of the Air. After taking a Turn or two, I went, and sat down in a little Arbour situated at the End of a gravel Walk, and there fell asleep. Some Time after, I was waked by a Noise that I heard at a little Distance from me. Upon going to enquire into the Reason of it, I found Miss *Solmes*, my cruel Miss *Solmes*, who had but just before expressed such a virtuous Indignation at the Liberties I had taken, in a very indecent Posture with the Gardiner. Make haste, (said she to him, not having perceived my Approach) for I am afraid, they will miss me in the Dining-Room. I could not help bursting out into a Laugh, which made them turn to the Place where I stood; and the Gardener took to his Heels as fast as he was able. Miss *Solmes*, who was almost frightened out of her Wits, came to me with Tears in her Eyes, and entreated me,

me, that I would not expose her. She enforced what she said with many tender Endearments; nay, went so far as to protest she would be wholly mine. But all this was lost upon me, who despised her now, as much as I admired her before. She was terribly alarmed at my not seeming to take any Notice of what she had said; and thought she should be the Talk of the Town, as well as Miss *Martin*. Indeed she deserved it full as much: But as my concealing it could be attended with no ill Consequence to myself, I suffered myself to be prevailed upon by her Entreaties.

Discretion has been the chief Qualification I have valued myself upon throughout Life; and which, in my younger Days, was one great Cause of my being so favourably received by the fair Sex. But this was not the only Motive that induced me to conceal this Adventure. For had I been so imprudent as to have told it about, the Person to whom the Preference had been given, would have shocked my Vanity in no small Degree. Upon these Considerations, therefore, I assured her that I would not mention a Syllable of the Affair; and accordingly I kept my Word. However, from that

Time I determined never to go near the House any more. And yet even this was not sufficient to give me a Disgust to the Sex. Inured to Disappointments, I became less sensible of them every Time, which so far from diminishing, that they encreased my Desire of obtaining something better. However, they had this one good Effect, that they corrected the Viciousness of my Inclinations, though they conquered not the Inclination itself; and having found that Vice, under what Appearance soever it was concealed, was little else than Deceit, I was confirmed in my Resolution of applying myself to engage the Affections of some Lady of Reputation, whose Esteem was worth the having; and who, would not make me a Sacrifice to a Rival, or for want of one to her own Caprice.

I was now in my twentieth Year; and thought that it was high Time for me to think of settling in the World. I knew indeed that my Fortune was sufficient to support me very genteely, yet the natural Partiality which every one feels towards himself, heightened by the Praises that I continually received, contributed, no doubt, to persuade me, that I was accountable to Society for the Abilities I
was

was Master of. It was Ambition that prompted me to improve them, and therefore, I determined to put myself out of the Way of every Thing that might retard my Design; and to give up my Time and Industry to the advancing myself in Life. One Part I employed in cultivating the Esteem of those who, I knew, were able, and who, I hoped, would be willing to get me a Place; the other I chiefly set apart in endeavouring to make myself capable of discharging the Duty that might be required of me, should my Application succeed. So that the Morning was spent in my Study, the Afternoon in paying my Respects to Lord M——, the Duke of S—— and other People of Quality to whom I had the Honour of being known.

My Lord M—— one Day took me to a distant Relation of his, who seemed to be a very good sort of a Woman, that had two young Ladies who boarded with her. One was the Daughter of a Gentleman of the first Rank, that my Lord designed to marry his Son to; of which the young Gentleman was extremely desirous. The other, said he, is Miss *Affleck*, a near Relation of Lord R——'s, who takes Care of her. The Parents

were in good Circumstances, and the young Lady would have had a good Fortune, had her Father been more prudent. I need not give you any Description of their Persons: I leave you to judge of them. I immediately concluded that Lord M——, who had my Interest much at Heart, and would have it soon in his Power to provide for me, intended to recommend me to Miss *Affleck*; which could not fail of having great Weight with her; and likewise on the other Hand I did not doubt, but that she was deserving of my utmost Affection and Esteem. I amused myself with these pleasing Hopes, and accordingly determined to make Use of every Method I could think of to engage her Heart.

The Ladies, soon after our Arrival, came down into the Parlour. Both of them appeared to me to be extremely handsome. My Lord introduced me to them as a particular Friend of his. The Conversation at first was very general. I waited with great Impatience to know which was the Lady I was to address. As they were both dressed pretty much alike, there was no judging by that Means. Their Shapes were extremely fine, they seemed much of the same Age,
about

about Seventeen; one of them was extremely fair, and as much upon the Reserve, as the other was lively, and open. The latter was not indeed so fair, but her Complexion was exceedingly delicate; her Eyes large and expressive, her Face of an oval Form, and her Features extremely regular. Altho' while I remained doubtful which of them was Miss *Affleck*, my Heart was in a Manner divided between them both, yet I could not help wishing secretly that this might be she. The Event was answerable to my Wishes. After she had paid her Compliments to Lord M——, she informed him that she had lately received a Letter from her Father, wherein he acquainted her with his Design of removing her from the Place where she now was, the Beginning of the next Winter. I will be so free, said she, as to tell you that I am extremely glad, inasmuch as I have for some time past longed to go into Life, which is much more agreeable to me, than the living in the retired Way I do at present. But still this Joy is allayed, as I am at the same Time informed, that he designs to marry me to an Officer, whom he is very intimate with. This is the more disgusting, as I have already declared

declared my Intentions never to have him. In this Case, however, continued she, I shall put myself under Lady M—'s Protection; and I doubt not but she will make Use of all the Interest she has with my Father to induce him to forsake this his Purpose; which, if he persists in, can end in nothing but my being truly miserable. Lord M— desired she would immediately acquaint his Lady with her Situation; telling her that it would be much better to do it, before Mr. *Affleck* came for her. She thanked him for his good Advice, and promised to follow it. Lord M—, who had a Mind I should be of the Party, asked if I did not think it would be the most prudent Step, she could take? I immediately declared it was; and from thence took occasion to launch out into the Praises of the young Lady, for her extraordinary Resolution. I endeavoured to convince her, that being so far from submitting to marry a Person that was her Aversion, she should never think of entering into that State, but with one, for whom she had the highest Esteem, as well as Affection; which last depending more on Fancy than Judgment, was apt in Time to subside, if not kept alive by the former. Miss
Affleck

Affleck seemed extremely pleased with what I had said, and introduced a Conversation, in which she acquitted herself so well, that it raised her, if possible, in my Opinion. Lord M—— was talking in the mean Time with the other Lady very earnestly; so that probably we had staid there much longer, had not the Time of Day reminded us that we ought to take our Leave.

While we were going Home, I returned Lord M—— a thousand Thanks for having introduced me to such amiable Ladies; and owned to him at the same Time, that all the good Qualities one could ever hope to have centered in one Woman, seemed to be united in Miss *Affleck*; and that I felt a great Inclination to love her; if I was not in Love with her already. He, upon this, acquainted me, that as his Lady was desirous that Miss *Affleck* should be disposed of in Marriage to a Person of Worth and Reputation, and as he intended to provide for me as soon as it lay in his Power, so he thought the introducing me to her was a main Step towards the Completion of the Happiness of us both, as it would tend to unite the Interests of two Families that
were

were equally dear to him. He added further, that he had too great an Esteem for me, not to be very desirous that this Match should take Place; and, as we were both of us extremely suitable to each other, he did not doubt, but we should soon engage one anothers Affections; and that whenever that was the Case, he would mention the Affair to his Lady, whose Consent and Interest he was sure of obtaining. We used frequently to pay our Respects to the young Ladies, from whom I never returned, without discovering some new Charms in Miss *Affleck*. In a little Time I felt a Passion for her in a Degree that I had hitherto been entirely a Stranger to. The former Passions which I had felt, I called by the Name of Love, for Want of knowing what to call them. Miss *Wilson's* Beauty had indeed caught my Admiration; but penetrated no farther; and, therefore, as soon as the Object was removed, my Heart resumed its usual Freedom and Alacrity. Miss *Saxby's* agreeable Person and Behaviour, had raised in my Breast a Tenderneſs, which the Impediments, thrown in our Way by our Parents, taught us to consider as Love. Gratitude had engaged me to

Mrs.

Mrs. *Barton*, and the Love of Pleasure made me continue her Acquaintance. Lastly, Miss *Powis* had given me Hopes, that I should marry her some Time or other; which perhaps her Beauty, and perhaps the Largeness of her Fortune, made me equally desirous of. But quite contrary to my Behaviour in these several Instances, the oftener I saw Miss *Affleck*, the more was I at a Loss to find out the different Sensations with which I found myself affected. When I was absent from her, I was continually employed in thinking what little Assiduities and Arts of pleasing I should put in practice to secure her Affection. But whenever she appeared, my Schemes vanished, my Resolution forsook me, and I had hardly Courage enough to look her in the Face. Her Air, her Voice, her Conversation, in short every Thing contributed to make me more and more in love with her. I was at one, and the same Time, an humble Admirer, a tender Friend, and a respectful Lover. Altho' I felt within the most ardent Desires, yet I could perceive that they were under the Influence and Direction of Sentiments, which breathed nothing but Purity itself; and indeed I was fully persuaded,

suaded, that this was both the first, and last Time I should ever be really in Love. The Sequel will be an evident Proof that I was not mistaken in my Opinion; for to this delightful, yet cruel Passion, all the Happiness, and all the Misery that I afterwards felt in Life, were owing to a great Degree.

Being violently in Love, I determined to conceal it no longer from the fair Cause of it. My Eyes, for some Time, were the only Interpreters I could make Use of. I ventured to explain the Situation of my Heart in Words which were hardly liable to be mistaken, and on the right Understanding of which depended my future Happiness. Miss *Affleck* did not seem at all surprized at my making this Confession, and told me she was so far from feeling any natural Aversion to me, that she neither could, nor would refuse me her Esteem: That she thought me sufficiently qualified to make any reasonable Woman happy: That if I really loved her, Time and my Love might carry her still farther, and that she would not conceal from me the Progress that I should make in her Affections. I was in Raptures at this open Declaration, which seemed to be so much in my Favour, and
indeed

indeed contributed greatly to prejudice me in hers, since I perceived every Day more and more Freedom and Ingenuity, which would alone have engaged my Esteem, had she been possessed of no other Perfections. For being naturally of a very open Temper myself, I proposed to fix on nobody, but one whose Truth and Sincerity I had long Experience of, and on whom I might very securely depend. These Qualities, indeed, are but very rarely to be met with; and are, therefore, rather to be wished for than expected. Miss *Affleck* was possessed of them in a very eminent Degree, and indeed it was not long before she gave me convincing Proofs of it.

About three Months after I had been first introduced to her, during which Time I had paid my Respects very regularly three Times a Week, she owned to me one Day, she had now so entire a Regard for me, that she desired nothing more than our being married, and expressed a great Unwillingness to the going with her Father. I expressed my Concern for her, and told her how much I feared that she would be forced into a Match, that her Father seemed fond of. She replied, that she had taken sufficient
Pre-

Precautions upon that Head; that she had not only spoke about it to Lady M——, several Times, but had wrote to her Mother in the Country, and that they had both assured her, in the strongest Manner, that they would use their utmost Endeavours to prevent a Match, which seemed to give her so much Uneasiness.

Curiosity (for I could not be jealous of an unhappy Lover) induced me to ask her, what was the Reason she had such an Aversion to the Officer, her Father intended should be her Husband? She informed me that Captain *Markland*, (for that was the young Gentleman's Name) was about my Age, and very handsome. That at first she was extremely taken with his Appearance; but he had got such a Habit of Lying, that he did it almost every Instant; and that too for no one Reason in the World. That this had made her despise him, which is not a great many Degrees distant from the Passion of Hatred. This Failing is so great a one, continued she, that I think it is of all the most insupportable in a Husband. What, indeed, makes it appear the more odious to me, is, that natural Love I have ever had
for

for Truth, both in Principle and Practice. I am surprized, indeed, that he should still so earnestly desire me, since I have mortified his Vanity, of which he has a sufficient Share, by declaring more than once my utter Aversion to him. Nay, I have done more; for he has this last Summer lodged in *London*, and tried several Times to gain Admittance to me, but I have always excused myself from receiving his Visits.

I told her, that there was no Hope of amending any Faults which Love had not the Power to conquer, and that, undoubtedly, Captain *Markland's* Affection for her was not so great as mine, since I found myself in a Disposition to correct whatever Parts of my Character she might think blameable, in order that I might have better Success than that unfortunate Gentleman. That with this View, I conjured her by that Sincerity which constituted so aimable a Part of her Character, that she would inform me what she thought either in my Morals or Behaviour. That if I was so unfortunate as to fail in my intended Happiness, I could only attribute it to my own Defects; and that I would endeavour, by all the Means that I could make use

use of, to amend them. You shall be informed then, said she smiling, and if your Love is as great as you profess, as I believe it is, you will not complain of the Hardship of my Request. Lord M——, upon acquainting me with his Intention of introducing you to me, represented you as a young Gentleman of distinguished Merit, that he thought himself obliged to provide for. Nor has he at all deceived me in the Character that he gave me of you. I perceived his Design. The Desire of pleasing, common to our Sex, and perhaps not very uncommon among yours, added to my being willing to enter into Life, contributed greatly to prejudice me in your Favour. But your Appearance so much beyond my Expectations, surprized me very agreeably. Your Conversation convinced me that you was deserving of my Esteem, and, indeed, I had no Intentions of going any further at that Time. However small my Abilities, which have not had much Opportunity of being improved, partly owing to the Manner of my Education, and partly to the Retirement that I have always lived in, yet I could easily perceive that your Understanding was very uncommon, having been improved
by

by the Advantages of Learning, wherein, I must own, I have always envied your Sex; and which some People are so absurd as to imagine ours utterly incapable of receiving. However, I did not think these sufficient Qualifications to engage my Affections, had they not been accompanied with that agreeable Behaviour, which I doubt you are not sensible of, and which, indeed, I should blame you for, if you was in any great Degree. Why is he not (have I often said to myself) as handsome as Captain *Markland*? Oh! why is not Captain *Markland* blessed with Mr. S——'s improved Understanding! However, by seeing you often, this last Consideration wore off by Degrees. You talked to me of your Love in such a Manner, that you almost at the same Time convinced me of the Sincerity of it. I began to *wish* that your Professions might be sincere, and after that I found it no great Difficulty to persuade myself that they *were* so. In a little Time, I found Sentiments arising in my Breast, which I had never felt upon any other Person's Account before; and which were much too strong and lively to proceed merely from Esteem. I could not look upon them as resulting from

from Friendship. Nay, had I been ever so willing to have done it, the Warmth which accompanied them, would have convinced me of the contrary. What shall I say then? You have made me look on that as a Happiness, which for some Time past has given me a great deal of Uneasiness. I hope that the Difficulty which you have met with in pleasing me, will give you a Constancy, unusual to be met with among Mankind; and being sure that you will not fail of acquiring the Esteem of all the Women of your Acquaintance, my own Experience makes me wish, that you may not address any one else so far as to gain her Love.

How happy I am, cried I, in an Extacy, in having the good Opinion of so accomplished a young Lady! The Sacrifice you require at my Hands is really nothing; but were I the most lovely, and the most beloved of all Mankind, the Value I should set on those outward Advantages, would be only in Proportion as they would conduce to the giving you fresh Assurances of the most tender and constant Affection. You are, and ever will be more to me than all the Advantages I can reap from the whole
World

World besides. Indeed, I want Words to express the Gratitude that I feel. When I had made an End of speaking, I seized her Hand and kissed it with great Eagerness. She drew it back, and blushed. I should have stayed much longer, but the Evening drew on apace, and I found it was Time to make an End of my Visit.

As soon as I had an Opportunity of talking with Lord M——, I acquainted him with the favourable Reception that I had met with from Miss *Affleck*. He congratulated me on my Success, and promised me he would speak to his Lady in my Behalf. He kept his Word that very Day, and found her extremely forward to serve me in the Affair, as soon as the young Lady's Father and Mother came to Town. I was almost distracted with Joy upon hearing this good News, and longed with the utmost Impatience for the Day that I was again to visit Miss *Affleck*. I thought it would not be proper to go without Lord M——, lest he should either take Offence at it, or the old Lady, at whose House she was, should refuse me Admittance. However, at last the happy Time came in which we went. As soon as we were got thither,
we

we were informed, that Miss had set out that very Morning with her Father, who came to fetch her into the Country, where her Mother was so ill, that she was afraid she should never see her Daughter any more. He had desired his Respects to Lady M——, and hoped she would be so good as to excuse his not waiting upon her, as he was afraid the utmost Speed they could make would prove ineffectual.

A thousand different Ideas crouded into my Imagination at once. I thought at first it might be an Artifice made Use of by Mr. *Affleck* to dispose of his Daughter in Marriage, without Lady M——'s knowing any Thing of the Matter. But, however, I recollected that as he was a Gentleman, so he was incapable of acting in that underhand Manner; and this Consideration put me into better Spirits upon the Occasion. Yet notwithstanding all this, I was pretty certain that it would be some Time before I could have the Pleasure of seeing her. For supposing her Mother should die, she would lose a faithful Advocate; and consequently it would be of great Disadvantage to me. On the other Hand, if she should recover, in all Probability
it

it would be a great while first, and it was very likely that, during her Illness, she would be glad to have her Daughter with her. Full of these Reflections, I resolved to clear up the Affair myself. I knew very well that Mr. *Affleck's* Country House was about thirty Miles off. The young Lady was the only Person that could possibly know me; so that if I went disguised, I had no Reason for any Apprehensions of a Discovery. I determined, therefore, to go thither in Lord M——'s Livery. My Lord's Son, whom I informed of my intended Disguise, approved of the Reasons I gave him for so doing. He lent me a Couple of Horses, and a Servant of his, whose Honesty he could depend on. As soon as we arrived at the Place, I changed Cloaths with the Servant, in order to go alone to Mr. *Affleck's*. I perceived a large House strait before me, and made up to it. The Gardener, who opened the Door, upon my enquiring after Mrs. *Affleck*, told me that she had indeed been extremely ill of a Cancer in her Breast; that a few Days before they expected her Death every Hour; but that she had been growing better ever since, and that very Day the Physician and Surgeon had pronounced

her to be out of Danger ; that Mr. *Affleck* was gone out upon Business, and that Miss never stirred from her Mamma's Bedside. However, upon saying that I came from Lord M—'s, I was admitted instantly into a Room even where the sick Lady was then lying. As there was but very little Light in the Room, I could hardly distinguish whether there was any Body there or no. I could perceive, however, Miss *Affleck* opening one of the Curtains, and telling her Mamma that Lady M—— had sent a Servant on purpose to enquire how she did. She seemed extremely pleased at this Mark of Lady M——'s Kindness, and desired that I would thank my Lady in her Name. I told her that I was to attend a Relation of my Lord's to a Place about six Miles off in a few Days, and that I did not doubt but my Lady would desire me to call again. I took this Precaution, that I might be at Liberty to make a second Visit without being at all suspected. Mrs. *Affleck* desired that I would stay at her House till the next Morning ; but I pretended that my Lady had given me positive Orders not to stay a Moment beyond what was absolutely necessary ; for she was extremely impatient

impatient to know how Mrs. *Affleck* did. The good old Lady commended my Fidelity, and desired her Daughter to see that they took Care of me in the Kitchen. We went out of that Room into the Light, where Miss *Affleck* looked at me for some Time with great Attention; and at last with an Air as if she was afraid of being mistaken; what? said she, am I then deceived? I thought I knew your Face, and your Voice made me suspect some Deceit. The more I look at you, the more am I confirmed in my Opinion, that this Livery is only a Disguise. It can never be your proper Habit.

You are much in the right, Madam, said I; you are not mistaken. Behold at your Feet the unhappy Man, that your Departure had almost thrown into Despair, and who could think of no other Method to obtain a Sight of you, than that he has made use of. I will not conceal from you, said she, how sensibly I am affected with this Mark of your Esteem. But the Condition, in which you appear at present, is as mortifying, as it is a Proof of your great Affection. This Station is indeed too much below you. There is no Condition, replied I, but is

ennobled by Love. The Motive of my Coming ought to be a sufficient Excuse to you for the Manner of my Appearance. Examine my Conduct, and I hope you will find nothing blameable in it in this Respect. For I assure you, I would have undergone a great deal more for the sake of the Pleasure of your Company. We sat together about a couple of Hours; the greatest Part of which Time was spent in the mutual Interchange of Professions of Love and Constancy; and numberless Indearments, as tender as they were innocent, sealed in a Manner our Contract. Miss *Affleck* was however forced to leave me very frequently to go to her Mother.

Before I left the House, I had the Pleasure of hearing, that Mr. *Affleck's* Business would draw him to Town, as soon as his Wife could be able to bear the Fatigue of the Journey. I promised on the other Hand that I would take Advantage of the Precaution before-mentioned to return in a few Days. In order to let slip the Time that they might suppose I had spent in the Journey I pretended I was to make, I went to a Village about two Miles from Mr. *Affleck's*, and from thence wrote to Lord M——'s
Son,

Son, to inform him of the Reason of my staying. I gave the Servant that accompanied me the Letter, and told him, that provided he delivered it very soon, he might stay in *London* a couple of Days to rest himself, and that he might bring me the Answer afterwards. In order to hinder any Enquiry being made about me in the Village, I staid at Home the whole Time, and waited with great Impatience for the Day, on which I was to return to Miss *Affleck*. On my Arrival thither, I found her Mother surprizingly recovered for so short a Time. Mr. *Affleck* had received a Letter which required his immediate Journey to Town. He accordingly went that very Evening, and designed going to Lord *M——*'s the first Thing he did, to thank them for their great Civility in sending to enquire after his Wife's Health. Miss *Affleck* asked me, in her Mother's Hearing, whether I could stay while she wrote a couple of Letters? One of which she intended for Lady *M——*, and the other for the Person at whose House she had boarded when in Town. I told her I would stay as long as she pleased. Then pray stay here, said Mrs. *Affleck*, till Tomorrow; for I am sure you must be

tired with riding about so much. I made no other Answer than several low Bows, by which I intended to express my Assent. Miss *Affleck* took me into her Father's Closet, under Pretence of desiring me to mend a Pen or two, and there informed me, that she had accidentally seen the Direction of the Letter which had occasioned her Father's sudden Departure, and that she knew it to be Captain *Markland's* Hand Writing. Her Father, she said, had talked of him to her, as of a Man, whom he intended for her immediate Husband; but that she was not under any great Apprehensions, because this Lover of hers was too much attached to his own Interest, to take her without any Portion. For her Father, whose Estate was but small, could not afford to give her any Thing; and, therefore, her Fortune depended wholly on her Mother's Goodness, who would not put herself to a Farthing Expence to make her Daughter unhappy; which she was now thoroughly convinced would be the Case, if she married the Captain. That she had even already prejudiced her Mother in my Behalf, by representing me to her in a very advantageous Light, and by telling her how much I was esteemed

esteemed by Lord M—— and his Family, and likewise, that it was by my Lord's Means that she became acquainted with me. The Hopes of ingratiating herself with Lady M—— by being particularly civil, was, I found, of no small Weight with the Mother.

All that I could say was not sufficient to prevail on Miss *Affleck* to let me go down into the Kitchen, and dine among the Servants. She made her Footman lay a Cloth in the Hall; and came herself two or three Times to me under Pretence that she wanted to enquire something about Lady M—— and her Family. How sensibly I was affected with this Affability, I leave to the Consideration of those, whose Hearts have been in the same Situation that mine then was. After Dinner she contrived to leave her Mother to the Care of the Nurse, and to shew me the whole House. She told me that she looked on this Visit, as a Kind of coming to take Possession. The House seemed to me to be very convenient, and in good Repair. The Garden was large, and prettily laid out. We went over each, altho' we did not make any great Haste. She did not leave me till almost Supper Time, when she fa-

voured me with her Company in the same Manner as she had at Dinner.

The next Morning I went to take my Leave of Miss *Affleck*, and as I was going out of her Room into a Saloon, I found that every Thing had been set there ready for Breakfast. Miss *Affleck* dressed herself, and came and sat with me. We then consulted how we might write to one another with the greatest Secrecy and Security; and after having given each other numberless Assurances of our mutual Love, we parted. Our Eyes were almost drowned in Tears; and we seemed as if we were apprehensive beforehand of the Misfortunes that were afterwards but too severely felt by each of us.

I pulled off my Livery when I got to the Village where I had staid sometime before, and mounting my Horse, rode on towards *London* extremely pensive and melancholy. Upon enquiring at Lord *M——*'s, I found that Mr. *Affleck* had not been there yet. I told Mr. *M——*, Lord *M——*'s Son, how extremely surprized I was at it. He told me, he did not doubt, but that he was making merry with his Mistress on Account of his Wife's Recovery. Or rather,

ther, that he was taking the Opportunity of the Absence of the one, to give himself up wholly to the other. Lady M—, during my Absence, had been made acquainted with my Departure. I gave her, therefore, the Letter that Miss *Affleck* had intrusted me with, and Mr. M— took upon him to deliver the other. I wrote immediately to Miss *Affleck*, and told her that her Father had not as yet been at Lord M—'s. Her Answer, without informing me exactly of what might be the Cause of this Delay, was wrote in such a Manner as to confirm the Suspicions that Mr. M— had already mentioned. I thought I had nothing else to do, but to wait either till Mr. *Affleck* thought proper to appear, or till his Lady was quite recovered.

One Day, as I was going along St. James's-Street with Dr. *Bathurst*, we met a young Fellow of his Acquaintance, whom I knew only by Sight. He would force us to go into a neighbouring Coffee-house; where for some Time, they engrossed the whole Conversation to themselves; and not contented with that, would often interrupt each other, and by that Means, be talking both at the same Time. At last the Doctor caught the

Attention of his Companion, while he was giving him an Account of the several Parties of Pleasure, that we had been engaged in the Summer before. He launched out greatly in admiring my Happiness and flattering my Taste, who always had, he said, the finest Girls of any that could be got. I would not swear that you do, said I, but that you *seem* to envy me, is very plain; for I have hardly ever been in Company with you since that Time, but you have mentioned it. How lucky! cried the other; there she goes! Is not that a lovely Girl? said he, addressing himself to the Doctor. I think she is, replied he. Cannot you tell me, said the other where she lives? I do not know the House, said he, but I know she lodges somewhere hereabouts. S—— can inform you better than I can. But, I believe, you will lose your Labour; for, if I mistake not, this is her Harvest Time. In order, therefore, to be well received there during the Winter, less Giddiness, and more Dexterity and Address than you are Master of, is required. Follow my Advice in this Affair. You have nothing else to do, but to pay your Court to S——, and the Thing will be done, said he, clapping me on the Shoulder.

der. This Man, continued he, is soon tired ; when, therefore, he is taken with some new Object, you need not doubt, but he will let you have a Share in that which he has left.

I had observed, that ever since the Beginning of this Conversation, two Officers, who were dressed in the same Regimentals, and who came into the Coffee-house much about the Time we did, had seated themselves at a Table not far from us, and seemed to be listening to our Discourse. Their Attention was visibly increased, when Dr. *Batburst* named the Girl that was going by the Door. One of them, who appeared to be the Elder of the two, even got up, and went to the Window ; and on his returning to his Seat, I overheard him tell his Friend, it is she indeed. Upon which the youngest answered, you will see that you have not been imposed upon, and, I hope, will give me the Satisfaction I-desire. Ever since that Time, one or other of them had been continually eying me. This made me conclude that the Eldest, who seemed to be about forty, was in Love with the Girl that had been just mentioned. And tho', indeed, it was not very likely this should be the Case,
yet

yet still it was not impossible. This was sufficient to make me desirous of putting an End to a Conversation, of which I was now thoroughly tired. I was not under any Apprehensions that a Man of Sense would call me to an Account for his Mistress's Inconstancy; however, I was not willing that she should be the Sacrifice of the Doctor's Imprudence. With this View I determined to make him some Reply. Are you not surprized, said I to him, at my Patience in hearing the Stuff you have been talking about me? A very pretty Story you have been making up! is it not? which, if believed by any Body that heard you, would make them think, I was as great a Rake as yourself. Do you imagine that the hurting my Reputation will increase the Credit of yours? No, no; believe me, you may hurt me, but can never better yourself. Do not you know what a Piece of Work there was, and what a Number of Lies you was obliged to trump up in order to drag me out of my Study? Besides, the Girl that you spoke of as my Acquaintance, did not go by the Name you mentioned; and she has no more Resemblance to her that went by just now, than the Words, which you are continually pouring forth in such

Haste,

Haste, have to common Sense. She has just stept into the House over against us. If you have a Mind, I will convince you immediately of the Truth of what I have been saying. We will go and buy some Trinkets at the Shop, which are very suitable for such Fellows as you, who give them to the Women.

The resolute Air, which accompanied what I had said, amazed my two Companions. The Doctor would willingly have made a Reply, but I prevented him by saying, I thought you knew me better, than to imagine I would retract, when I have gone so far. Once more I appeal to your Shatterbrain, whether you will go with me, or no? He told me he could not possibly go then; but that the very first Opportunity, he should expect I would conduct him thither. Whenever you please, said I, getting up from my Seat; upon which the rest did the same, and we all went out.

As soon as I left them, I went to Lord M——'s, and looking behind me, saw the two Officers, that had been in the Coffee-house, coming towards the Door. One of them asked whether my Lord was at Home? But being told that he was gone out with my Lady, and would not
be

be at Home till Night, they went away. As I was going up to Mr. M——'s Room, I congratulated myself on having quieted the Suspicions that the Doctor's Discourse might have given the Officers, which would not have turned to my Advantage ; and which might have prejudiced Lord M—— against me, if it had ever reached his Ears. Nor was that at all unlikely, considering the Officers were of his Acquaintance.

I found Mr. M—— engaged in Company ; so that I staid but a little while, and then returned to my own Lodgings. Two Days after, towards the Evening, I went to Lord M——'s, and found that my Lord and Lady were playing at Cards, with some other Persons that had dined there. Mr. M——, with three other young People, made a Party in another Room. Thither I went, and whom should I see standing there, but the very Officer, that I had imagined to be the Girl's humble Admirer. He seemed uneasy that Mr. M—— was engaged ; and being tired of doing nothing, was continually walking round and round the Table, and every now and then leaning upon the Chairs of the People at play ; which perpetually gave them, and
every

every Body else, a great deal of Uneasiness. I perceived that he viewed me very attentively. I observed him likewise in the same Manner. He was a tall well-made Man; but his Face, which was continually on the Frown, bespoke him sour and ill-natured. I foresaw that he would ask me to play with him, and therefore pretended to have forgot something, and was just going out, when he stopped me, and desired I would play a Game at Picquet with him. A Wink that I received from Mr. M—— obliged me to comply. We played several Games much more quietly than I expected. At last, finding that I had neither won nor lost, I begged he would excuse my playing any longer; giving him as a Reason, what I had before pretended. He desired me to play one Rubber more, and then said, he would not trespass upon me any further. When we first sat down to play, he seemed for a while quite absent. At last, as if recollecting himself, and leaning over the Table towards me, for fear the rest of the Company should overhear him; Sir, said he, I dare say, you remember me enough to know that I am the Person, who overheard your Conversation at the Coffee-house two or three Days

Days ago. As the Subject of it, was a Person, in whose Interest I am very nearly concerned, I listened attentively to what was going forwards. The Answer that you gave one of the Gentlemen who came along with you, would have led me to conclude, that what he said was only a Jest which he had a mind to put upon you, had I not been apprised sometime before, of your private Correspondence with the Girl that passed by the Window. You must know then, Sir, that I have kept her for these two Years; and that I am very credibly informed you have enticed her away from me. I am not willing to be dup'd by her, or to see myself over-reached by other People. But since you have chose to engage in this Affair, you must be answerable for the Consequences that will ensue, as I doubt not but I shall meet you sometime or other.

Just as he had said this, Lord M—— came up, and staid sometime to see us play, which hindered me from answering the Officer, as I intended to have done. This Gentleman, who had been beforehand with me, and who seemed quick at taking an Affront, resolved to give me some Ground for quarelling with him,

him, which, however trifling, would serve at least as a Pretence for my doing so. He was the eldest Hand; and its being his Turn to put out, he laid out but four, and took in five; the eight Cards that he had in his Hand, being all of a Suit. I perceived, as we were playing, that he had got a Card too much; and foresaw very plainly what would be the Consequence of telling him of it. However, as Lord M—— was standing close by me, I could not help taking Notice of it, which I did in the genteelest Manner I could. He told me that it must be a Mistake of mine. After having examined our Tricks, we looked at the Cards that each of us had put out. Upon which he affected a Surprize at finding that he had put out but four; but, however, calling it a Mistake, he insisted upon it that the Game ought to be his notwithstanding. I told him that what he was pleased to look upon as a Mistake, was such a one, as, by the Rules of the Game, hindered him from reckoning a single Point that Deal; and that I alone had a right to set up any. Yet I added, that I was willing to let the Deal go over again if he chose it, and that neither of us should reckon any Thing. Lord M—— commended my Proposal extremely,

tremely, and wondered at my shewing so much Temper in the Affair. But the Officer was quite of a different Opinion; and even went so far as to say that he had won the Game fairly. I thought I should avoid all possible Means of quarrelling with him, by referring the Dispute to Lord M——'s Arbitration, or if he did not choose to appeal to him, by paying him, as if I had really lost it. My Lord, who knew that this Offer proceeded from my Complaisance, would not suffer me to do any such Thing, but immediately called out to the other Gentlemen that were at Play to come and decide it. As soon as they had heard both Sides of the Question, they unanimously determined it in my Favour. This, instead of satisfying, increased the Anger of my Antagonist, who pushed the Table from him with such Force, that it would have thrown me down, had not some of the Gentlemen present held me up. What a Fool am I, says he, for trifling away my Time with such a pert Coxcomb? I really do not know, Sir, said I, whether I am deserving of the Epithet with which you have been pleased to honour me; but give me leave to assure you, it is only the Respect which

I have for the Company we are in, that has prevented my giving you a proper Answer. Well then, said he, with a Sneeze, let us go down Stairs, my good Sir, and there see if you can explain yourself any better, when we are alone. Lord M—— prevented my returning any Answer to this last Speech, by ordering his Son to take Hold of me; then taking the Officer by the Arm, This, Sir, said he, is a great deal too much. I desire you will depart from hence immediately, and never return till you have learnt how to behave yourself better than to insult, in my House and Presence, a Friend of my Son's, a young Man, whom I have taken under my Protection, and who is highly deserving of it; as you yourself would acknowledge, were you better acquainted with him. While he was saying this, he led him into the Anti-chamber, and then shut the Door upon him.

I am amazed, said his Lordship, that a Man of his Years, and one who knows the World so well as he does, should be so little conversant in Picquet, as to stand out in Opposition to the fundamental Rules of the Game, and at the same Time should be so obstinate, as not to submit

submit to the Determination of People, who are better Judges of the Dispute than he is. My Lord was certainly in the right. Had the Game been the only Foundation of the Quarrel, it would have been very strange indeed. However, I was resolved not to undeceive him; lest the Knowledge of it might prejudice him against me. Besides, the more surprized he remained at the Occasion of the Quarrel, the more firmly would he be convinced how industriously I had avoided it. The Officer, in the mean Time, had the whole Blame thrown upon him. This is not all that is to be done, said Lord M—— to his Son. We must take Care to secure S—— from the Threats of this Brute, till I have talked to him, and brought him to a right Sense of Things. In the mean Time, your Friend must stay here, and never stir out but in our Company. I will endeavour to reconcile them, and take due Care about stipulating the Conditions. Nay, I am not sure, but this Accident may be very advantageous to him. What? said young M——, Miss *Affleck* shall be the Guarantee of the Treaty. That is my Intention, replied my Lord. How! then, said I, in great Confusion, is that
Mr.

Mr. *Afflick* that I have quarreled with ? It is indeed, said Mr. *M—*. How truly unhappy am I ! said I, almost sinking under the Weight of this unfortunate Incident. I paused a little while, and reflected on the extreme Misery of my Condition, which seemed to have brought about the most unlikely Concurrence of Accidents, merely to make that Man my Enemy, which it was my truest Interest to keep well with, above all other Persons in the Word. How unfortunate was my meeting with the Man who was the Father of the Lady that I adored, and the Keeper of the Girl, that I was supposed to intrigue with ? How could one think it possible that this Girl, Mr. *Afflick*, Dr. *Bathurst*, and myself, should be all so near together at the same Time, and the same Place ? Besides, I really was quite ignorant of what he had laid to my Charge. It was true, indeed, that I had been five or six Times in Company with the Girl he mentioned ; but I had never gone beyond the Bounds of the utmost Decency with her. How and by what Methods could he have been informed of what he accused me of ? I had indeed, overheard the other young Officer tell him, that now he had an Opportunity

tunity of avenging himself, and that he need not be imposed on any longer. This seemed as if the young Man had, and did still, interest himself in the Affair. But what Reason could he have to hurt one, who had never before seen him in his Life, and who, it was most probable, had never injured him? I imagined that there was a Possibility of his being Captain *Markland*, my Rival. What confirmed me in this Opinion, was his answering exactly the Description that had been given me of him, both with Respect to his Age, and Person. What made it still more probable, was his being with the Officer, whom I now knew to be Mr. *Affleck*. But, however that might be, he was not the Person, who had brought about the unfortunate meeting, for that was owing solely to my own ill Luck; and which, in a great Measure, produced the Quarrel that ensued.

I put an End to these Reflections, which served rather to increase, than diminish my Uneasiness, by thanking Lord *M——* for his extraordinary Kindness towards me, and acquainting him at the same Time with my Intention of returning Home immediately. I agree to it,
said

said his Lordship, upon Condition that you let my Servant be continually with you, till I have made up the Matter with Mr. *Affleck*. Without waiting for my Answer, he rung for his Servant, who was a tall, stout fellow, above six Foot high. *Tom*, said he, I charge you not to stir from this Gentleman till I give you Leave.

Accordingly I set out from Lord *M—*'s, attended by his Servant, whom I could have much wished to have got rid of, if I could have done it without offending his Lordship. For I was afraid, if Mr. *Affleck* should see me escorted in this Manner, he would think that I had taken this Precaution through Fear, and would, therefore, certainly tax me with Cowardice. On the other Hand, I would willingly have given the Girl Notice of the Storm that threatened her, that she might have Time to make her Escape. I could not think of trusting such a Message to the Care of my own Servant, who was a raw, Country Boy; nor was it possible I could do it myself, by Reason of Lord *M—*'s Footman, who was continually with me. I pretended to want to buy some Trifles for a Relation. I went therefore to a Milliner's Shop, that I knew

knew the Girl used to frequent, and desired the Mistress to inform her of the several Particulars above-mentioned, as soon as she saw her. Two Hours after I was informed, that the Girl was gone off, and had left her Lodgings; and that she had directed a Note for me, the Contents of which I found upon opening to be as follows.

“ S I R,

“ I N order to return the Obligation
“ which your late Discovery has happily laid upon me, I think it my
“ Duty to inform you that one Captain
“ *Markland*, who I doubt not has been
“ set over me as a Spy for some Time
“ past, met us one Day in the Walks
“ that we used frequently to take, to
“ and from Town. That a few Days
“ after, he brought me a Letter from
“ Mr. *Affleck*, and seeing a Note of yours
“ lying upon the Toilette, he immediately took hold of it, and carried it
“ away with him. What Use he afterwards made of it, I am entirely ignorant of. I should have informed you
“ sooner of this, but was afraid of setting you at Variance, from which the
“ most fatal Consequences might have
“ ensued.

“ ensued. I intend to try to find out
 “ more if I can, in the Discovery of
 “ which, or if in any Thing else I can
 “ be of Service to you, you may always
 “ command,

“ Yours, &c.

CHARLOTTE.”

The Receipt of this gave me great Satisfaction ; and indeed I was in Hopes of having a clearer Insight into this Affair, by *Charlotte's* Means. I did not doubt but Mr. *Affleck* would impute the Girl's Flight to me, and this would be a Means of increasing his Anger ; however, I could do no less than apprize a Girl, who had behaved to me so well as she had, of what, had she not avoided, would have infallibly proved her Destruction. Besides, I was in Hopes that Lord M—— would be able to bring about an Accommodation between Mr. *Affleck* and me. I was sure, that the Shame of owning the vicious Folly he had been engaged in, would restrain him from telling the true Reason of his quarrelling with me ; which, however ridiculous it might be, was still less frivolous.

lous than the Pretence he had already made use of.

Several Days elapsed without my hearing a Syllable either one Way or the other. Lord *M*——'s Footman obeyed the Directions he had received from his Master very exactly; for he hardly ever left me a Moment alone. My Rooms, which were now on the second Floor, were very spacious. *Tom* therefore, for whom I had a Bed put up on Purpose, lay in the same Room with me. As I was going down to Breakfast one Morning, whom should I see, but the Lawyer, that had married Mr. *Powis*'s eldest Daughter, just coming into our House. His Cloaths, which were deep Mourning, surprized me as much as his Visit; as I used to see him but very seldom; and then too at a much later Time of the Day. He inform'd me that his Father-in-Law was lately dead, and that by his Will, which had been deposited in his Hands for some Time, and by which he had left him his Executor, he had bequeathed me his Country House that he had lately purchased near *Guilford* in *Surry*, with all the Stock and Rents that should be due at the Time of his Decease. I am very far, said he, from presuming to contest a Legacy,
which

which was intended as a Mark of his Friendship and Gratitude towards you; but should I have ever so much Mind to do it, it is settled upon you in such a Manner, as will not admit of the least Dispute.

I was going to reply to what he had been saying, when he prevented me, by reading that Clause of Mr. *Powis's* Will, which related to the Legacy he had been speaking of. As I flattered myself, said he, that you would leave it to me, with Respect to the Condition in which the House and Grounds about it are now in, I have not put my Seal to the Premises, but have locked the House Door, and brought you the Key, together with the Deeds of Conveyance, and Title, just as they were delivered to Mr. *Powis*, when he made the Purchase. Then getting up, and going towards the Antichamber, come in, Gardiner, said he, and pay your Respects to your new Master. Upon which, a very well looking old Man made his Appearance, and with an Air rather Modest, than aukward, desired, I would let him continue my Tenant, at the Rate he and his Father before him had lived; and would permit him to work in the Garden as usual. The Lawyer

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said he would answer for the Man's Honesty, and that he did not doubt but I should be very well pleased with him. I perceived that he continued this Discourse in order to prevent me from making any Reply to what he had just before been telling me of. I considered that this Legacy was too good to be given up merely upon Punctilio, and that it was, as he said, a Mark of the Friendship and Esteem that the Deceased had for me. I turned, therefore, to the Gardiner, and putting a Couple of Guineas into his Hand, told him, that if he behaved well, he should never want Encouragement. The Lawyer proposed, if I had no Objection to it, to go for a few Days, and take a View of the Premises. I was just ready to give him an Answer, when Lord M——'s Footman, who had, during this Discourse, removed to the Window, in order to leave us more to ourselves, all of a sudden went out of the Room. He came in again presently; and told me that he had just been giving Orders below, to tell any Body that enquired after me, that I was not at Home; because he had perceived Mr. *Affleck* at a Distance, and that he did not doubt but he was coming with an Intention of challenging

challenging me. The Man was not out in his Conjecture. For in a few Minutes Mr. *Affleck* came to the Door; and on being told that I was not at Home, seemed greatly disconcerted; and enquired whether they expected me Home that Night. They informed him that I hardly ever staid out all Night: Upon which he went away; and in about half an Hour, the Servant brought me up a Note, which had been just sent, the Contents of which were as follows.

“ S I R,
 “ **T**HE Affront I have received
 “ from you is so great, that I
 “ cannot help taking Notice of it. If
 “ therefore you are the Man of Honour,
 “ that the World in general believes you
 “ are, I shall expect to see you on *Friday*
 “ Morning betwixt Five and Six, behind
 “ the Bason, in *Hyde Park*.

“ *Yours, &c.*

C. AFFLECK.”

This Affair was now become of so serious a Nature, as not to permit my thinking of any Thing else. I therefore

K 3 made

made my Excuses to the Lawyer, and told him that I was extremely sorry; but that an Affair of the utmost Consequence prevented my being able to wait on him so soon as I had intended, but I would do myself that Pleasure in ten Days at farthest, or else that he should hear from me before that Time. He then took his Leave, after having politely assured me that he was wholly at my Service, and that he would wait till I was at Leisure. As soon as he was gone I took up Mr. *Affleck's* Note. The oftener I perused it, the more I was at a Loss what to do. I was not at all inclined to meet him, and yet I did not know how I could well avoid it with Honour. If it reached Lord M——'s Ears, as I knew it undoubtedly must, I was afraid he would put some violent Method in Execution, to the Prejudice of Mr. *Affleck*. I was sensible, indeed, that he was incapable of committing a base Action; but I was afraid that he would put Mr. *Affleck* under an Arrest, and send him to the Place where his Regiment was quartered. The Fear of being thought a Coward by a Man whom I had a great Respect for, as being the Father of the Person that I loved best in the World, induced me to
send

send the following Answer ; in which I endeavoured to justify myself, as to the Affair that was the real Cause of our Quarrel.

“ S I R,

“ **N**otwithstanding the seeming Probability there is against me,
 “ if you will yourself the trouble to examine a little further, you will find
 “ that I am not altogether so much to blame, as you at first imagined. However, as you have been so very ingenious in finding out Expedients to
 “ make a Man your Enemy, who, of all others, is the most averse to it, I
 “ do not doubt but you will be able to reconcile us by some other Method
 “ than that you have proposed; to which you will never find the least
 “ Reluctance in

“ Yours, &c.

T. S—.”

Just as I had finished this, I received a Couple of Letters ; the one from *Charlotte*, who was the Subject of our Dispute ; the other from Dr. *Bathurst*, who had had no small Share in it. The Contents of the former were as follows.

K 4

“ S I R,

“ S I R,

“ **T**HE Occasion of my giving you
“ this Trouble, is to perform a
“ Promise that I made to you in my
“ Last. Namely, that I would give you
“ all the Information I could in the
“ Affair. I have at last discovered what
“ I hope, may be of some Service to
“ you. Captain *Markland*, disappointed
“ in his Addresses to Miss *Affleck*, found
“ out that you was very well received.
“ From that Time he determined your
“ Destruction; and accordingly did not
“ omit the least Opportunity that could
“ be serviceable towards his intended
“ Scheme. He had made Use of several
“ low Artifices to prejudice you in
“ Miss *Affleck*'s Esteem; but finding that
“ they did not succeed according to his
“ Wishes, he applied to the Father,
“ whom he thought he was more likely
“ to influence; and which would be of
“ much more real Disservice to you than
“ any Thing that the Daughter could
“ do. In order to accomplish his Design
“ the more effectually, he made Use of
“ your Note, which I told you before
“ he had taken off of my Toilette
“ to Copy by, and forging several
“ Letters

“ Letters from me to you, and your
 “ Answers, he took Occasion to infuse
 “ Suspicions into Mr. *Affleck*. What
 “ was the Consequence of this I need
 “ not inform you ; you are but too well
 “ acquainted with it already. As your
 “ Adversary is so thoroughly enraged,
 “ I would have you be particularly upon
 “ your Guard, and do not suffer him
 “ to have the least Advantage over you ;
 “ for I assure you, he is capable of im-
 “ proving it to a very great Height.
 “ This is all the Advice that is offered
 “ at present, by

“ *Your humble Servant,*

CHARLOTTE.”

I then opened the other Letter, and found that it contained the following Particulars.

“ *S I R,*

“ **F**OR I dare not presume to call
 “ you my Dear Friend, I am in-
 “ formed that you are engaged in a
 “ very dangerous Affair, which I fear
 “ has been wholly occasioned by my
 K 5 Imprudence.

“ Imprudence. I have known Captain
“ *Markland* for some Years; and hap-
“ pened to meet him just at the Time
“ when I was endeavouring to put you
“ into better Spirits. I informed him of
“ the Artifice that I had been obliged
“ to make use of in order to draw you
“ from your Study; together with its
“ Success, and the frequent Visits, and
“ Walks we used to take with the Ladies,
“ and among others with *Charlotte*.
“ Sometime after, he came to me, and
“ pretended that he wanted much to be
“ introduced to you. Upon which I
“ told him all the Particulars that I
“ knew of your Manner of living, &c.
“ A few Days ago he came to me again,
“ and said that he should be extremely
“ obliged to me if I would point you
“ out to him; that he had always had a
“ great Regard for you, especially on
“ Account of your modest Appearance,
“ which made him imagine that the
“ Parties of Pleasure I had been speak-
“ ing of, were the Effects of my ready
“ Imagination; or at least that you had
“ never partaken of them. Upon which
“ I told him, that I would bring you
“ to St. *James’s* Coffee-house on such a
“ Day, and that I would then convince
“ him

“ him of the Truth of what I had assert-
 “ ed. He very readily agreed to my
 “ Proposal, but desired that I would
 “ not tell you of the intended Interview,
 “ that he might have the Pleasure of
 “ addressing himself to you first. Ac-
 “ cordingly, I saw him in the Park that
 “ very Morning, in Company with ano-
 “ ther Officer. They both followed us
 “ into the Coffee-house. *Markland* is
 “ the younger of the two. I then thought
 “ that the Reason of his not speaking to
 “ us was, that his Friend prevented him,
 “ and tho’ he said nothing, I observed
 “ he listened to our Discourse with the
 “ greatest Attention. I talked of *Char-*
 “ *lotte*, to convince him that I had ad-
 “ vanced nothing but what was strictly
 “ true. I think it but right to let you
 “ know this, and to repair, as far as I
 “ have been able, the Mischief that I
 “ have been the Occasion of. I beg
 “ leave, therefore, to assure you, that I
 “ have twelve stout Fellows at your
 “ Service, on a Moment’s notice given to,

“ *Your most obedient-humble Servant,*

H. BATHURST.”

I thought I had now a very good Opportunity of undeceiving Mr. *Affleck*, if I could prevail upon him to hear what I had to say. Besides, as he was sufficiently acquainted with *Markland's* Propensity to Lying, I flattered myself that he could not be so blinded, as to stand out obstinately against the strong Proofs that were contained in both these Letters. The ridiculous Manner in which the Doctor offered his Service towards repairing the Mischief he had occasioned, would have given the Reader a just Idea of the Man, had no other Description been given of him. I returned him the following Answer.

“ I Am extremely obliged to you, Dear
 “ Doctor for the Insight that you
 “ have given me into the Affair, and
 “ hope that will go a great Way towards
 “ reconciling us ; consequently I shall
 “ not want the Assistance you so gene-
 “ rously offer for my Relief. However,
 “ I shall always retain a grateful Sense
 “ of your obliging Behaviour, and am,

“ Yours, &c.

T. S——.”

I

I then took Mr. *Affleck's* Challenge and my Answer to it, and carried them to Lord M—'s, who was extremely pleased at what I had said to him; but advised me to convey it to him by the Hands of his Wife. It is scarcely eight o'Clock, said he; Take *Tom* along with you, and ride Post immediately for his Country-house. You know the Road very well, and if Mrs. *Affleck* is able to bear the Journey, as I suppose she is by this Time, you may easily be back before the Day he has appointed. I must then, my Lord, reply'd I, appear before her in the Disguise, in which she has hitherto seen me. Undoubtly, said he, you must. Upon which he gave Orders for hiring Post-horses directly. In the mean Time he went to his Lady, and desired her to write a Line to Mrs. *Affleck*, in Order to prevail upon her to undertake the Journey; which she accordingly did. The Substance of what she wrote was this.

“**Y**OUR Prefence in Town, my
 “ dear Friend, is absolutely ne-
 “ cessary to put an End to a Misunder-
 “ standing that as unfortunately hap-
 “ pened between Mr. *Affleck*, and a
 “ young Gentleman, that we have a
 “ great

“ great Regard for. The Bearer will
“ inform you of the several Particulars
“ of this Affair. If, therefore, your
“ Health will permit it, I beg you will
“ set out immediately upon the Receipt
“ of this; and then by To-morrow
“ Morning I hope you will arrive safe
“ to

“ *Your sincere Friend,*

“ H. M——.”

While this Letter was writing, I sent the Footman Home for some Things that I wanted. Upon his Return I got on Horseback, well armed in Case of any Assault, as we intended to travel all Night as we came back. In order to delay as little as possible, we bespoke Post Horses at several Places, for the Time we thought we should want them on our Return. When we came within two Miles of the Place, I stopped and changed Clothes with the Servant, and then went by myself towards Mr. *Affleck's* House. Mrs. *Affleck* had just returned from walking for the first Time she had been out since her Recovery. I charged the Hostler to get my Horse ready against any
Hour

Hour of the Night that I might want him, and then went into the House. I found Mrs. *Affleck* just going to undress herself. I gave her Lady *M——*'s Letter; the Contents of which surprized her extremely. She gave it to her Daughter to read, who, with Tears in her Eyes, enquired into the Particulars for which Lady *M——* had referred them to me. I then gave them an Account of the Quarrel that had happened at Lord *M——*'s, with which, as it has been mentioned before, we will not now trouble the Reader. I then insinuated to them, that altho' Lord and Lady *M——* thought this to be the whole of the Matter, yet Mr. *S——*, who had been pleased to entrust me with the Secret, had informed me that the true Ground of the Quarrel arose from a Number of Lies, with which Captain *Markland* had prepossessed Mr. *Affleck*, to Mr. *S——*'s Disadvantage.

I know Captain *Markland*, said Mrs. *Affleck*, very well, and believe him to be capable of what you charge him with; but, pray, how could he prejudice Mr. *Affleck* against Mr. *S——*, since they were utter Strangers to each other? I do not know, said I, whether you are ignorant,

rant, or no, that Lord *M*—— introduced Mr. *S*—— to the Lady where your Daughter boarded in Town, and that he used to go there very frequently. Yes replied she, I know it very well. My Daughter has informed me of that. Why then, Madam, said I, you cannot be ignorant, neither, that Captain *Markland* made use of every Method he could think of, to be introduced too. His Spies, I suppose, informed him that Miss *Affleck* was pleased to favour Mr. *S*——'s Visits to her. His turbulent Spirit, perhaps, imputed this Preference to some other Reason, than the Respect, which Miss was willing to shew to Lord *M*——'s Recommendation. Knowing, therefore, his Rival, without being discovered by Mr. *S*—— to be such, he endeavoured to insinuate himself into the Acquaintance of Mr. *S*——'s intimate Friends, in which he succeeded but too well. By forging several Letters, and other Actions highly unworthy of a Gentleman, he at length incensed Mr. *Affleck* to that Degree, that he resolved to challenge Mr. *S*——, even before he had seen him. Captain *Markland*, knowing Mr. *Affleck*'s Temper, has, I doubt not, touched him in some tender Point; other-
wise

wife I can never think that Matters would have been carried to the Height they have been. He perhaps blackened his Rival, which his Jealousy, added to his natural Disposition, was very likely to persuade him to. I have this only to add; that Mr. S—— will most certainly give Mr. *Affleck*, whenever he meets him, convincing Proofs of the Truth of what I have now asserted to you.

I am much deceived, said Mrs. *Affleck*, if there is not a Mistress in the Case. You seem to be at the Bottom of the Whole; but, I suppose, you are afraid of going beyond the Instructions that Mr. S—— has given you. It is a very nice Point to know how to behave towards one, who considers you as his Adversary, when you are not so in Reality. I will not, therefore, desire to be informed of any Thing else, which perhaps might give me Uneasiness, as a Reward for my useless Curiosity. But I am amazed, that so polite a Gentleman, as Mr. S—— undoubtedly is, did not accompany the Messenger that Lady M—— sent hither. His own Interest, one would think, as well as good Breeding, should have induced him to come in Person; as by that Means, I should have been fully assured,

assured, that my setting out immediately, would be of some Service in the Affair.

Upon this, Miss *Affleck* threw herself upon her Knees before her Mother. I perceived that she was going to discover me, and was resolved to prevent her. Wherefore addressing myself to Mrs. *Affleck*; Madam, said I, you need not be under any Concern about that Matter. We shall get to *London* Time enough to prevent the Consequences of which Mr. S—— is as apprehensive, as you can possibly be; and the avoiding of which he thinks a Point of Honour. But, notwithstanding these Sentiments, he did not dare to appear before you, while he had the Misfortune of being hated by Mr. *Affleck*; which altho' he has not by any Means deserved, yet he thought it his Duty to sacrifice his Interest to the Respect which he has, and will ever continue to have for you and your Family. However, in order to repair what, in your Opinion, seems to be a Flaw in his Behaviour, he desired I would deliver you this Letter, in which, I believe, he applies himself to you for Relief. At the same Time I gave her a Letter, which I had wrote before I set out. You seem, said she, to know this whole Affair

so

so well, that there is no Occasion for keeping the Contents of this Letter a Secret from you. Wherefore, I shall not make any Scruple of reading it aloud; which she accordingly did. The Contents were as follows.

“ MADAM,

“ **T**HE most unfortunate Accident
 “ that could have happened to me,
 “ obliges me to have Recourse to you
 “ for your Mediation with Mr. *Affleck* ;
 “ and at the same Time prevents me
 “ from being able to pay my Respects to
 “ you in Person, and informing you
 “ more exactly of my present Situation.
 “ I begin to think myself my own Enemy,
 “ since Mr. *Affleck* is so prepossessed
 “ against me, as to imagine me his.
 “ 'Tis through your Means alone, I can
 “ ever hope to convince him, that in
 “ that young Man, whom he is now so
 “ enraged against, he will, whenever
 “ you will be pleased to give your Con-
 “ sents, find

“ *A most dutiful Son,*

“ T. S——.

“ P. S.

“ P. S. However certain I may be of
“ your great Influence over Mr. *Affleck*,
“ permit me to engage Miss *Affleck* in my
“ Behalf, by presenting her a Ring, which
“ the Bearer will have the Honour of deli-
“ vering. This I hope will be a fresh Testi-
“ mony of the Sincerity of my Affection
“ for that aimable young Lady, and upon
“ her Account, for all the Family.”

I then gave her the Ring that Mr. *Powis* had made me a present of after Mrs. *Barton's* Death. Mrs. *Affleck* seemed at a Loss what to do. At last assuming a more determined Air, I congratulate you, my dear Daughter, said she, putting the Ring on her Finger, on having engaged the Affections of a Man, who thinks and acts in so noble and generous a Manner. You shall not wear your little Ring any more; I have a Use for that, which will turn out to both our Advantages. Then addressing herself to me, I do not doubt, said she, but your Lady will reward you sufficiently for the Fidelity and Dispatch which you have shewn throughout this Affair. Nor am I less certain, that so generous a Gentleman as Mr. S——, will think himself obliged to make you a handsome Recompense,

pense, for the Trouble you have been at upon his Account. At any other Time you may depend upon my Interest in your Behalf; but as there is no Time to be lost at present, I beg you will accept of this Testimony of my Regard; at the same Time giving me the Ring that she had taken from her Daughter.

Altho' I was highly delighted at receiving this Mark of her Approbation, yet I thought it would not be acting in Character, if I did not make some Scruple of taking it. You will disoblige me extremely, said Mrs. *Affleck*, if you do not accept it. Or had you rather have ten Guineas? (at the same Time pulling out her Purse) I was not sufficiently guarded against an Offer of this Kind. For upon the very first mention of the Money, I reddened up to the Ears; and immediately taking hold of the Ring, Madam, said I, I am as much displeased at your last Offer, as I am transported with the first. Indeed, said she, my Intention was to oblige, instead of offending you. But I perceive that all Conditions of Life have their particular Feelings. Mr. S—— knew what he was about, I find, when he employed
you

you in his Service. I will dress myself as fast as I can, and go along with you as soon as ever you please.

I went out of the Room, as well to leave them to themselves, as to give Orders about getting a Post-Chaise ready, which, in a few Minutes, was brought to the Door.

Tom, who was now come back, handed Mrs. *Affleck* into the Chaise. I had not the Power to say a Word to Miss, altho' I was in Hopes I should have been able to have summoned up sufficient Resolution. However, as I was putting her into the Chaise, I just gave her a Squeeze by the Hand, and then we set off. I rode all the Way close to the Chaise, on the Side where Miss *Affleck* sat; and at every Stage stopped and spoke to them, asking them how they did, and enquiring how Mrs. *Affleck* bore the Journey. However, notwithstanding the Darknes of the Night, and the several Stops by Carriages on the Road, we made such Haste, that we reached *London* by Four o'Clock in the Morning.

As soon as we got to Lord *M——*'s I perceived his Lordship, and his Son coming down Stairs. They immediately
came

came and handed Mrs. *Affleck* and her Daughter out of the Chaise. Although I was tired to Death, the Conversation in which they were going to be engaged, was too interesting for me to miss it. Therefore I went and concealed myself in a Saloon adjoining to Lady *M*—’s Bedchamber. Lady *M*— desired them to come near her Bed; for she was not yet up; and then I heard Lord *M*— give them an Account of the Quarrel, and of the Reasons of it; such at least as they had appeared to him. He farther acquainted Mrs. *Affleck* of the great Danger her Husband would be in, if it should be known that he was the Challenger, and the Person in the Wrong at the same Time. He then enlarged on the great Regard he had long had for me, on the Intention that he had of providing for me as soon as it lay in his Power, and the great Happiness the Compromisation of this Quarrel would be both to Miss *Affleck* and me, by contributing towards our Marriage. He hinted that although indeed Lady *M*—’s Neice was on the Point of being settled, and would, therefore, require a handsome Portion, yet, that would not hinder him by any Means from thinking of

of me. That I was a young Man, who, both by my Education, and the Improvements I had made, was very capable of making my Way in the World to very great Advantage; and that he would give me all the Assistance that he possibly could. As to personal Merit, he assured them over and over, that I was by no Means deficient therein, in any Respect. In short, he said so much in my Praise, that he put me to the Blush several Times, tho' I was very sure no body could see me.

Both Mrs. *Affleck* and her Daughter, seemed quite transported at hearing this Account of Lord M——'s. At last the Mother got up in a seeming Haste, and desired to know what she was to do in the Affair? Why, said he, go to the Place that they have appointed to meet at, and deliver S——'s Answer into your Husband's Hands yourself, and endeavour to draw him Home. It will not then be very difficult to persuade him to hear Reason. My Coach and Horses, added he, are at your Service. Let us go, Child, said Mrs. *Affleck* to her Daughter, and endeavour to bring about a Reconciliation, which seems to promise us so much Happiness. Nay, since we have
half

half an Hour to spare, we may as well call upon your Uncle and Cousin, and take them along with us. Their Presence may perhaps add some Weight to our Persuasions. Accordingly they took their Leave and set forwards.

I changed my Cloaths, and went out of the House as soon as I could. I was so tired, that upon going to Bed I threw down a Bason of Broth that was brought me, for Want of sufficient Strength to hold it. *Tom*, who was stronger than I, eat and drank very heartily; and then slept so soundly, that I had much ado to wake him in the Evening, in order to accompany me to Lord *M——*'s. There I heard that Mrs. *Affleck*, with her Brother and Nephew, had been at the Place appointed, but could see nothing of her Husband. They had, indeed, seen Captain *Markland* and another Officer, who came up to them, and told them, that being informed of the Quarrel in which Mr. *Affleck* was engaged, he had taken a Friend of his along with him, in order to prevent the unhappy Consequences that might ensue. At last Mrs. *Affleck*, being quite tired with waiting so long, returned Home; and sent her Nephew to inform Lord *M——* of the several

Particulars. Mr. *Affleck* did not come Home all Night. His Wife and Daughter were almost distracted at his Absence, and sent out several Persons in order to find out, if possible, where he was. They sent to me, and desired that I would not stir from Home, without hearing from them first. Love, together with the Reasonableness of the Thing itself, made me look on this Request as a Law. However, growing tired of Confinement, and being desirous of seeing the House that Mr. *Powis* had left me, induced me to resolve upon going thither for a few Days. I went to the Lawyer's in the Evening, and having left a Direction, where I might be sent to, in Case my immediate Presence should be required, we set out the next Morning before it was light. We spent the whole Day in going over the House, and the Grounds about it. The House was extremely well situated, and but lately built. Mr. *Powis* had raised it three Stories high; the Furniture was very neat, and in short, throughout the whole, Conveniency rather than Ornament seemed to have been consulted. I was pleased to find Mr. *Powis*'s own Picture hanging up in his Bedchamber, and stopped some-

sometime to take a more exact View of it. I see very well, said the Lawyer, that you are surprized at the Length of the Picture; but Mr. *Powis* had it drawn to suit one of Mrs. *Barton's*, whom he was then courting. I must not presume, replied I, to find Fault with any Thing here. I will, therefore, put them both in the same Room, that I may at one View have the Pleasure of seeing the Representation of Persons, to whom I am so much indebted for Favours received. I am going to surprize you still more, said he; and upon that, he took out of two Cases, two Pictures in Miniature, set in Diamonds. I thought at first that it could not possibly be intended for Miss *Powis's* Picture and mine: For so conscious had I always been of the Imperfections of my Person, that I had never once thought of having my Picture drawn. Neither could I conceive, if it was really mine, how it could possibly come there. The Lawyer at last relieved me from my Surprize, by giving me the following Account.

You remember, said he, a very famous Portrait-Painter, who used frequently to come to our House, and was an intimate Friend of my Father's. Miss

Powis employed him in drawing these Pictures, which she put into two Tortoise-shell Boxes. She bequeathed you hers, and yours was never found till after her Death. Mr. *Powis* was pleased at your Complacency in never having demanded his Daughter's Picture, it being a Sort of Comfort to him for the Loss he had undergone. He therefore had both of them set in Diamonds, and begged earnestly on his Death-Bed that they might be given to you. The Eagerness, with which Miss *Powis* desired your Picture, may serve to convince you that Hatred was not her Motive in carrying Matters to the Height against you that she did. Should, however, the Sight of this Picture make you reflect that she was desirous of having you put to Death, yet let Mrs. *Barton's*, which you say you are going to hang up in this Room, put you in mind that Miss *Powis's* Godmother saved your Life. I believe, however, continued he smiling, that you ought no more to cherish any Resentment against the one, than Gratitude to the other. The same Principle acting upon their different Tempers, in Circumstances directly opposite and contradictory

dictory to each other, was the Cause of the different Effects that ensued.

We staid at this House four whole Days ; during which Time I became acquainted with the Minister of the Parish, and two or three Gentlemen, who had Country Seats in that Neighbourhood. On the fifth Day I received a Letter from Mrs. *Affleck's* Brother, the Substance of which was, that Mr. *Affleck* could not be found, notwithstanding the diligent Search that had been made after him among his Friends and Acquaintance ; that Mrs. *Affleck* and her Daughter were under great Apprehensions about what was become of him ; that Captain *Markland*, under Pretence of comforting them, used to come there eight or nine Times a Day, to know whether they had succeeded in their Discovery ; that he was continually giving them an Account of the Artifices he had made Use of to find him out ; but without Success. That Miss *Affleck* would never see him, and her Mother was very distrustful of him ; but however he oftentimes got acquainted with some of the Steps that they had taken, through her Means. That he pretended how excessively sorry he was that he had the Mis-

fortune not to be with Mr. *Affleck*, at the Time that this Quarrel happened. Nay, he went so far as to say to Mrs. *Affleck*, that he was extremely desirous of knowing who the Person was he had quarrelled with. For, said he, did I but know him, I would be answerable that no Harm should ensue ; I would take Care that they should not fight. Nay perhaps, added he, I might be so happy as to bring about a Reconciliation between them, at least I would do all that lay in my Power to accomplish it.

Mrs. *Affleck* could not hold out any longer, at hearing him tell such a Number of Lies. I have nothing to say against Mr. S——, Sir, said she, but I know very well, who is my Husband's most bitter Enemy, as well as mine and my Daughter's. We all know him too. It is one, who by Artifices, that a Gentleman should be ashamed of, has contrived to raise, and foment a Hatred, which has no other Foundation than Misunderstanding, and though he may delay their coming to an Explanation for a Time, by concealing from me what it is of the utmost Consequence that I should be informed of ; yet let him depend upon it, that I shall be able soon to discon-

disconcert all his Schemes ; and though I have not yet publicly exposed him, it is only because I hope he will behave in such a Manner as to regain my Confidence in some Measure.

Markland seemed very much at a Loss what to say, and Mrs. *Affleck*, in order to release him from that Anxiety, which he was apparently under, went into another Room, and left him with her Brother. *Markland* upon this went out, under Pretence of preventing, if possible, the Duel that Mrs. *Affleck* seemed so apprehensive of. This was the Substance of the Letter I received from Mrs. *Affleck*'s Brother, who, after having given me an Account of these several Particulars, concluded with desiring me to stay at Home, till they had discovered, and undeceived Mr. *Affleck*. For as to what *Markland* said, continued he, it is rather an Artifice, which it is our Business to guard against, than the Effect of a Remorse, which may be depended upon.

I knew that Mrs. *Affleck*, ever since the Time she had desired me to stay at Home, had sent to my Father's to know whether I had punctually complied with her Request. Fearing, therefore, that she might take it ill, if I went out with-

out acquainting her with it, I had told her, the Evening before I set out, of my Intention to spend a Day or two at my Country House. This was the Reason that Mrs. *Affleck's* Brother directed his Letter to me in the Country. He sent it by his Son, who had taken a Coach in order to make the Journey easier to me. He desired I would set out with him, which I accordingly agreed to do in the dusk of the Evening, that we might not be known.

It is possible that a Villain, who is once discovered, may repent, if it is out of his Power to hurt you; but if by continuing his evil Practices he can secure himself the longer, he is more to be feared than he was before. The Man, who, though blinded by Passion, has found great Difficulties in his Way to surmount, before he could bring himself to transgress the Rules of Virtue, will very readily acknowledge his Faults, if, by owning them, he can be assured of being pardoned. But when any one, in a Manner, is inured to Vice, and by a Habit of Villainy is become quite hardened, we should be very cautious how we let him know that he is discovered, till we have put ourselves sufficiently out
of

of his Reach. If he has us in his Power, the mildest Reproaches inflame, instead of softening him; and this is so far from preventing any Mischief, that it is the surest Way to promote it. The Truth of this Mrs. *Affleck* was but too well convinced of. What she had said to *Markland* made him suspect that she was thoroughly informed of all his Tricks, and that I held a Correspondence with her, in order to insure to myself the Possession of her fair Daughter. The Sequel will shew that he resolved, without hazarding his own Life, to put an End to that of so dangerous a Rival, as he found I was.

At the Time I received the last-mentioned Letter from *London*, I was out at Dinner at the Clergyman's of the Village. Mrs. *Affleck*'s Nephew, who brought the Letter, dined with us. Soon after Dinner, we got up in order to return. The Clergyman insisted upon seeing us to my House. He walked, therefore, with us, the Lawyer being on my right Hand, and Mrs. *Affleck*'s Nephew on my left; and *Tom*, and the Lawyer's Servant behind us. As we were going along, we saw an Officer coming towards us, whom I took at a Distance for Captain *Markland*.